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THE GRAND LAMA OF THE TRANS-BAIKAL.



BURIAT TYPE.

THE latter part of our stay in the city of Irkutsk (Eer-kootsk') was devoted mainly to preparations for the journey that we were about to make through the little-known territory of the Trans-Baikal (By-kal'). We anticipated that this would be a very hard experience. The region that we purposed to explore was wilder and lonelier than any part of Siberia we had seen except the Altai (Al-tie'): the convict mines, which we wished to inspect, were scattered over a rough, mountainous country thousands of square miles in extent, lying between the head-waters of the Amur (Am-moor') and the frontier of Mongolia; most of these mines were off the regular post roads, and were not laid down on the maps; we anticipated great difficulty in obtaining permission to visit them, and still greater difficulty in actually reaching them; and finally, we were about to plunge into this wilderness of the Trans-Baikal at the beginning of a semi-arctic winter, when storms and bitter cold would be added to the hardships with which we were already familiar. Owing to the fact that the territory of the Trans-Baikal had shortly before been detached from the governor-generalship of Eastern Siberia and annexed to the governor-generalship of the Amur, we could not get in Irkutsk any assurance that permission to visit the mines would be granted us. In reply to my questions upon this subject Count Ignatief (Ig-nat'-yef) and Acting-Governor Petroff merely said, "The Trans-Baikal is out of our jurisdiction; for permission to visit the mines you will have to apply to Governor-General Korff or to Governor Barabash."

As both of the officials last named were at that time in Khabarofka, on the lower Amur,

nearly 1500 miles beyond the mines and 2000 miles from Irkutsk, the prospect of getting their permission did not seem to be very bright. We determined, however, to go ahead without permission, trusting to be saved, by luck and our own wits, from any serious trouble. Instead of proceeding directly to the mines, we decided to make a détour to the southward from Verkhni Udinsk (Verkh'-nee Oo'-dinsk), for the purpose of visiting Kiakhta (Kee-akh'-ta), the Mongolian frontier-town of Maimachin (Mymach'-in), and the great Buddhist lamasery of Goose Lake. We were tired of prisons and the exile system; we had had misery enough for a while; and it seemed to me that we should be in better condition to bear the strain of the mines if we could turn our thoughts temporarily into other channels and travel a little, as boys say, "for fun." I was anxious, moreover, to see something of that corrupted form of the Buddhistic religion called Lamaism, which prevails so extensively in the Trans-Baikal, and which is there localized and embodied in the peculiar monastic temples known to the Russians as "datsans," or lamaseries. The lamasery of Goose Lake had been described to us in Irkutsk as one of the most interesting and important of these temples, for the reason that it was the residence of the Khambá Lamá, or Grand Lama of Eastern Siberia. It was distant only thirty versts from the village of Selenginsk, through which we must necessarily pass on our way to Kiakhta: we could visit it without much trouble, and we decided, therefore, to make it our first objective point.

There are two routes by which it is possible to go from Irkutsk into the Trans-Baikal. The first and most direct of them follows the river Angara for about forty miles to its source in Lake Baikal, and then crosses that lake to the village of Boyarskaya. The second and longer route leads to Boyarskaya by a pictur-

esque "cornice road," carried with much engineering skill entirely around the southern end of the lake, high above the water, on the slopes and cliffs of the circumjacent mountains. The "round-the-lake" route, on account of the beauty of its scenery, would probably have been our choice had it been open to us; but recent floods had swept away a number of bridges near the south-western extremity of the lake, and thus for the time had put a stop to all through travel. There remained nothing for us to do, therefore, but to cross the lake by steamer.

In view of the near approach of winter, we decided to leave our heavy tarantas in Irkutsk for sale, and to travel, until snow should fall, in the ordinary wheel vehicles of the country, transferring our baggage from one conveyance to another at every post station. This course of procedure is known in Siberia as traveling "*na perekladneekh*," or "on transfers," and a more wretched, exasperating, body-bruising, and heart-breaking system of transportation does not anywhere exist. If we could have anticipated one-tenth part of the misery that we were to endure as a result of traveling "on transfers" in the Trans-Baikal, we should never have made the fatal mistake of leaving our roomy and comparatively comfortable tarantas in Irkutsk.

Thursday afternoon, September 24, we ordered horses, stowed away our baggage in the small, springless vehicle that was sent to us from the post station, seated ourselves insecurely on the uneven surface made by furs, satchels, bread-bags, tea-boxes, felt boots, and the photographic apparatus, bade good-bye to Lieutenant Scheutze, Mr. Bukofski, and Zhan, who had assembled in the court-yard to see us off, and finally, with a measured jangling of two or three discordant bells from

the wooden arch over the thill-horse's back, rode out of the city and up the right bank of the Angara, on our way to Lake Baikal, the lamasery of Gusinnoi Oзера (Goo-seen'-noi O'-zer-a), Kiakhta, and the convict mines.

The weather was warm and sunshiny; there was a faint, soft autumnal haze in the air; and the foliage of the deciduous trees, although touched with color by the frost, had not yet fallen. Flowers still lingered here and there in sheltered places, and occasionally a yellow butterfly zigzagged lazily across the road ahead of us. The farmer's grain had everywhere been harvested, the last hay had been stacked, and in the court-yards of many of the village houses we noticed quantities of tobacco or hemp plant spread out in the sunshine to dry.

About half way between Irkutsk and the first post station we met a man driving a team of four horses harnessed to a vehicle that looked like a menagerie-wagon, or a closed wild-beast cage. I asked our driver what it was, and he replied that he presumed it was the Siberian tiger that was to be brought to Irkutsk for exhibition from some place on the Amur. A living tiger captured in Siberia seemed to us a novelty worthy of attention; and directing our driver to stop and wait for us, we ran back and asked the tiger's keeper if he would not open the cage and let us see the animal. He good-humoredly consented, and as we pressed eagerly up to the side of the wagon he took down the wide, thin boards that masked the iron grating. We heard a hoarse, angry snarl, and then before we had time to step back a huge, tawny beast striped with black threw himself against the frail bars with such tremendous violence and ferocity that the wagon fairly rocked on its wheels, and we thought for a single breathless instant that he was coming through like a three-hundred-pound missile from a catapult. The grating of half-inch iron, however, was stronger and more firmly secured than it seemed to be; and although it was bent a little by the shock, it did not give way. The keeper seized a long, heavy iron bar and belabored the tiger with it through the grating until he finally lay down in one corner of the cage, snarling sullenly and fiercely like an enraged cat. I could not learn from the keeper the weight nor the dimensions of this tiger, but he seemed to me to be a splendid beast, quite as large as any specimen I had ever seen. He had been captured by some Russian peasants in the valley of the Amur—one of the very few places on the globe where the tropical tiger meets the arctic reindeer.

The distance from Irkutsk to Lake Baikal is only forty miles; and as the road along the Angara was smooth and in good condition, we made rapid progress. The farther we went



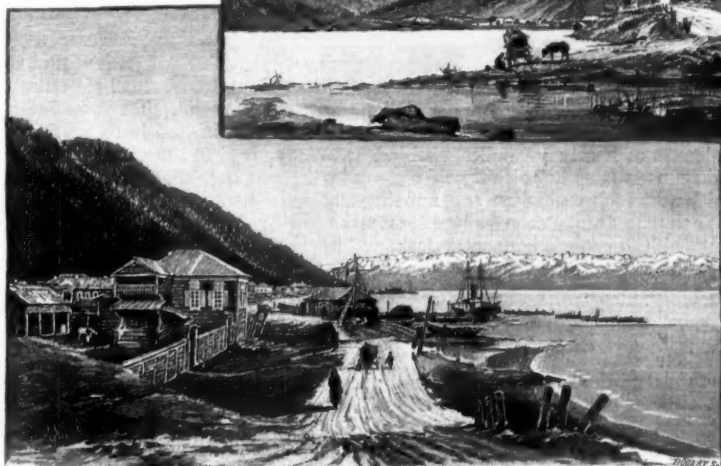
FROM IRKUTSK TO SELENGINSK.

to the eastward, the higher and more picturesque became the banks of the river. On the last station they assumed an almost mountainous character, and along one side of the deep gorge formed by them the narrow, sinuous road was carried at a height of fifty or sixty feet above the water in an artificial cutting, bordered for miles at a time by a substantial guard-rail.

At it grew dark a cold, dense fog began to drift down the gorge from the

a brook, it is born a mile wide with a current like a mill-race. Although its water, even in the hottest midsummer weather, is icy cold, it is the very last river in Siberia to freeze. It chills the adventurous bather to the bone in August, and then in the coldest weather of De-

VILLAGE OF LISTVINICHNAYA.



LAKE BAIKAL AND STEAMER-LANDING AT LISTVINICHNAYA.

lake; now hiding everything from sight except a short stretch of road hung apparently in misty mid-air, and then opening in great ragged rents, or gaps, through which loomed the dim but exaggerated outlines of the dark, craggy heights on the opposite shore. The surface of Lake Baikal is more than 400 feet higher than the city of Irkutsk, and the river Angara, through which the lake discharges into the Arctic Ocean, falls that 400 feet in a distance of 40 miles, making a current that is everywhere extremely swift, and that runs in some places at the rate of 12 or 15 miles an hour. Steamers ply back and forth between the city and the lake, but they are six or eight hours in struggling up stream, while they come down in about two. At the outlet, where the current is swiftest, the river never entirely freezes over, and it does not close opposite Irkutsk until some time in January, although the thermometer frequently goes to forty degrees below zero in December. The Angara is in all respects a peculiar and original river. Instead of coming into existence as

cember steams as if it were boiling. Finally, it overflows its banks, not in the spring, when other rivers overflow theirs, but in early winter, when all other streams are locked in ice.

We reached the coast of the village of Listvinichnaya (Leest'-vin-itch-na-ya), about 9 o'clock Thursday evening. A raw, chilly wind, laden with moisture, was blowing off the water, and the cell-like room to which we were shown in the small log hotel opposite the steamer-landing was so cold that as soon as possible we went to bed in our caps, boots, and heavy sheepskin overcoats. The words "went to bed" are, of course, to be understood figuratively. As a matter of fact, we simply lay down on the floor. We did not see a civilized bed in the Trans-Baikal, and I slept in all my clothing more than three-fourths of the time from the 1st of October to the 20th of March.

The steamer did not sail Friday until noon, and we therefore had ample time to study and sketch the lake port of Listvinichnaya. It was a small village of perhaps a hundred insignificant log houses, scattered thinly along a single street, which extended for a mile or two up and down the lake between a range of high wooded hills and the water. The only harbor

that the place could boast was a small semi-inclosure made by a low breakwater, within which a side-wheel steamer called the *Platon* was lying quietly at anchor. The blue water of the lake was hardly more than rippled by a gentle north-easterly breeze, and far away beyond it could be seen a long line of snow-



AN EAST-SIBERIAN TELEGA.

covered mountains in the Trans-Baikal. I was a little surprised to find the lake so narrow. Although it has a length of nearly 400 miles, its width at Listvinichnaya is only 20 miles, and its average width not much more than 30. The opposite coast can therefore be seen from the steamer-landing with great distinctness; and as it is very high and mountainous, it can be traced by the eye for a distance of 60 or 70 miles.

Mr. Frost spent the greater part of Friday morning in making sketches of the village and the lake, while I returned to the hotel, after a short walk along the shore, and devoted myself to letter-writing. About half-past ten Frost came in and reported that the steamer *Buriat* (Boor-yat'), with the mails from Irkutsk, was in sight, that the *Platon* had made fast to the wharf, and that it was time to go on board. We walked down to the landing, engaged the only first-class stateroom on the steamer, had our baggage transferred to it, and then waited an hour and a half for the mails from the *Buriat*. They came on board at last; and the *Platon*, backing slowly out of the encircling arm of the breakwater, started up the lake.

Our fellow-passengers did not number more than twenty or thirty, and most of them seemed to be traveling third-class on deck. The only persons who interested me were three or four Chinese traders, in their characteristic national dress, who spoke funny "pigeon Russian," and who were on their way to Kiakhtha with about a thousand pounds of medicinal deer-horns. The horns of the "maral," or Siberian stag (*Cervus elaphus*), when "in the velvet" are believed by the Chinese to have peculiar medicinal properties, and are very highly prized. Traders go in search of them to the remotest recesses of the Altai, and frequently offer as much as two hundred rubles for a single pair of large ant-

lers. We met an enterprising Russian peasant near the Katunski Alps, in the wildest part of the Altai, who had succeeded in catching and domesticating about a dozen stags, and who derived from the sale of their horns to the Chinese a never-failing income of more than twelve hundred rubles a year. Good antlers "in the velvet" will sell readily for four dollars a pound in any part of Siberia, and by the time the dried and pulverized horn reaches the consumer in the interior of the Flowery Kingdom it must be worth at least its weight in silver. The antlers belonging to the Chinese traders on our steamer were wrapped and tied up in cloths with the greatest possible care, and were valued, I presume, at not less than five or six thousand dollars.

The eastern coast of the lake, as we steamed slowly northward, became lower, less mountainous, and less picturesque, and before dark the high, snow-covered peaks that we had seen from Listvinichnaya vanished in the distance behind us. We arrived off Boyarskaya about 6 o'clock in the evening, but to our great disappointment were unable to land. A strong breeze was blowing down the lake, it was very dark, and the sea was so high that the captain could not get alongside the unsheltered wharf. He made three unsuccessful attempts, and then ran out into the lake and anchored. We spent a very uncomfortable night on narrow benches in our prison cell of a stateroom, while the small steamer rolled and plunged on the heavy sea, and we were more than glad when morning finally dawned and the *Platon* ran up to her wharf. But we did not know what the Trans-Baikal had in store for us. In less than forty-eight hours we should have been glad to get back on board that same steamer, and should have regarded our prison-cell stateroom as the lap of luxury.

We went ashore, of course, without breakfast; the weather was damp and chilly, with a piercing north-easterly wind; the wretched village of Boyarskaya contained no hotel; the post station was cold, dirty, and full of travelers lying asleep on benches or on the mud-incrusted plank floor; there were no horses to carry us away from the place; and the outlook was discouraging generally. We were in a blue chill from hunger and cold before we could even find shelter. We succeeded at last in hiring "free" horses from a young peasant on the wharf; and after drinking tea and eating a little bread in his log cabin, we piled our baggage up in the shallow box of a small, springless telega, climbed up on top of it, and set out for Selenginsk.

On a bad, rough road an East-Siberian telega of the type shown in the illustration on this page will simply jolt a man's soul out in

less than twenty-four hours. Before we had traveled sixty miles in the Trans-Baikal I was so exhausted that I could hardly sit upright; my head and spine ached so violently, and had become so sensitive to shock, that every jolt was as painful as a blow from a club; I had tried to save my head by supporting my body on my bent arms until my arms no longer had any strength; and when we reached the post station of Ilinskaya, at half-past ten o'clock Saturday night, I felt worse than at any time since crossing the Urals. After drinking tea and eating a little bread, which was all that we

changing of about thirty horses, caused a general hubbub which lasted another hour. Every time the door was opened there was a rush of cold air into the overheated room, and we alternated between a state of fever and a state of chill. About half-past one o'clock in the morning the post finally got away, with much shouting and jangling of bells, the lights were put out, and the station again quieted down. We had hardly closed our eyes when the door was thrown wide open, and somebody stalked in shouting lustily in the dark for the station-master. This party of travelers proved to be a



SELENGA RIVER AND VALLEY.

could get, we immediately went to bed, Frost lying on the floor near the oven, while I took a wooden bench beside the window. After a long struggle with parasitic vermin, I finally sank into a doze. I was almost immediately awakened by the arrival of an under-officer traveling on a Government *padorozhnaya*. Candles were lighted; the officer paced back and forth in our room, talking loudly with the station-master about the condition of the roads; and sleep, of course, was out of the question. In half an hour he went on with fresh horses, the lights were again put out, and we composed ourselves for slumber. In twenty minutes the post arrived from Irkutsk. The transferring of twelve telega-loads of mail-bags from one set of vehicles to another, and the

man, his wife, and a small baby with the croup. The woman improvised a bed for the infant on two chairs, and then she and her husband proceeded to drink tea. The hissing of the samovar, the rattling of dishes, the loud conversation, and the croupy coughing of the child, kept us awake until about 4 o'clock, when this party also went on and the lights were once more extinguished. All the bed-bugs in the house had by this time ascertained my situation, and in order to escape them I went and lay down on the floor beside Frost. In the brief interval of quiet that followed I almost succeeded in getting to sleep, but at half-past four there was another rush of cold air from the door, and in came two corpulent merchants from the lower Amur on their way

to Irkutsk. They ordered the samovar, drank tea, smoked cigarettes, and discussed methods of gold mining until half-past five, when, as there were no horses, they began to consider the question of taking a nap. They had just

one lung, and I am going to get up and drink tea." It was then broad daylight. The white-bearded old man with the shot-gun invited us to take tea with him, and said he had seen us on the steamer. We talked about the newly



KHYNOOYEF MOONKOO AND HIS CHILDREN.

decided that they would lie down for a while when the jangling of horse-bells in the courtyard announced another arrival, and in came a white-bearded old man with a shot-gun. Where he was going I don't know; but when he ordered the samovar and began an animated conversation with the two merchants about grist-mills I said to Frost, with a groan, "It's no use. I have n't had a wink of sleep, I've been tormented by bed-bugs, I've taken cold from the incessant opening of that confounded door and have a sharp pain through

discovered Mongolian gold placer known as the "Chinese California," which was then attracting the attention of the Siberian public, and under the stimulating influence of social intercourse and hot tea I began to feel a little less miserable and dejected.

About half-past ten o'clock Sunday morning we finally obtained horses, put our baggage into another rough, shallow telega, and resumed our journey. The night had been cold, and a white frost lay on the grass just outside the village; but as the sun rose higher and



higher the air lost its chill, and at noon we were riding without our overcoats. About ten versts from Ilinskaya the road turned more to the southward and ran up the left bank of the Selenga River, through the picturesque valley shown in the illustration on page 647. The bold bluff on the right was a solid mass of canary-colored birches, with here and there a dull-red poplar; the higher and more remote mountains on the left, although not softened by foliage, were

... bathed in the tenderest purple of distance, and tinted and shadowed by pencils of air;

while in the foreground, between the bluff and the mountains, lay the broad, tranquil river, like a Highland lake, reflecting in its clear depths the clumps of colored trees on its banks and the soft rounded outlines of its wooded islands. The valley of the Selenga between Ilinskaya and Verkhni Udinsk seemed to me to be warmer and more fertile than any part of the Trans-Baikal that we had yet seen. The air was filled all the afternoon with a sweet autumnal fragrance like that of ripe pippins; the hillsides were still sprinkled with flowers, among which I noticed asters, forget-me-nots, and the beautiful lemon-yellow alpine poppy; the low meadows adjoining the river were dotted with haystacks and were neatly fenced; and the log houses and barns of the Buriat farmers, scattered here and there throughout the valley, gave to the landscape a familiar and home-like aspect.

If we had felt well, and had had a comfortable vehicle, we should have enjoyed this part of our journey very much; but as the result of sleeplessness, insufficient food, and constant jolting, we had little capacity left for the enjoyment of anything. We passed the town of Verkhni Udinsk at a distance of two or three miles late Sunday afternoon, and reached Mukhinskoe, the next station on the Kiakhta road, about 7 o'clock in the evening. Mr. Frost seemed to be comparatively fresh and strong; but I was feeling very badly, with a pain through one lung, a violent headache, great prostration, and a pulse so weak as to be hardly perceptible at the wrist. I did not feel able to endure another jolt nor to ride another yard; and although we had made only thirty-three miles that day, we decided to stop for the night. Since landing in the Trans-Baikal we had had nothing to eat except bread, but at Mukhinskoe (Moo'-khin-skoi) the station-master's wife gave us a good supper of meat, potatoes, and eggs. This, together with a few hours of troubled sleep which the fleas and bed-bugs

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permitted us to get near morning, so revived our strength that on Monday we rode seventy miles, and just before midnight reached the village of Selenginsk, near which was situated the lamasery of Goose Lake.

On the rough plank floor of the cold and dirty post-station house in Selenginsk we passed another wretched night. I was by this time in such a state of physical exhaustion that in spite of bed-bugs and of the noise made by the arrival and departure of travelers I lost consciousness in a sort of stupor for two or three hours. When I awoke, however, at day-break I found one eye closed and my face generally so disfigured by bed-bug bites that I was ashamed to call upon the authorities or even to show myself in the street. Cold applications finally reduced the inflammation, and about 10 o'clock I set out in search of the Buriat chief of police, Khy-noo'-yef Moon-koo', who had been recommended to us as a good Russian and Buriat interpreter, and a man well acquainted with the lamasery that we desired to visit. I found Khynooyef at the office of the district ispravnik, where he was apparently getting his orders for the day from the ispravnik's secretary. He proved to be a tall, athletic, heavily built Buriat, about sixty years of age, with a round head, closely cut iron-gray hair, a thick bristly mustache, small, half-closed Mongol eyes, and a strong, swarthy, hard-featured, and rather brutal face. He was dressed in a long, loose Buriat gown of some coarse grayish material, girt about the waist with a sash, and turned back and faced at the wrists with silk. His head was partly covered with a queer Mongol felt hat, shaped like a deep pie-dish, and worn with a sort of devil-may-care tilt to one side. The portrait of him on page 648 is from a photograph, and would give a very good idea of the man if the face were a little harder, sterner, and more brutal.

I introduced myself to the ispravnik's secretary, exhibited my open letters, and stated my business.

"This is Khynooyef Moonkoo'," said the secretary, indicating the Buriat officer; "he can go to the lamasery with you if he likes."

As I looked more closely at the hard-featured, bullet-headed chief of police, it became apparent to me that he had been drinking; but he had, nevertheless, the full possession of his naturally bright faculties, and the severe judicial gravity of his demeanor as he coolly defrauded me out of six or eight rubles in making the necessary arrangements for horses



excited my sincere admiration. For his services as interpreter and for the use of three horses I paid him seventeen rubles, which was more than the amount of his monthly salary. The money, however, was well invested, since he furnished us that day with much more than seventeen rubles' worth of entertainment.

About an hour after my return to the post station, Khynooyef, in a peculiar, clumsy gig called a sideika (see-day'-i-ka), drove into the court-yard. He was transfigured and glorified almost beyond recognition. He had on a long, loose, ultramarine blue silk gown with circular watered figures in it, girt about the waist with a scarlet sash and a light blue silken scarf, and falling thence to his heels over coarse cow-hide boots. A dishpan-shaped hat of bright red felt was secured to his large round head by means of a colored string tied under

blankets, sheep-skin overcoats, the bread-bag, and my largest liquor flask, Frost and I took seats at the rear end of the vehicle with our legs stretched out on the bottom, and Khynooyef, who weighed at least two hundred pounds, sat on our feet. Not one of us was comfortable; but Frost and I had ceased to expect comfort in an East-Siberian vehicle, while Khynooyef had been so cheered and inebriated by the events of the morning, and was in such an *exalté* mental condition that mere physical discomfort had no influence upon him whatever. He talked incessantly; but noticing after a time that we were disposed to listen rather than to reply, and imagining that our silence must be due to the overawing effect of his power and glory, he said to me with friendly and reassuring condescension, "You need n't remember that I am the chief of police; you



THE LAMASERY.

his chin, and from this red hat dangled two long narrow streamers of sky-blue silk ribbon. He had taken six or eight more drinks, and was evidently in the best of spirits. The judicial gravity of his demeanor had given place to a grotesque, middle-age friskiness, and he looked like an intoxicated Tartar prize-fighter masquerading in the gala dress of some color-loving peasant girl. I had never seen such an extraordinary chief of police in my life, and could not help wondering what sort of reception would be given by his Serene Highness the Grand Lama to such an interpreter.

In a few moments the ragged young Buriat whom Khynooyef had engaged to take us to the lamasery made his appearance with three shaggy Buriat horses and a rickety old pavoska not half big enough to hold us. I asked Khynooyef if we should carry provisions with us, and he replied that we need not; that we should be fed at the lamasery. "But," he added, with a grin and a leer of assumed cunning, "if you have any insanity drops [soomashedshe kapse], don't fail to take them along; insanity drops are always useful."

When we had put into the pavoska our

can treat me and talk to me just as if I were a private individual."

I thanked him for this generous attempt to put us at our ease in his august presence, and he rattled on with all sorts of nonsense to show us how gracefully he could drop the mantle of a dread and mighty chief of police and condescend to men of low degree.

About five versts from the town we stopped for a moment to change positions, and Khynooyef suggested that this would be a good time to try the "insanity drops." I gave him my flask, and after he had poured a little of the raw vodka into the palm of his hand and thrown it to the four cardinal points of the compass as a libation to his gods, he drank two cupfuls, wiped his wet, bristly mustache on the tail of his ultramarine blue silk gown, and remarked with cool impudence, "Prostaya kabachnaya!" ["Common gin-mill stuff!"] I could n't remember the Russian equivalent for the English proverb about looking a gift horse in the mouth, but I suggested to Khynooyef that it was n't necessary to poison himself with a second cupful after he had discovered that it was nothing but "common gin-mill stuff." I

noticed that poor as the stuff might be he did not waste any more of it on his north-south-east-and-west gods. The raw, fiery spirit had less effect upon him than I anticipated, but it noticeably increased the range of his self-assertion and self-manifestation. He nearly frightened the life out of our wretched driver by the fierceness with which he shouted "Yabo! Yabo!" ["Faster! faster!"] and when the poor driver could not make his horses go any faster, Khynooyef sprung upon him, apparently in a towering rage, seized him by the throat, shook him, choked him, and then leaving him half dead from fright turned to us with a bland, self-satisfied smile on his hard, weather-beaten old face, as if to say, "That's the way I do it! You see what terror I inspire!" He looked hard at every Buriat we passed, as if he suspected him of being a thief, shouted in a commanding, tyrannical voice at most of them, greeted the Chinese with a loud "How!" to show his familiarity with foreign languages and customs, and finally, meeting a picturesquely dressed and rather pretty Buriat woman riding into town astride on horseback, he made her dismount and tie her horse to a tree in order that he might kiss her. The woman seemed to be half embarrassed and half amused by this remarkable performance; but Khynooyef, removing his red dish-pan hat with its long blue streamers, kissed her with "ornamental earnestness" and with a grotesque imitation of stately courtesy, and then, allowing her to climb back into her saddle without the least assistance, he turned to us with a comical air of triumph and smiling self-conceit which seemed to say, "There, what do you think of that? That's the kind of man I am! *You* can't make a pretty woman get off her horse just to kiss you." He seemed to think that we were regarding all his actions and achievements with envious admiration, and as he became more and more elated with a consciousness of appearing to advantage, his calls for "insanity drops" became more and more frequent. I began to fear at last that before we should reach the lamasery he would render himself absolutely incapable of any service requiring judgment and tact, and that as soon as the Grand Lama should discover his condition he would order him to be ducked in the lake. But I little knew the Selenginsk chief of police.

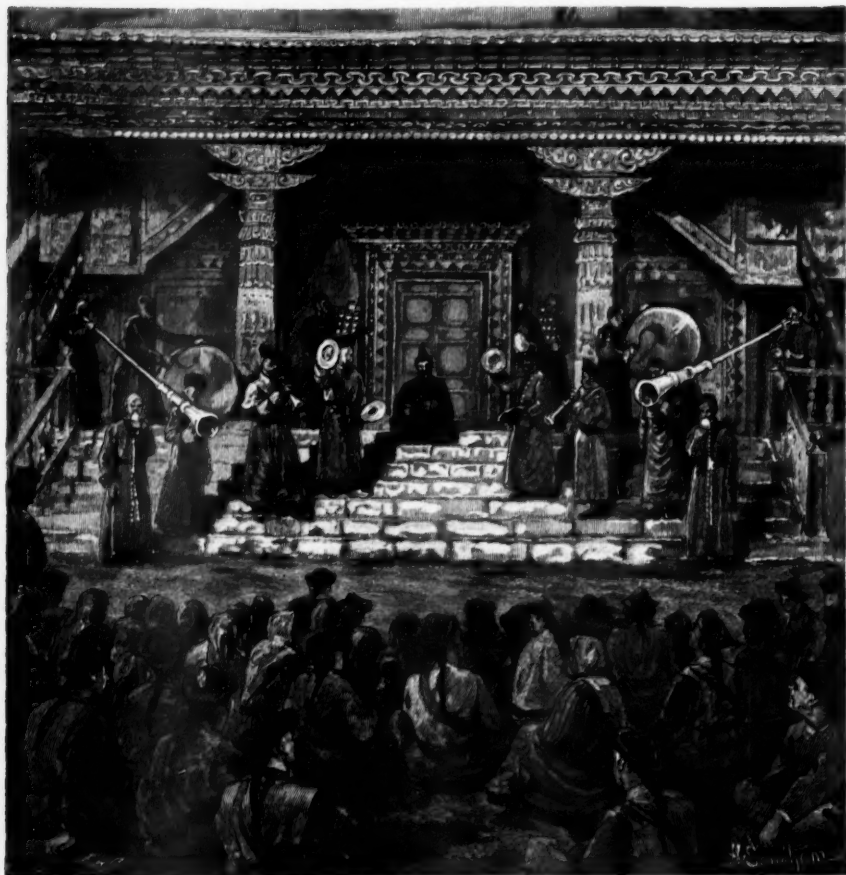
The road that we followed from Selenginsk to the lamasery ran in a north-westerly direction up a barren, stony valley between two ranges of low brownish hills, and the scenery along it seemed to me to be monotonous and uninteresting. I did not notice anything worthy of attention until we reached the crest of a high divide about twenty versts from Selen-



A WEALTHY BURIAT AND HIS WIFE.

ginsk and looked down into the valley of Goose Lake. There, between us and a range of dark blue mountains in the north-west, lay a narrow sheet of tranquil water, bounded on the left by a grassy steppe, and extending to the right as far as a projecting shoulder of the ridge would allow us to trace it. The shores of this lake were low and bare, the grass of the valley had turned yellow from frost or drought, there were no trees to be seen except on the higher slopes of the distant mountains, and the whole region had an appearance of sterility and desolation that suggested one of the steppes of the upper Irtysh. On the other side of the lake, and near its western extremity, we could just make out from our distant point of view a large white building surrounded by a good-sized Buriat village of scattered log houses. It was the lamasery of Gusinnoi Ozero.

At sight of the sacred building, Khynooyef, who was partly intoxicated at 10 o'clock in the morning and who had been taking "insanity drops" at short intervals ever since, became perceptibly more sober and serious; and when, half an hour later, we forded a deep stream near the western end of the lake, he alighted from the pavoska and asked us to wait while he took a cold bath. In about five minutes he reappeared perfectly sober, and resuming the severe judicial gravity of demeanor that characterized him as a Russian official, he proceeded to warn us that it would be necessary to treat the Grand Lama with profound respect. He seemed to be afraid that we, as Christians and foreigners, would look upon Khambá Lamá as a mere idolatrous barbarian, and would fail to treat him with proper defer-



LAMAS AND THEIR MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

ence and courtesy. I told him that we were accustomed to meet ecclesiastical authorities of the highest rank, and that we knew perfectly well how to behave towards them. Feeling reassured upon this point, Khynooyef proceeded to consider the probable attitude of the Grand Lama towards us and the statements that should be made to that high dignity concerning us.

"How are you magnified?" he asked me suddenly, after a short reflective pause. He might as well have asked me, "How are you electrified?" or, "How are you galvanized?" so far as the conveyance of any definite idea to my mind was concerned. I made no reply.

"What are you called in addition to your name?" he repeated, varying the form of his question. "What is your chin [rank]?"

"We have no chin in our country," said Mr. Frost; "we are simply private American citizens."

"Then you are not nobles?"

"No."

"You have no titles?"

"Not a title."

"You are not in the service of your Government?"

"No."

"Then for what purpose are you traveling in Siberia?"

"Merely for our own amusement."

"Then you must be rich?"

"No; we are not rich."

Khynooyef was disappointed. He could not get any glory out of introducing to the Grand Lama two insignificant foreigners who had neither rank, title, nor position, who were confessedly poor, and who were not even traveling in the service of their Government.

"Well," he said, after a few moments' consideration, "when the Grand Lama asks you who you are and what your business is in

Siberia, you may say to him whatever you like; but I shall translate that you are high chinovniks — deputies, if not ambassadors — sent out by the Government of the great American — what did you say it was, republic? — of the great American republic, to make a survey of Siberia and a report upon it; and that it is not impossible that your Government may conclude to buy the country from our Gossoodar."

"All right," I said, laughing. "I don't care how you translate what I say to the Grand Lama; only don't expect me to help you out if you get into trouble."

Khynooyef's face assumed again for a moment the expression of drunken cunning, self-conceit, and "friskiness" that it had worn earlier in the day, and it was evident that the mischievous-schoolboy half of the man looked forward with delight to the prospect of being able to play off two insignificant foreign travelers upon the Grand Lama for "high chinovniks" and "deputies, if not ambassadors, of the great American republic."

As we drove into the little village of brown log houses that surrounded the lamasery, Khynooyef became preternaturally grave, removed his blue-streamered red hat, and assumed an air of subdued, almost apprehensive, reverence. One might have supposed this behavior to be an expression of his profound respect for the sacred character of the place; but in reality it was nothing more than a necessary prelude to the little comedy that he purposed to play. He desired to show even the monks whom we passed in the street that he, the great Selinginsk chief of police, did not presume to smile, to speak, or to wear his hat in the majestic presence of the two Lord High Commissioners from the great American republic.

We drove directly to the house of the Grand Lama, in front of which we were met and received by four or five shaven-headed Buddhist acolytes in long brown gowns girt about the waist with dark sashes. Khynooyef, still bare-headed, sprung out of the pavoska, assisted me to alight with the most exaggerated manifestations of respect, and supported me up the steps as carefully and reverently as if an acci-

dental stumble on my part would be little short of a great national calamity. Every motion that he made seemed to say to the Buriat monks and acolytes, "This man with the bed-bug bitten face, rumpled shirt, and short-tailed jacket does n't look very imposing,

but he 's a high chinovnik in disguise. You see how I have to behave towards him? It would be as much as my life is worth to put on my hat until he deigns to order it."

The house of the Grand Lama was a plain but rather large one-story log building, the main part of which was divided in halves by a central hall. We were shown into an icy-cold reception room, furnished with an India-shawl pattern carpet of Siberian manufacture, a low couch covered with blue rep-silk, and a few heavy Russian tables and chairs. On the walls hung roller pictures of various holy temples in Mongolia and Thibet, life-size portraits by native artists of eminent Buddhist lamas and saints, coarse colored lithographs of Alexander II. and Alexander III., and a small card photograph of the Emperor William of Germany.

Khynooyef presently came in and seated himself quietly on a chair near the door like a recently corrected schoolboy. There was not a trace nor a suggestion in his demeanor of the half-intoxicated, frisky, self-conceited Tartar prize-fighter who had made the Buriat woman get off her horse to kiss him. His eyes looked heavy and dull and showed the effects of the "insanity drops," but his manner and his self-control were perfect. He did not venture to address a word to us unless he was spoken to, and even then his voice was low and deferential. Once in a while, when none of the brown-gowned acolytes were in the room, his assumed mask of reverential seriousness would suddenly break up into a grin of cunning and drollery, and making a significant gesture with his hand to his mouth he would wink at me, as if to say, "I'm only pretending to be stupid. I wish I had some insanity drops."

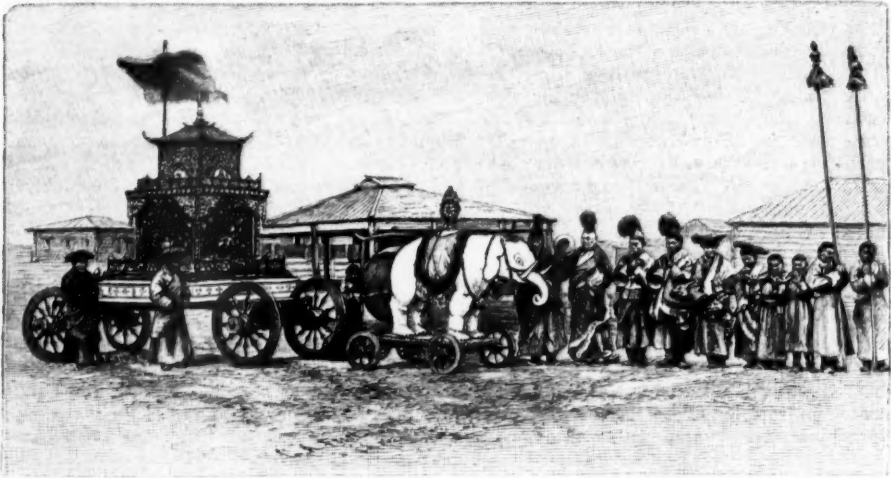
All the acolytes and servants in the place spoke, when they spoke at all, in low whispers, as if there were a dead body in the house, or as if the Grand Lama were asleep and it would be a terrible thing if he should be accidentally awakened. The room into which we were at first shown was so damp and cellar-like that we were soon in a shiver. Noticing that we were cold, Khynooyef respectfully suggested that we go into the room on the other side of the hall, which had a southern exposure and had been warmed a little by the sun. This was a plainer, barer apartment, with unpainted woodwork and furniture; but it was much more cheerful and comfortable than the regular reception-room.

We waited for the Grand Lama at least half an hour. At the expiration of that time Khynooyef, who had been making a reconnais-



sance, came rushing back, saying, "Eed-yot!" ["He's coming!"] In a moment the door opened, and as we rose hastily to our feet the Grand Lama entered. He wore a striking and gorgeous costume, consisting of a superb long gown of orange silk shot with gold thread, bordered with purple velvet, and turned back and faced at the wrists with ultramarine-blue satin so as to make wide cuffs. Over this beau-

count of ourselves, our plans, and our object in coming to the lamasery. Whether he believed it all or not I have no means of knowing; but from the subsequent course of events, and from statements made to me in Selenginsk after our return from Kiakhta, I am inclined to believe that Khynooyef's diplomacy — not to give it a harsher name — was crowned with success. The bright-witted interpreter certainly played



SACRED WHITE ELEPHANT AND SHRINE OF THE BURKHAN.

tiful yellow gown was thrown a splendid red silk scarf a yard wide and five yards long, hanging in soft folds from the left shoulder and gathered up about the waist. On his head he wore a high, pointed, brimless hat of orange felt, the extended sides of which fell down over his shoulders like the ends of a Russian "bashlyk" and were lined with heavy gold-thread embroidery. From a cord about his waist hung a large, flat, violet-velvet bag, which had a curiously wrought bronzestopper and which looked like a cloth bottle. Every part of the costume was made of the finest material, and the general effect of the yellow gown and hat, the dark-blue facings, the red scarf, and the violet bag was extremely brilliant and striking. The wearer of this rich ecclesiastical dress was a Buriat about sixty years of age, of middle height and erect figure, with a beardless, somewhat wrinkled, but strong and kindly face. He represented the northern Mongol rather than the Chinese type, and seemed to be a man of some education and knowledge of the world. He greeted us easily and without embarrassment, and when we had all taken seats he listened with an impassive countenance to the ingenious but highly colored story into which Khynooyef translated my modest ac-

his part to perfection, and he even had the cool assurance to make me say to the Grand Lama that Governor Petroff in Irkutsk had particularly recommended him (Khynooyef) to me as a valuable and trustworthy man, and that it was at the request of the Governor that he came with us to the lamasery. The modest, deprecatory way in which he twisted into this form my innocent statement that Governor Petroff had sent a telegram about us to the authorities in the Trans-Baikal should have entitled the wily chief of police of Selenginsk to a high place among the great histrionic artists.

After we had drunk tea, which was served from a samovar in Russian style, I asked Khambá Lamá whether we should be permitted to inspect the temple. He replied that as soon as he had heard — through Khynooyef, of course — that such distinguished guests had come to call upon him he had given orders for a short thanksgiving service in the temple in order that we might see it. He regretted that he could not participate in this service himself, on account of recent illness; but Khynooyef would go with us and see that we were provided with seats. We then saluted each other with profound bows, the Grand Lama withdrew to his

own apartment, and Khynooyef, Mr. Frost, and I set out for the temple.

An East-Siberian lamasery is always, strictly speaking, a monastic establishment. It is situated in some lonely place, as far away as possible from any village or settlement, and consists generally of a temple, or place of worship, and from 50 to 150 log houses for the accommodation of the lamas, students, and acolytes, and for the temporary shelter of pilgrims, who come to the lamasery in great numbers on certain festival occasions. At the time of our visit three-fourths of the houses in the Goose Lake lamasery seemed to be empty. The "datsan," or temple proper, stood in the middle of a large grassy inclosure formed by a high board fence. In plan it was nearly square, while in front elevation it resembled somewhat a three-story pyramid. It seemed to be made of brick covered with white stucco, and there was a great deal of minute ornamentation in red and black along the cornices and over the portico. A good idea of its general outline may be obtained from the small sketch on page 650, which was made from a photograph.

Upon entering this building from the portico on the first floor we found ourselves in a spacious but rather dimly lighted hall, the dimensions of which I estimated at 80 feet by 65. Large round columns draped with scarlet cloth supported the ceiling; the walls were almost entirely hidden by pictures of holy places, portraits of saints, and bright festooned draperies; while colored banners, streamers, and beautiful oriental lanterns hung everywhere in great profusion. The temple was so crowded with peculiar details that one could not reduce his observations to anything like order, nor remember half of the things that the eye noted; but the general effect of the whole was very striking, even to a person familiar with the interiors of Greek and Roman Catholic cathedrals. The impression made upon my mind by the decorations was that of great richness and beauty, both in color and in form. Across the end of the temple opposite the door ran a richly carved lattice-work screen, or partition, in front of which, equidistant one from another, were three large chairs or thrones. These thrones were covered with old gold silk, were piled high with yellow cushions, and were intended for the Grand Lama, the Sheretui (Sher-et-too'-ee), or chief lama of the datsan, and his assistant. The throne of the Grand Lama was vacant, but the other two were occupied when we entered the temple. In front of these thrones, in two parallel lines, face to face, sat seventeen lamas with crossed legs on long, high divans covered with cushions and yellow felt.

Opposite each one, in the aisle formed by the divans, stood a small red table on which lay two or three musical instruments. The lamas were all dressed alike in orange silk gowns, red silk scarfs, and yellow helmet-shaped hats faced with red. On each side of the door as we entered was an enormous drum,—almost as large as a hogshead,—and the two lamas nearest us were provided with iron trumpets at least eight feet long and ten inches in diameter at the larger end. Both drums and trumpets were supported on wooden frames. Chairs were placed for us in the central aisle between the two lines of lamas, and we took our seats.

The scene at the beginning of the service was far more strange and impressive than I had expected it to be. The partial gloom of the temple, the high yellow thrones of the presiding dignitaries, the richness and profusion of the decorations, the colossal drums, the gigantic trumpets, the somber crowd of students and acolytes in black gowns at one end of the room, and the two brilliant lines of orange and crimson lamas at the other, made up a picture the strange barbaric splendor of which surpassed anything of the kind that I had ever witnessed. For a moment after we took our seats there was perfect stillness. Then the Sheretui shook a little globular rattle, and in response to the signal there burst forth a tremendous musical uproar, made by the clashing of cymbals, the deep-toned boom of the immense drums, the jangling of bells, the moaning of conch shells, the tooting of horns, the liquid tinkle of triangles, and the hoarse bellowing of the great iron trumpets. It was not melody, it was not music; it was simply a tremendous instrumental uproar. It continued for about a minute, and then, as it suddenly ceased, the seventeen lamas began a peculiar, wild, rapid chant, in a deep, low monotone. The voices were exactly in accord, the time was perfect, and the end of every line or stanza was marked by the clashing of cymbals and the booming of the colossal drums. This chanting continued for three or four minutes, and then it was interrupted by another orchestral charivari which would have leveled the walls of Jericho without any supernatural intervention. I had never heard such an infernal tumult of sound. Chanting, interrupted at intervals by the helter-skelter playing of twenty or thirty different instruments, made up the "thanksgiving" temple service, which lasted about fifteen minutes. It was interesting, but it was quite long enough.

Mr. Frost and I then walked around the temple, accompanied by the Sheretui and Khynooyef. Behind the lattice-work screen there were three colossal idols in the conventional sitting posture of the Buddhists, and in



THE DANCE OF THE BURKHANS.

front of each of them were lighted tapers of butter, porcelain bowls of rice, wheat, and millet, artificial paper flowers, fragrant burning pastilles, and bronze bowls of consecrated water. Against the walls, all around this part of the temple, were book-cases with glass doors in which were thousands of the small figures known to the Christian world as "idols," and called by the Buriats "burkhans" [boor-khans']. I could not ascertain the reason for keeping so great a number of these figures in the lama-

sery, nor could I ascertain what purpose they served. They presented an almost infinite variety of types and faces; many of them were obviously symbolical, and all seemed to be representative in some way either of canonized mortals or of supernatural spirits, powers, or agencies. According to the information furnished me by Khynooyef, these "burkhans," or idols, occupy in the lamaistic system of religious belief the same place that images or pictures of saints fill in the Russian system.

From the appearance, however, of many of the idols in the lamasery collection, I concluded that a "burkhan" might represent an evil as well as a beneficent spiritual power. The word "burkhan" has long been used all over Mongolia in the general sense of a sacred or supernatural being.¹ Dr. Erman believes that "the Mongolian burkhan is identical with the Indian Buddha."² The "burkhans" in the lamasery of Goose Lake were crowded together on the shelves of the cases as closely as possible, and apparently no attempt had been made to arrange them in any kind of order. They varied in height from two inches to a foot, and were made generally of brass, bronze, or stone. In one corner of the "kumirnia" (koo-meern'-ya), or idol-room, stood a prayer-wheel, consisting of a large cylinder mounted on a vertical axis and supposed to be filled with written prayers or devotional formulas. I did not see it used, but in the Ononski lamasery, which we visited a few weeks later, we found an enormous prayer-wheel which had a building to itself and which was in constant use.

From the idol-room we went into the upper stories of the temple, where there were more "burkhans," as well as a large collection of curious Mongolian and Thibetan books. If we had not been told that the objects last named were books, we never should have recognized them. They were rectangular sheets of thin Chinese paper twelve or fourteen inches in length by about four in width, pressed together between two thin strips of wood or pasteboard, and bound round with flat silken cords or strips of bright colored cloth. They looked a little like large, well-filled bill-files tied with ribbons or crimson braid. The leaves were printed only on one side, and the characters were arranged in vertical columns. In a few of the volumes that I examined an attempt apparently had been made to illuminate, with red and yellow ink or paint, the initial characters and the beginnings of chapters, but the work had been coarsely and clumsily done.

From the principal temple of the lamasery we were taken to a chapel or smaller building in the same inclosure to see the great image of Maidera (My'-der-ra), one of the most highly venerated "burkhans" in the lamaistic pantheon. It proved to be a colossal human figure in a sitting posture, skillfully carved out of wood and richly overlaid with colors and

gold. I estimated its height at thirty-five feet. It stood in the center of a rather narrow but high domed chapel, hung round with banners, streamers, and lanterns, and really was a very imposing object. Tapers and incense were burning upon an altar covered with silken drapery which stood directly in front of the great idol, and upon the same altar were offerings in the shape of flowers made out of hardened butter or wax, and a large number of bronze or porcelain bowls filled with millet, rice, wheat, oil, honey, or consecrated water. Some of these bowls were open so that their contents could be seen, while others were covered with napkins of red, blue, or yellow silk. Here, as in the great temple, the partial gloom was lighted up by the brilliant coloring of the decorations and draperies, and by the splendid orange and crimson dresses of the attendant lamas.

From the chapel of Maidera we were conducted to a third building in another part of the same inclosure, where we found ourselves in the presence of the sacred white elephant. I had always associated the white elephant with Siam, and was not a little surprised to find a very good imitation of that animal in an East-Siberian lamasery. The elephant of Goose Lake had been skillfully carved by some Buriat or Mongol lama out of hard wood, and had then been painted white, equipped with suitable trappings, and mounted on four low wheels. The sculptured elephant was somewhat smaller than the living animal, and his tusks had been set at an angle that would have surprised a naturalist; but in view of the fact that the native artist probably never had seen an elephant, the resemblance of the copy to the original was fairly close. The white elephant is harnessed, as shown in the illustration on page 654, to a large four-wheel wagon, on which stands a beautiful and delicately carved shrine, made in imitation of a two-story temple. On the occasion of the great annual festival of the lamaists in July a small image of one of the high gods is put into this shrine, and then the elephant and the wagon are drawn in triumphal procession around the lamasery to the music of drums, trumpets, conch shells, cymbals, and gongs, and with an escort of perhaps three hundred brilliantly costumed lamas.

While we were examining the white elephant, Khynooyef came to me and said that Khambá Lamá, in view of the fact that we were the first foreigners who had ever visited the lamasery, had ordered an exhibition to be given for us of the sacred "dance of the burkhans." I strongly suspected that we were indebted for all these favors to Khynooyef's unrivaled skill as a translator of truth into

¹ See "Journey through Tartary, Thibet, and China," by M. Huc, Vol. I., pp. 120, 121. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1852.

² "Travels in Siberia," by Adolph Erman, Vol. II., p. 309. London: Longman, Brown, Green and Longmans, 1848.

Dr. Erman visited the lamasery of Goose Lake in 1828, and so far as I know he is the only foreigner who saw it previous to our visit.

fiction; but if we had been introduced to the Grand Lama as "deputies, if not ambassadors, from the great American republic," it was in no sense our fault, and there was no reason why we should not accept the courtesies offered us.

When we returned to the great temple we found that everything was in readiness for the dance. It was to take place out-of-doors on the grass in front of the datsan, where seats had already been prepared for the musicians and for the Sheretui and his assistant. The big drums and the eight-foot iron trumpets were brought out, the presiding lamas seated themselves cross-legged on piles of flat yellow cushions in their chairs, and we took the positions assigned to us. At the sounding of a small rattle twelve or fifteen of the strangest, wildest looking figures I had ever seen rushed out into the open space in front of the temple, and to the crashing, booming accompaniment of cymbals and big iron trumpets began a slow, rhythmical, leaping dance. Four or five of the dancers had on enormous black helmet masks representing grinning Mongolian demons, and from their heads radiated slender rods to which were affixed small colored flags. Two figures had human skulls or death's heads on their shoulders, one man's body had the head and antlers of a maral, or Siberian stag, and another was surmounted by the head and horns of a bull. Three or four dancers, who represented good spirits and defenders of the faith, and who were without masks, wore on their heads broad-brimmed hats with a heart-shaped superstructure of gold open-work, and were armed with naked daggers. It seemed to be their province to drive the black-masked demons and the skull-headed figures out of the field. The dresses worn by all the dancers were of extraordinary richness and beauty, and were so complicated and full of detail that at least a page of *THE CENTURY* would be needed for a complete and accurate description of a single one of them. The materials of the costumes were crimson, scarlet, blue, and orange silk, old gold brocade, violet velvet, satin of various colors, bright colored cords, tassels, and fringes, wheel-shaped silver brooches supporting festooned strings of white beads, and gold and silver ornaments in infinite variety, which shone and flashed in the sunlight as the figures pirouetted and leaped hither and thither, keeping time to the measured clashing of cymbals and booming of the great drums. The performance lasted about fifteen minutes, and the last figures to retire were the burkhans with the golden lattice-work hats and the naked daggers. It seemed to me evident that this sacred "dance of the burkhans" was a species of religious pantomime

or mystery play; but I could not get through Khynooyef any intelligible explanation of its significance.

When we returned to the house of the Grand Lama we found ready a very good and well-cooked dinner, with fruit cordial and madeira to cheer the "embassadors," and plenty of vodka to inebriate Khynooyef. After dinner I had a long talk with the Grand Lama about my native country, geography, and the shape of the earth. It seemed very strange to find anywhere on the globe, in the nineteenth century, an educated man and high ecclesiastical dignitary who had never even heard of America, and who did not feel at all sure that the world is round. The Grand Lama was such a man.

"You have been in many countries," he said to me through the interpreter, "and have talked with the wise men of the West; what is your opinion with regard to the shape of the earth?"

"I think," I replied, "that it is shaped like a great ball."

"I have heard so before," said the Grand Lama, looking thoughtfully away into vacancy. "The Russian officers whom I have met have told me that the world is round. Such a belief is contrary to the teachings of our old Thibetan books, but I have observed that the Russian wise men predict eclipses accurately; and if they can tell beforehand when the sun and the moon are to be darkened, they probably know something about the shape of the earth. Why do you think that the earth is round?"

"I have many reasons for thinking so," I answered; "but perhaps the best and strongest reason is that I have been around it."

This statement seemed to give the Grand Lama a sort of mental shock.

"How have you been around it?" he inquired. "What do you mean by 'around it'? How do you know that you have been around it?"

"I turned my back upon my home," I replied, "and traveled many months in the course taken by the sun. I crossed wide continents and great oceans. Every night the sun set before my face and every morning it rose behind my back. The earth always seemed flat, but I could not find anywhere an end nor an edge; and at last, when I had traveled more than thirty thousand versts, I found myself again in my own country and returned to my home from a direction exactly opposite to that which I had taken in leaving it. If the world was flat, do you think I could have done this?"

"It is very strange," said the Grand Lama, after a thoughtful pause of a moment. "Where is your country? How far is it beyond St. Petersburg?"

"My country is farther from St. Petersburg than St. Petersburg is from here," I replied. "It lies almost exactly under our feet; and if we could go directly through the earth, that would be the shortest way to reach it."

"Are your countrymen walking around there heads downward under our feet?" asked the Grand Lama with evident interest and surprise, but without any perceptible change in his habitually impassive face.

"Yes," I replied; "and to them we seem to be sitting heads downward here."

The Grand Lama then asked me to describe minutely the route that we had followed in coming from America to Siberia, and to name the countries through which we had passed. He knew that Germany adjoined Russia on the west, he had heard of British India and of England,—probably through Thibet,—and he had a vague idea of the extent and situation of the Pacific Ocean; but of the Atlantic and of the continent that lies between the two great oceans he knew nothing.

After a long talk, in the course of which we discussed the sphericity of the earth from every possible point of view, the Grand Lama seemed to be partly or wholly convinced of the truth

of that doctrine, and said, with a sigh, "It is not in accordance with the teachings of our books; but the Russians must be right."

It is a somewhat remarkable fact that Dr. Erman, the only foreigner who had seen the lamasery of Goose Lake previous to our visit, had an almost precisely similar conversation concerning the shape of the earth with the man who was then (in 1828) Grand Lama. Almost sixty years elapsed between Dr. Erman's visit and ours, but the doctrine of the sphericity of the earth continued throughout that period to trouble ecclesiastical minds in this remote East-Siberian lamasery; and it is not improbable that sixty years hence some traveler from the western world may be asked by some future Grand Lama to give his reasons for believing the world to be a sphere.

About 5 o'clock in the afternoon, after exchanging photographs with the Grand Lama, thanking him for his courtesy and hospitality, and bidding him a regretful good-bye, we were lifted carefully into our old pavoska by the anxious, respectful, and bare-headed Khynooyef in the presence of a crowd of black-robed acolytes and students, and began our journey back to Selenginsk.

George Kennan.



SIBERIA.

THE night-wind drives across the leaden skies,
 And fans the brooding earth with icy wings;
 Against the coast loud-booming billows flings,
 And soughs through forest-deeps with moaning sighs.
 Above the gorge, where snow, deep fallen, lies,
 A softness lending e'en to savage things—
 Above the gelid source of mountain springs,
 A solitary eagle, circling, flies.
 O pathless woods, O isolating sea,
 O steppes interminable, hopeless, cold,
 O grievous distances, imagine ye,
 Imprisoned here, the human soul to hold?
 Free, in a dungeon,—as yon falcon free,—
 It soars beyond your ken its loved ones to enfold!

Florence Earle Coates.

THE RIVAL SOULS.

By the author of "De Valley an' de Shadder," "Two Runaways," etc.



DO not like demonstrative men: I have suffered too much at their hands. One reason why John Wharton is a favorite of mine is his even disposition, rather inclined to stiffness than otherwise. I do not believe that his spirits, taking 60 as their normal state, have risen in twenty years to 70 or fallen to 50, although I have seen him drink two quarts of wine at a sitting and lose five thousand dollars on the stumble of a horse leading down the home-stretch. My surprise may therefore be imagined when, on entering his handsome bachelor apartments looking southward where the last blue hills run out to a point and bid farewell to the Ocmulgee as it spreads over the lowlands towards the ocean, I found him with his feet in the window, despondent.

"You are not yourself to-day," I said lightly. He looked at me curiously for a moment, then his glance went out the window to the hills again.

"I am glad you have come," he said presently with his usual abruptness. "I am going to test your friendship with a manuscript." He lifted a document from the window as he spoke and began to unroll it. "You see," he said, "the habit of rolling manuscript is an old one, for this is in the handwriting of my grandfather. To-day, while searching among some of his effects for a land plot I need, this thing turned up, and I foolishly went into it awhile ago, and once in could only get out by going through."

"Interesting?"

He straightened up in his chair and full of suppressed emotion looked at me, but seemed to change his mind, and simply handed the manuscript to me.

"Will you read it? If it tires you too much, I will relieve you." As I read he sat with his feet in the window, his eyes far off in thought, but every few moments the idea of some line would attract him and he would turn in inquiry towards me. The document, in his grandfather's handwriting, read as follows:

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A THEOSOPHIST.

I HAD been visiting a country place in the early spring and returned home after a week's absence to find upon my desk an accumulation

of mail. As was my custom, after such absences, I took the oldest of the local papers, which were always kept for me, and prepared to acquaint myself with the events that had recently taken place in the world, or, to use a familiar phrase, to "read up." The first item that caught my eye shocked me inexpressibly. It was embraced in headlines, and read as follows:

THROUGH THE HEAD!

JOHN RAYMOND BLOWS OUT HIS BRAINS!
HE IS FOUND DEAD IN HIS OFFICE, SITTING IN AN
ARM-CHAIR,
HIS HAND CLINCHING THE FATAL WEAPON.

Following this, to the extent of two columns, were the usual sickening details—action of the coroner's jury, testimony of friends, life sketch, and speculations as to the cause for the act. I say that I was inexpressibly shocked. Not only did the unexpectedness, the suddenness, of the intelligence overwhelm me, but the deceased was a warm friend and a constant visitor at my house, which he, a widower of many years' standing, seemed to find congenial. He was to the world simply a thorough, undemonstrative man of business, unusually successful, possessed of great wealth, gentle in his bearing to all, but apparently cold, and decidedly reserved. The coroner's jury, I noted, could find no cause for his act, and so took refuge in the familiar verdict, "temporary insanity." The deceased, evidently just previous to firing the fatal shot, had folded a note in his own handwriting addressed to the coroner, in which he simply stated his resolution to shoot himself, and briefly added that the cause was one in which the public had no interest.

After running through the papers, which, oppressed as I was by the fearful tragedy, I found of little interest, I turned to my letters, among which was one large packet addressed to me in a familiar business hand and carefully sealed. Upon breaking the seal I found a closely written manuscript and a letter.

JOHN RAYMOND'S LETTER.

MY DEAR SIR: Your surprise at hearing the announcement of my death can scarcely be greater than upon opening this package. Just why I send it to you I hardly know, unless it is that it contains matter that may be of some future service when all the trouble that pre-

cedes the delivery shall have been forgotten, and I with it. Perhaps I hesitate to destroy something that has caused me so much thought that it seems a part of my better self, of which it is in truth the systematic history, the history of a being whose existence has never been suspected; perhaps I am restrained by the idea that in some way it may be of value to the world; at any rate, I have been unable to commit it to the flames, and I intrust it to you, imposing only two conditions—you are not to link me with the subject-matter in any way by name, if you use it, and you are carefully to read this long communication. The latter you probably find the more burdensome.

I do not remember the time when I was not a theosophist. Looking back over my life and the record I have kept, I am convinced that I was such long before I knew it. The peculiar belief was inherent with me; it was a consciousness; and to me the fact is one of the strongest arguments upon which my now firm and abiding faith in the re-incarnation of spirits is based.

I was without difficulty taught by religious parents the doctrine of eternal life and readily accepted it; but I believed more. When less than fifteen years of age I affirmed, with an earnestness that provoked smiles, that I had lived on this earth before. But when asked why I was thus convinced, my chaotic mind could frame only this answer: "Because I feel it." I much shocked my orthodox parents by declaring that I had no belief in an eternal surging hell-fire and eternal punishment. The idea was to me utterly impossible, and I abhorred it. This too grew from an intuition; it was the fragment of an habiliment not shaken off by my soul when I came from another into this being. There are many such habiliments clinging to minds about me, but they are not conscious of them. Superstition is almost universal, and is, after all, but the impression of a past life without consciousness.

It took me a long time to settle down to a creed well defined; a boy's mind is speculative often, but seldom conclusive. I had few books, and books on this subject were then almost inaccessible; but perhaps it was better thus. I am all the more satisfied that I did not imbibe any writer's ideas; that the truth existed in me from the first. After a while I began to weigh my consciousness with precision and deliberation, and to form conclusions. From the tendency of my mind, the peculiar bent of my fancies, and the repellent force of certain ideas that I sought to accept, I began to assume that I had at some time existed in an Eastern country, and when the suggestion reached me it was joyfully accepted as an explanation of the direction of my faith.

I had been a Buddhist in that former life, and a fairly good one, I infer; because nearly all that I have sought in this life has come to me, and because my natural gravitation has been towards good. I have won the love of my friends and have been more than commonly blessed in the struggle for wealth and public esteem. Men have wondered at the success: it was based on a knowledge that my natural gravitation was towards good. I have never placed faith in any man to whom I have not first been felt drawn, and I have never lost a dollar through any man's dishonesty. If my gravitation had been towards evil, and I realized it, I would have trusted only the men who seemed to repel me. I make these statements to illustrate my idea: if I had not been fairly good in the former life, I would have been disciplined more severely in this, just as men about you, good men too, are disciplined by misfortune, failure, disaster, and despair every day. I came into this life on a higher plane than I occupied before. God only knows if I have advanced since. I am sick at times with the thought that my next stage of living will be haunted with stronger memories of this, for the soul learns as it grows older, as does the brain. I have such dreams now, memories, vague, unformed, mere ineffaced impressions, if you will, but memories. My yearning for a better life, for heaven, I firmly believe are the unbroken tendrils of the soul clinging to its lost estate, stretched to shadowy filaments, but unbroken. Why should I be born with a yearning for something that I have never known, nor yet can imagine? No; the strengthened soul has its memories, as well as the strengthened brain; but the soul is instinctive, the brain, never.

Many young men speculate thus, but few reduce their speculations to writing. It was to record for review in my old age the soul action of an average man that I began the diary of my life which is inclosed. You will find long intervals between the entries, but the diary is not of the brain. The periods of the soul vary, and have nothing to do with time. In it I have painted a secret soul history, the record of an inner man, a being that no one knows, or ever has known, well; for, while we are fond of using our powers, speech and action utterly fail to portray the inner dweller who peers out through the eyes of a mortal. The face is a mask; the lips cannot betray him; the hand and pen and daily action all fail. If the words of this diary were read aloud in a circle of my friends they would be astounded; yet I have lived in daily communication with some for forty years. They have not known me, and I have not known them. They will never know me. Great God! will anybody ever know me?

Small wonder then that in this world we come and go as strangers. Small wonder if we meet as strangers in the next. What matter? You may ask the question, but it matters greatly. Sir, to me utter annihilation were a better doctrine than that our best efforts to learn a loved one in this life so well that in some coming cycle we might meet in consciousness and memory were in vain. Shall I remember? I have touched against some people here whom I have met before, but it was as the blind and dumb jostling one another in the corridor of an asylum. I go out with but one fear shrouding my faith—the soul's power of memory may not have been developed during my fifty-seven years of life, and I am about to shorten a conscious memory for the dumb instinct of a blind soul.

Sir, I leave with you my record. The time will come when you will read it with new lights before you. Abide by the injunctions placed upon you, and until we meet again,—as meet we shall, perhaps sooner than you dream, if not in this, yet in some further cycle, to look back with memories grown clear, the child's strengthened into man's,—farewell!

Your obedient servant,

JOHN RAYMOND.

When I laid aside the last sheet of this letter my hand trembled with suppressed excitement. The author had prophesied well in the beginning. My surprise at reading the announcement of his death was exceeded by that which attended the reading of his communication. "Mad," I exclaimed; "absolutely mad!" I glanced through the diary; its perusal would occupy hours, and so with its introduction I laid it aside for some more convenient season. But I could not dispose of it so easily. It rose to my mind between the lines of my letters as I opened them; it weighed upon me; it refused to be disposed of in such a manner. Once I thought of turning the whole matter over to the author's relatives, to vindicate the jury's verdict, but a moment's reflection convinced me that I should wait until I had been through the whole matter. Finally, the fascination of the subject was such that I pushed aside everything else impatiently, took the document from its resting-place, and prepared to enter upon my task. I noticed the first pages bore date of twenty-five years before, and the last was the day of the suicide. As he had said, there were many long intervals between the dates. Four years in one place were missing, and they corresponded with the years of the war. If he kept a record in these years it was probably lost or worn out in camp, for he had followed the fortunes of his State. When I had finished I was doubtful of his insanity, and I

am still doubtful. The persistence of his idea through so many years, his logic, the continuity of his thought, his method, and his business life, all denied the idea of insanity. He acted upon convictions, the soundness of which was not a test, and is not a subject for discussion here. I at once abandoned all idea of surrendering his secret; but after these years, disguising the facts somewhat, I have availed myself of his permission to use them. From the manuscript I have taken here and there a few chapters, and they outline his life. The introduction already noted enables me to begin with an entry made in his twenty-sixth year.

FROM JOHN RAYMOND'S DIARY.

I AM convinced that Anna and I have known each other before our first meeting here. We came together as old friends in a strange land. Marriage was as natural a sequence as the constant companionship of two such friends; and I have reasoned it out at last that love is but the happiness of meeting some one to whom clings a flavor, a half memory, of a former life—some one who is and has been a part of that life, all good parts of which are drawn to each other as the needle to a magnet. I know that Anna came to me thus, but I have only the unconscious memory that a babe has for its mother; I cannot fathom the mystery further. I am content that God has re-united us and bound us again with a sacred tie. She is to me a gift of God, a smile and a pledge.

That I love my wife, that the love which sprung from a former association grows and deepens with association, I know. Day after day I find new depths for it; day after day room for its breadth and growth opens up. Sometimes I fear for myself; I seem to have staked all my happiness upon this friend; the past, the present, the future are wrapped up in her; I have no need for anything else. Perhaps it is sinful, but I think at times that if I could be guaranteed forever this life as I live it now, the suns might rise and set through all eternity and never a prayer would ascend from me for a better condition. If it be sinful, I cannot help it; the happiness came to me as a free gift, and I am honest. And yet, if such glories may shine about an earthly stage so far removed from the soul's true goal, what must be the ecstasy of its final rest?

A faint cloud has entered upon my peaceful sky, and its shadow is upon me. I know that my wife is as pure-hearted as mortals may be, but this is a school for discipline, and sometimes I tremble for her. She came to me beautiful, and loving the beautiful. I have studied her

face as it bent above a gem; the cold stone mined by a slave, cut by a slave, and sold by a thief—a mere crystal from the hills—has a wonderful fascination for her. She flushes to see in her glass the scintillations in her hair; her eyes rival its brightness. Vanity! My heart beats fast; this is to be her discipline. From here and there, from the ball-room, from the friendly visitors, from the press, flattery is poured upon her. Even the eyes of silent men speak it; she sees, she hears, she is pleased. And the care she gives her dress, the perfect matching of her colors, the touch of her hand upon her hair as she lingers at the glass, the art in her smiles and glance, are so many daggers in my heart. Is she adding another cycle to her homeward journey? Is she exchanging the ecstasy of God's final blessings for the flash of baubles and the vain praise of fools, giving literally years for moments? How the thought burns and tears me! And extravagant—oh, how she does waste money! And I—am I journeying evenly with her? The thought that I am not, that I am yielding to no temptation, but giving justice to all, and living on in full consciousness of my condition, appalls instead of comforting. To-night I have walked the streets the many bitter hours which my wife whirled away in the ball-room, crushed, agonized, and dying under the suggestion that when the dawn of another cycle is upon us I shall have left behind the sweet companion of my living here, that there will be no congenial ties to link us if we meet again.

Last night another soul entered this life, and to me is given the care of it. What a thought! Whence it came, from what conditions, what is to be its discipline, who can tell me? None. I must wait and see. No use to study the round brown eyes; no use to press cheek to cheek; no use to lie with unclosed lids and plan for the future. As the germ of a life is there, so is the sum of an experience. But God sent him to me for a purpose. If he has come to suffer for sins left behind, mine the hand to chastise and discipline. With my will must his, if to evil inclined, collide, and mine must turn him upward again. We are instruments to do God's will, and I will do it so far as my wisdom guides me true. But if this poor soul has suffered, if he has laid down burdens and is to enjoy here the reward of his labors and expand under the sunshine of God's smile and grow fit for grander days and brighter hours, to learn sweeter melodies than he had known, and develop a capacity to grasp and dwell upon the true and beautiful—dear one, this arm shall be around him and life itself be yielded up but that his way be sweet with the homage of unthorned flowers.

Another cloud has darkened my skies. All is not well with the boy. He is now fifteen months old, and his tendency is becoming apparent. I greatly fear that I have on my hands the worst uncle my wife possessed, who died only a few days before the charge was given us. He was a turfman and a ready gambler, a drinker to excess, and though generally called a good fellow when alive was a man of the most depraved habits, whatever may have been his instincts. In his present form he is utterly intractable and gives his mother much trouble. He does not look like a baby when he gets into his moods, but seems to be older than I am. Sometimes he looks at me in such a peculiar way that I am half inclined to think that he vaguely remembers me and is developing an antipathy. Yet again the instincts of a baby overwhelm him, and he is loving and affectionate. But such a temper I am sure no mortal ever possessed, except that self-same uncle of my wife's. Yesterday he indulged in it, and I undertook to discipline him. The will of a child must be broken early or never at all, and the thought that this one might go out of life to even severer discipline nerved me for the contest. With a handful of peach switches I began the struggle which I know is to last for years. It tore my heart to hear his cries, and I could only keep to my task by whispering to him: "That is for your curse upon me, Uncle Tom! That is for the money you borrowed and bet away! That is for the time you came here drunk and broke the chandelier with the cat!" And so on. I cherish no animosity towards the dead, but I had to deceive myself to resist the cries of the youngster. The discipline was interrupted by my wife, who rushed in and tore the child from me. Great Heavens! She, my wife, my best beloved, denounced me hysterically as a brute and fiend, and—yes, struck me! My soul will carry the scar of that blow to the gates of heaven itself!

My anguish over the worldly tendency of my wife has deepened until it has swallowed up my happiness. I am now only a miserable man suffering from unexpiated sin committed in a bygone life. I might have expected it; my presence here was promise of it, but in the fullness of my joy the thought had escaped me. This, then, is to be my discipline; the golden fruit is to turn to ashes in my grasp, the honey into gall upon my lips. And, yet, there is comfort in the thought that I am beyond the punishment of most men; I can only be touched in the heart. When this is done I shall soar to brighter days and be happy again. Shall I? Again the haunting dread! My wife, the blest companion, is still joined to her idols, and she has developed a touch of her uncle

Tom's temper. Vanity and anger — to what depths will they sink her? And still that frightful extravagance! Shall I go forward leaving her to the lonely struggle? Again I walk the street, and my heart sends out prayer after prayer, not for myself, — I feel the rod, I know the cause, I obey, — but for her. "What if to-night," I say, "life for one or for both should end? Should we meet again soul to soul or journey on alone?" The doubt crushed me. I am not a Pharisee; but I have thought deeper, and know that if the morrow found us both with eyes forever closed we should not meet well at the next awakening. An idea seizes upon me. In the desperation of the hour I cry: "I will not forsake you; I will sin as you sin; I will tarry as you tarry. Better a thousand ages of trial than one of heaven without you." Full of this anguish, I look about me. The lights of a saloon twinkle out into the darkness, and there I go. I stand up before the bar, and with many curious eyes upon me take three drinks of liquor. They are my first and do their work well. I go home idiotically drunk and raise almost a riot in that sacred retreat. I dance in the hall, swear at the bell-boy, and finally fall asleep in my clothes, leaving a tearful wife watching over the moral wreck I have accomplished. The morrow's awakening is as from a nightmare. Remorse at first oppresses me, but under the stimulus of reasoning it soon wears off. I become a changed man, but no longer sin so publicly. The watch I place upon my wife is incessant, and for every worldly thought her action expresses I do something sinful. The boy grows in violence and disobedience, until one day his mother voluntarily hands him over to me, and I begin a course of discipline with him that finally produces good results. I make a better being of her uncle Tom than he has been in two life cycles, and perhaps more.

Another life is in my keeping, and one glance into the placid blue eyes satisfies me that a beloved sister has joined us in our journey onward. Hers had been a sad life. Pain and anguish wore it out at last, but not the patience and the angelical resignation through which she always smiled upon us from her little bed. One day she had closed her eyes, smiled sweetly, and whispering, "I am going now, mother; kiss me good-night," passed into the mystery. I took the babe in my arms, and knew that no rod was needed there. This was to be her holiday from suffering, and the world was to be brighter and better for her coming and would weep for sorrow when she passed on. Oh! happy times have we had, little Lil and I, as she lay against my heart, our souls touching in silent thankfulness; and the smile of her eyes was as balm upon my hot and troubled spirit.

Yet those same eyes awoke within me a new thought to sting. "Here is one who will precede us all," I said to myself, "leaving us far behind. She will not linger. Tom's redemption is, I think, assured, and it is likely that he will not be far off in the next cycle, and wife and I, we will keep close together; but this one, this blue-eyed soul, will have to stand for many a year expectant at the gates of Paradise before the family circle is complete again." Sadly I gave her back into the nurse's arms and went forth into the night. My wife had been querulous all the evening, and so when a beggar asked me for help I kicked him. I felt sorry for the boy; but then I was seeking an opportunity to sin and he happened along. The frightened look in his eyes pained me, and I tossed him a dollar. "He may be a relative, anyhow," I said to myself, hoping the gift had not undone the sin I had committed.

When I look back over the long years of my deliberate self-injury I feel that I have kept pretty close to my wife. The idea that I had thus followed her grew to be a grim pleasure at last. I felt a peculiar satisfaction in the self-sacrifice I had practiced, a moral pride in yielding up cycles of time from Paradise for the woman I loved, and in assuming cycles of trial and pain and weariness to keep with her. I resolutely kept down the thought that even if we met again it might be as strangers. I know that our souls have learned memory; they cannot forget. We shall meet again, and perhaps then we will press forward faster. Tom is a fine fellow, meeting his many life trials firmly, bearing his many disappointments manfully, and working out his salvation with a resolution beautiful to contemplate. And Lil is the angel she promised to become, the sunlight of our home, and the beloved of all who come within its circle. But in Anna, my best beloved, Heaven help me! I see no change. She will not listen to my counsel, but calls me a theorist and points out my own sins. She has often half playfully declared that if she recognized me in the next world it would be through my love for money, as she thought that was strong enough to live always. And once she said that I must have been a Parsee merchant I loved money so. How can I tell her the purpose of my sins? She would not believe me if I did. And she is so wasteful of wealth.

It has come at last. Yesterday I closed the eyes of my dear wife and left my last kiss upon the beautiful face smiling up from the coffin. What peace shone there, what faith, what resignation! Sin left no mark upon the brow, the

thought came to me in my anguish. To-day they buried her. Such a concourse of people was never before seen in a dwelling-house in this city, it is said. Rich and poor, old and young, white and black, all came and cried above her, and the flowers they left covered the coffin. A hundred have blessed her name to me and told of help and kindness from the dead: this one's sick child she had nursed; to this one she gave weekly assistance year after year; this one she taught; this one she rescued from a life of sin and gave her hope again; this one she saved from the poor-house. How many such! These blessings for her they poured on me until I was buried under bitter memories as she under the roses.

As I sit here in the closing twilight a great truth has opened before me. I have delayed my Paradise for a woman's company by whose side I could barely have kept in her triumphant advance had I given my best years and a pure and humble heart to the service of my fellow-men. What were her dissipations? The simple overflow of a joyous and human heart. What were her vanities? Childish delight in forms of beauty. What was her extravagance? Christian charity. What were her foibles and sometimes anger? Great Heaven, what are my own! I ask myself in anguish. And then with tearful eyes I go into her room and gaze upon the flowers that cover her vacant bed and strew the floor. Gone! Aye, she gone before; I lagging behind. There is not the mere space of a grave between us, but a vast stretch of life and time and endeavor. God help me!

(*The last entry.*) Twenty years have passed since I bade farewell to my beloved, and they have been years of discipline to me. I have secretly carried on the work she laid down. Secretly, for it costs a man too much to be known as generous. No appeal for help has been made to me in vain; no human being has suffered, in my knowledge, while I had the power to relieve. I can look every living man in the face and say with truth, "I have not wronged you in word, thought, or deed." To-day I go forth into another life to carry on the struggle. I care not to reason with myself over the means. If I lengthen the time of my next life by entering unbidden upon it, I shorten this; and I shall be with her, soul to soul. Three years after she died I sat one day in the house of a poor woman whom I had befriended, when a little girl came and leaned her cheek against my knee and looked into my eyes. I felt a strange power drawing me towards her. She lay like a doll in my arms when I lifted her, and with her cheek against mine my old happiness came back. As I sat there a great

mystery was unfolded about me and peace dawned over my soul. We had met again; the little soul but half remembered. Still, the unerring instinct was there, and would grow with knowledge, I knew. Henceforth my joy was in this household. I made it mine and planned to lavish wealth upon it, for had not my dear one earned an exemption from want, and was not I an instrument of Heaven? I intended to bless her pathway, and God knows she has blessed mine for all these twenty years. The babe grew to girlhood, then to womanhood, and then to wifehood. This last change filled me with anguish and sorrow, but I do not despair. The woman I loved lay at rest in the grave; the soul I loved had its mission: so I reasoned.

Last night the young wife came to me in my dreams. I saw her as distinctly as I see these lines, and the woman of my early manhood seemed blended in her form. The familiar eyes looked out upon me, oh! so tenderly, and she held out her arms. I cried aloud, and started forth, but reason held me back; she was a wife. Still she held out her arms and smiled upon me, and like a thought impinging upon a human brain came her words, "As a babe." White with agitation, but tremulous with joy, I sprung towards her. She vanished, and I found myself gasping in the darkness of my own room.

To-night my affairs are in order, and I go forth into the next cycle of my life. When men gather here to wonder at this strange taking off I shall sleep, a child upon its mother's breast, but soul to soul with my beloved. Almost my last business act was to make a will in her favor, my children having been already provided for, and all my vast wealth is hers—not in fee-simple, for I have thought it best to rely upon the survival of my business instinct, and so have made her its custodian until her first child comes of age, when all shall be his. I know that my beloved will not suffer if I come into my own again, and I do not wish to devote to money-making the years that I may give to her companionship.

[To this the writer had added, as if on second thought, these words, for my eye only:] Sir, you have my story. Do not take any advantage of me.
J. R.

This, as stated, was the last entry in the diary, of which I have given only enough to show the tendency of the man's belief and moral purpose. So fascinated was I with the matter that I could not rid myself of it, but sat and pondered long upon it. I felt an almost uncontrollable desire to talk with some one, and was just about to go up the street when a messenger brought me a telegram from my wife's mother

in Augusta, which read as follows: "Your son is born. All is well."

I rushed to the depot and caught a train just starting for Augusta. All young fathers know how I passed the hours of that journey and with what feverish impatience I saw the lagging mile-posts file by; but the end came at last, and I held my wife, the mother of my child, in my arms. Her eyes burned with a dangerous excitement, and she smiled through the tears that soon filled them. "Have you heard?" she said eagerly.

"Heard what?"

"Oh! you have not." Her hand trembled with excitement as she drew from under her pillow a letter and passed it quickly to me. The familiar writing attracted my whole attention at once. It was from the author of the diary, short and affectionate, and informed her that the writer had willed all his property to her first child, and made her his trustee until the child came of age. She did not notice my sudden start nor the gasp that I gave.

"William," she said, "we must name him Raymond." I could not reply, and my hand shook as I turned down the coverlet and gazed into the placid little face there. As I am truthful, the infant looked up at me with his grave brown eyes, and his features suddenly twitched themselves into the most quizzical look that I ever saw on a human countenance. Then he broke forth with a lusty wail. My wife pushed me away.

"Now you have frightened him," she whispered, "glaring at him that way." Mastering my emotion, I said, forcing a poor smile:

"So, then, this is my rival. Well, I won't take any advantage of him."

But from the moment my son Raymond looked into my eyes there began in me a struggle. I did not love him then; I never did; I do not now. It was just as impossible for love to have existed between us as for the sun to shine at night. Foolish, heartless, as this may seem, it is true, and I admit it all the more willingly because I had nothing to do with it. The diary and its prompt vindication converted me instantly to the strange creed of the dead man. The more I read it, the more I pondered upon the matter, the firmer became my conviction that John Raymond had reappeared as my son and would some day win the soul of my wife from me. There were times when the thought filled me with rage and I could not contemplate the boy calmly. I could not rid myself of the remembrance that he had thrust himself into a happy family for the purpose of supplanting me in my wife's affections. He was never a companion of mine, and I rarely held him in my arms.

This antipathy was evidently mutual. Fre-

quently at the mere sight of me Raymond would fly into a passion, and my touch was like a torment to him. This state of affairs could not long escape the attention of my wife. She reasoned with me in vain. Nothing could heal the breach between the boy and me. Reason made him odious to me; instinct, perhaps a dim memory, drew him away from me. As may be believed, she grieved always over the unfortunate state of affairs; and perhaps it was natural that gradually she should side with the infant, for he was the weaker and her flesh and blood. After a while I awoke to the maddening conviction that not only the babe but my wife also was estranged from me, perhaps beyond redemption, and I saw with agony that the very end that I most dreaded was being accomplished. The soul of my rival was triumphing over mine. So far as love was concerned, I was already a defeated and lonely man, while the babe was ever pressed to his mother's heart. But I did not yield without a final struggle. In an evil moment, half crazed at her reproaches, I one day revealed the contents of Raymond's diary and laid bare my soul before her. She was touched and startled, and for some weeks I mistook tenderness for a re-awakened love; but she fell again to brooding over the babe, and to her morbidness was now added the fearful revelation I had made. Whether she believed as I did, I do not know. She made a final effort to rid me of my distrust of the boy, and then one day she lay down and died.

All the little sunlight I possessed passed away with my wife; all the old love came back with crushing force. For her sake I made a great effort to take the boy to my heart and forget the injury I had suffered, but in vain. The thing was utterly impossible. On the contrary, a positive hatred of him awoke in me. To me he was not my child, nor hers, but John Raymond. And yet I never took any advantage of him, and he fell to the care of a relative who came to live with me.

Several years passed in this way, and I never withdrew my secret watch of the boy. At last he developed a most extraordinary affection for a little girl, the daughter of a near neighbor. I took her one day upon my knee and studied the depths of her beautiful eyes. She smiled and prattled to me artlessly, and I felt a strange thrill go through my heart. Tears came into my eyes when I pressed her closer to my bosom, but I was not suffered to keep her long; Raymond called her; she slid down from my lap and bounded away. But I did not give up. I made the care of the child my life's work. Mona, they called her. I lavished gifts of dress and jewelry and sweetmeats upon her. Her delighted parents never suspected

the reason. And so years rolled by, and men commented upon my wild devotion to the girl and coldness towards my own boy. But alas! he shared the gifts I bestowed upon her, and her delight was confided to him.

Why detail the sufferings I endured through all those years, my hopes and fears and disappointments? In the moment of my greatest joy, when the child, a woman almost, came to me, and putting her arms around my neck asked me to let her love me always, in that moment the final blow was descending. An hour later Raymond told me that he was going to marry her. My rage and stormings must have been fearful. I am told that they were, but they were also useless. Threats, disinheritance, reproaches, were all in vain. It was the moment of his triumph, and he had entered into the fortune which he provided for himself long ago. He married her, and I prepared for the end, for my last hope was gone. But during this year, the year of their happiness, a wild revenge has suggested itself to me. It shall be soul against soul, I say, an eye for an eye. As he has robbed me, so will I rob him. As he has made me a lonely man, so will I make him. And perhaps,—oh, sweet the thought!—perhaps in this new cycle I shall win her back again and hold her forever. The hour cometh. I have made my will, leaving my fortune to the first son of my son's wife, and the wail of a new-born infant in this house will be preceded by the crash of a pistol-shot. If I win, joy be mine; if I lose, I shall at least have escaped this torture. I reduce this brief of John Raymond's life and mine to writing, and place it in a drawer of my desk, inserting a clause in my will that the drawer shall be opened by my legatee only, and then on his twenty-first birthday. In this way I shall come into my fortune again, and be possessed of the information that will enable me to carry on the conflict. John Raymond made his great mistake when he armed me with his diary and gave me his secret.

ALLEN WHARTON.

John Wharton was walking the room when I reached the abrupt conclusion of the manuscript. There was a most terrific scowl upon his face, and his manner betrayed the most intense excitement. The mood was something so new for him that I resolutely repressed the smile which I felt coming. As he did not seem inclined to break the silence, I said carelessly:

"Well, what of it?" Then he turned on me.

"What of it!" he thundered. "What of it! Well, that is decidedly cool! Don't you see the conclusion? If my grandfather has told the truth, I am—why, confound me, I am my grandfather himself!" He gave a short, hysterical laugh. "And I am left to infer that my

mother, my grandmother—yes, and my wife, has eloped with my father, who was also my son, and that he was a penurious, scheming villain! Oh, you fired a center shot when you told me that I did not seem myself awhile since."

The situation was too fine to destroy. I humored him:

"But you beat Raymond at last, old fellow; you got his money." He stared at me a moment, and then a grim smile lighted up his face.

"By George, you are right! But ha! an idea strikes me. My father, this self-same Raymond, speaking now as John Wharton, left a large sum to a Hindoostanee mission—" He stopped in front of me, and his voice sank to a stage whisper: "I see it all. Raymond has carried her back to India; he expects to turn up in the mission and trust to his indestructible business capacity to get the best of that fund."

The matter was going too far.

"John Wharton," I said, quietly and sternly, "you are crazy."

"You are right, or very nearly so; I will be to-morrow. I have met no young woman to whom I have felt drawn. She is gone; I am without grandmother, mother, daughter, or wife—"

"This manuscript," I continued coldly, not noticing his excitement, "was written as a story by your grandfather. He sent it to a publisher, and it was returned. Don't you see the paragraph marks in different ink on the margins, the corrections, the queries—all in a different hand? Why, it is deuced bad copy, rolled and returned!"

This was a shower-bath to him. He took the manuscript from my hands, and I noticed the clouds were lifting from his face.

"You really think so? You know my father and mother were drowned together, and my grandfather is supposed to have killed himself—"

"That does n't make any difference. Your grandfather tried to write a romance. The editor thought he was seeking to air a creed just becoming known in America, and did not finish reading it. Had he done so he might have let the matter in as a satire. Trust me to know a returned manuscript when I see it."

Wharton put on his hat. His face had assumed its wonted calmness, and a smile was upon his lips.

When I left him he had regained his wonted spirits and could laugh at his recent alarm. I firmly believed my theory was the correct one, and as I walked the street I repeatedly assured myself of its reasonableness. And yet when well out of sight of Wharton and opposite the court-house I stopped, hesitated, laughed at my own weakness, crossed the street, and entered the ordinary's office. I had just possessed

myself of "Folio D," and found the will of mine burn with guilty shame. He came close to me, and asked quietly:
 Allen-Wharton there, when John Wharton entered the room. His face flushed, and I felt "Is the clause there?"

Harry Stillwell Edwards.



THE LAST LETTER.

LONG years within its sepulcher
 Of faintly scented cedar
 Has lain this letter dear to her
 Who was its constant reader;
 The postmark on the envelope
 Sufficed the date to give her,
 And told the birth of patient hope
 That managed to outlive her.

How often to this treasure-box,
 Tears in her eyes' soft fringes,
 She came with key, and turned the locks,
 And on its brazen hinges
 Swung back the quaintly figured lid
 And raised a sandal cover,
 Disclosing, under trinkets hid,
 This message from her lover.

Then lifting it as 't were a child,
 Her hand awhile caressed it
 Ere to the lips that sadly smiled
 Time and again she pressed it;
 Then drew the small inclosure out
 And smoothed the wrinkled paper,
 Lest any line should leave a doubt
 Or any word escape her.

Still held the olden charm its place
 Amid the tender phrases—
 Time seemed unwilling to efface
 The love-pervaded praises;
 And though a thousand lovers might
 Have matched them all for passion,
 A poet were inspired to write
 In their unstudied fashion.

From "Darling" slowly, word by word,
 She read the tear-stained treasure:
 The mists by which her eyes were blurred
 Grew out of pain and pleasure;
 But when she reached that cherished name,
 And saw the last leave-taking,
 The mist a storm of grief became,
 Her very heart was breaking!

I put it back,— this old-time note,
 Which seems like sorrow's leaven,—
 For she who read, and he who wrote,
 Please God, are now in heaven.
 If lovers of to-day could win
 Such love as won this letter,
 The world about us would begin
 To gladden and grow better.

Frank Dempster Sherman.



GADDO GADDI (1259?-1332?).



NOTHING more curiously illustrates the common source of the Florentine and Sienese schools than the perpetual confusion arising in the attribution of the works of the early masters of

either and the uncertainty of the early writers as to the affiliation of one or another painter with Siena or Florence. As to Gaddo Gaddi there is, however, no room for doubt, for his personal relation with Giotto and Cimabue was so well known in early times that it is impossible to separate them from him. Vasari, with all his inaccuracies, gives us the greater part of the knowledge we possess of early Italian art, and it is impossible not to give weight to his testimony until we find it overthrown by something more authentic. This we get occasionally in the documents which have been brought to the knowledge of the world by that modern critical research into this history which has been excited by the growing sense of the importance of the beginnings of art for the better comprehension of its final results; but there still remain many things for which we have only Vasari's authority and as to which we are now never likely to have any more competent. And the tendency to dispute the statements of the historian, so natural under the circumstances, has been carried by both Milanesi and Cavalcaselle to a point which becomes contentious. Thus when Milanesi, in speaking of Gaddo Gaddi, undertakes to deny his authorship of the lunette over the door of Santa Maria del Fiore *because* it shows a combination of the style of the Byzantines with that of Cimabue, we are driven to say that his objection is an absolutely futile one, because this is the character by which Vasari declares Gaddo's works to be distinguished. Cavalcaselle is more reasonable, and admits the probability of the correctness of the attribution.

Gaddo lived under circumstances most favorable to the development of his genius, for he was an inhabitant of Florence, where art was familiar to all and was always greatly encouraged, and he was moreover the intimate friend of Cimabue—with whom he was wont to converse often of the difficulties and intricacies of art—and of Giotto and Andrea Taffi.

Vasari has it that Andrea Taffi was his master in the art of mosaic, and that Gaddo worked under him in the baptistery of San Giovanni at

Florence, executing the Prophets under the windows afterwards quite independently, and thereby getting for himself much fame. Milanesi and Cavalcaselle think it improbable that Taffi should have been his master, as the two men were almost of the same age. Neither do they attribute the Prophets to Gaddo.

But here again the hypercritic betrays himself; for when we consider the state of art education in Italy at that time, and that what Taffi had to teach Gaddo was mainly the technical processes of mosaic work, the equality of age is no objection to the relation of master and pupil having existed between them. As to the Prophets, there is no evidence in favor of attributing them to any other man, so that we may leave them to Gaddo with as much confidence as any other work, always remembering that the influence of a new mind on an artist who was not a novice in art, in its general manifestations would inevitably produce a modification in the manner of working and conception,—or what is generally called a change of style,—and there is nothing in the mosaic work alluded to which makes it even improbable that Gaddo did it. That the style of the work differed from that of the subsequent work known to be his is no more a reason for contradicting the tradition, unless the style indicated another and a recognizable hand.

By 1308 Gaddo's reputation was such that he was summoned to Rome to finish some mosaics begun by Fra Jacobus Torriti; but these, as well as some others that he executed in the Church of St. Peter, are lost. All that remains of the work that he did during his visit is on the façade of Santa Maria Maggiore. Here remain still his four subjects from the history of the basilica, which Vasari praises as being finer in style and less Byzantine than any of his former works. These mosaics are:

First. The Virgin with angels appearing to St. Liberius, pope, and,

Second. Simultaneously to the patrician John, who is commanded to build a church where he will find snow the next day—it being then August.

Third. John telling his vision to the pope. He is kneeling before the pope, with three attendants kneeling behind him and a fourth holding the horses. A bishop kneels beside the pope.

Fourth. Pope Liberius drawing the plan of the basilica on the snow, surrounded by the

patrician, the people, and the clergy, while the Virgin and Child appear in the sky and surrounded by angels, the miraculous snow falling down from them to form the ground on which the plan is being drawn.

These mosaics resemble those of the baptism of Florence and the frescos in the vault of the upper church at Assisi, as well as some of those in the lower church from the history of St. Francis, with which they harmonize in the accessories and architecture. They seem to be by the same hand, resembling these in composition, in the types of head and figure, and in their style, which is a transition from that of Cimabue to that of Giotto. There are the same coarse and monotonous outlines, heavy and conventional drapery, and clumsy extremities, and the same absence of intermediate tints in both the mosaics, where it is to be expected, and in the frescos, where it is not.¹ Cavalcaselle remarks that some of the heads are the same.

Vasari notes that Gaddo was a painter as well as a mosaicist, and it is probable that he was with his friend Giotto at Assisi. Vasari apparently knew nothing of these pictures at Assisi; but he mentions a panel at Santa Maria Maggiore of Rome, now lost, and says that he painted many such for Tuscany.

At Pisa, in the cathedral, is a mosaic of Gaddo's, damaged and repaired, with the Madonna rising to heaven and Christ waiting

to receive her, having ready for her a splendid throne. It is in the artist's latest style.

Vasari says that, having returned to Florence, Gaddo rested from his labors, and made some mosaics of egg-shell—marvels of diligence and patience. In the Uffizi gallery at Florence there is one of these, a half-length figure of our Lord, his right hand on his breast, his left holding a book open and with a Greek inscription. The background is gilt.

Gaddo died at the age of seventy-three, and was buried in Santa Croce by his son Taddeo, the only one of all his children who became a painter. Vicino da Pisa was a worthy pupil of Gaddo. He executed some mosaics in the cathedral of his town.

According to Vasari, Taddeo painted portraits of his father and of Taffi in the chapel of the Baroncelli at Santa Croce, Florence. Vasari points out two figures preceding the players in the fresco representing the Marriage of the Virgin, of which one resembles the portrait of Taffi given by Vasari with his biography; but the other figure bears no likeness to the woodcut of Gaddo in the same book. There is a figure in the other fresco, on the right side, with a long beard and flowing hair, which is much more like Vasari's portrait of Gaddo; but the old man standing near him could hardly be Taffi, though the figure is somewhat of the same type as the one in the first fresco.

¹ The principal variations which the mosaics at Santa Maria Maggiore show from the Byzantine are in the greater freedom of design and originality of conception, for the execution is much less masterly than in some works of the earlier school. But the general treatment is the same—strong outlines with masses of color, unbroken by subdivisions of detail, and with very little recognition of light and shade; characters all of the best school of decorative mosaic. The mosaics of Santa Maria Maggiore have been much

maltreated, and in the *barocco* alterations of the church by the architect Fuga (1743) portions have been covered up and additions of subordinate figures have been made at some intermediate time. The invention shown is, as must be expected, far inferior to that of Giotto; but it is distinctly apart from the Byzantines. The colors used are the usual and limited range of the earlier school, of dull tints except the blue; and the general effect is quiet, with no indication of the perception of the capacities of color as shown by later schools.

TADDEO GADDI (1300-1366).



AMONG the many pupils whom Giotto collected around himself, his favorite, and the one who did his teaching the most credit, was his godchild, Taddeo Gaddi.

We do not know at what age Taddeo began to work independently—it was probably when Giotto left Florence for the south of Italy. In 1338 the chapel of the Baroncelli in Santa Croce was completed, but we do not know how soon Taddeo was called to paint its walls. This was his first independent work, so far as we know. The subjects he painted here are nine.

In the lunette to the right of the entrance is Joachim being driven from the temple. The

action is animated, but slightly exaggerated, as is often the case with this master.

In the four compartments underneath the lunette are:

1. The Meeting of Anna and Joachim.
2. The Birth of the Madonna.
3. The Madonna on the Steps of the Temple.
4. The Marriage of the Virgin.

On the other wall are:

1. The Annunciation.
2. The Meeting of Mary and Elisabeth.
3. The Angel announcing the Birth of Christ.
4. The Adoration. The Virgin, seated on the ground, is toying with the Infant; Joseph sits apart meditating.

In imitation niches are the figures of Joseph holding the flowering rod and of David holding the head of Goliath—both well preserved. The dome is divided into two compartments, in which, within circles, are the half-figures of Faith, Hope, Charity, Prudence, Justice, Temperance, Strength, and Humility. These are among the best figures executed by any pupil of Giotto.

Besides these frescos in the Baroncelli Chapel, Taddeo painted many others in the refectory and the sacristy of the same Church of Santa Croce. On one partition (since destroyed) he executed portraits of Giotto, Dante, and himself, of which those heads now in the Bargello at Florence are possibly copies.

The frescos he painted in the Cloister of Santo Spirito, mentioned by Vasari, and a panel with predella which he executed for the high altar of S. Stefano del Ponte Vecchio, have disappeared. A panel painted for Or San Michele, now in the Belle Arti, is one of the finest of his surviving works.

He was called to Pisa, where he decorated with frescos the Church of San Francesco, and Vasari notes especially the expression and vivacity of the figures. In the dome he introduced a portrait of himself, inscribed with his name and the date 1342, but this part of the decoration has perished. Until quite lately all these frescos were whitewashed.

Vasari makes Gaddi the architect of the Ponte Vecchio (built by Fra Giovanni da Campo), of the Ponte Santa Trinità, of the Loggia of Or San Michele, and of the upper part of Giotto's tower. Milanese and Cavalcaselle deny all these statements, the former on the ground that no man was allowed to practice an art unless he were enrolled in the guild of that art,—and as we have no evidence that Taddeo was registered as an architect, they take it as proved that he was not,—except he were specially elected by public decree to carry on a work for the Commune, as we find by documentary evidence to have been the case with Giotto.

Here again it is as well, so far as the Campanile is concerned, to take Vasari as the better guide, the subject being one which, by its publicity, would be more likely to be held firmly by tradition in the popular mind. The mere want of documentary evidence in this case is of minor significance, as Taddeo's master had carried on the work, and the continuance of it by the pupil would be so natural a proceeding that it would hardly call for the special measure of formality which was required for Giotto himself; and the superintendence of the execution of the master's plans by the pupil might easily be accepted as the carrying out of a contract by a deputy.

We should expect strong evidence to establish the fact that another than Taddeo was appointed to the work, and the lack of documentary evidence tells in favor of him until it is shown by such evidence that there was another architect put in his place, a substitution which could hardly have been made without some record remaining of it. The intrinsic probabilities in favor of Vasari's statement are so great that I feel it to be hardly disputable. A work of so great importance could hardly have been given to an unknown man or to an architect who would allow his name to be suppressed. Of all the improbabilities the most improbable is that the architect should not be known.

Taddeo, being in Florence, painted in the Mercanzia an allegory of Truth tearing out the tongue of Falsehood. This has perished. He was then called to Arezzo, where, assisted by Giovanni da Milano, he painted many frescos, among which Vasari chiefly admires a crucifixion in which a great variety of expression is introduced. Most of his work in Arezzo has disappeared; a St. John the Baptist, much injured, in the bishop's palace, is still to be seen.

Returning to Florence he painted many pictures, which were sent all over the country, and by which he gained so much as to lay the foundations of the fortune of his family and cause it to be ennobled. As coadjutor of Simone Memmi he was intrusted with half of the decoration of the chapter of Santa Maria Novella,¹ and they seem to have worked in perfect harmony; which is not so strange a matter perhaps as it may appear to our modern ideas of artist life, for it seems that then it was rather the ambition of an artist to be known as a good workman and orthodox in his painting than to rank above his fellows. The ideal of greatness was more like that of modern craftsmen than that of our schools of art. Of the walls of the chapter one was given to Taddeo, with the ceiling. The latter he divided into four compartments, in which he painted the Resurrection, Christ saving Peter from drowning, the Ascension, and the Descent of the Holy Ghost. On the western wall are St. Thomas Aquinas, and the fourteen sciences, each with an appropriate figure underneath. Prophets and saints are seated on each side of St. Thomas, and the four cardinal and the three theological virtues are represented above.²

¹ The Cappella degli Spagnuoli, formerly the chapter-house, was begun in 1320.—EDITOR.

² Cavalcaselle considers that these frescos were possibly designed and inspired by Taddeo but executed by a pupil; but the probability is that the greater part of the work done by artists in those days after they had attained the degree of master was, in the actual painting, done by the pupils. This was the invariable practice in the religious schools.

In this same church Taddeo painted a St. Jerome, and under it his son Agnolo built a sepulcher covered with a marble slab bearing the arms of the family, and in this Taddeo was buried. Vasari states that Taddeo Gaddi died of a terrible fever in 1350, but there are documents extant which prove him to have bought land in 1352 and again in 1365. In 1360 he is one of the council assembled to deliberate on the façade of Santa Maria del Fiore, but in 1366 his wife's name appears as "she who was the wife of Taddeo Gaddi," so that we must conclude that he died in 1365-66. He made Jacopo di Casentino guardian of his two sons, Agnolo and Giovanni, and made them pupils of Giovanni da Milano. Vasari says that Taddeo followed the method of his master Giotto but did not improve on it in any respect, except that

his color was more vivid and fresh. As it is even to-day difficult to distinguish between the works of Giotto's, it is evident that the immediate followers of Giotto, of whom Taddeo was the chief, must have adhered to his system very closely. In fact, so much of the manner was prescription that the opportunities of escaping into an individual style were very limited, and the subjection of the art to the uses of the Church was anything but favorable to the development of artistic individuality. The pictures were wanted as stimulants to devotion, and the primary requisite was that the sacred story should be told with pathos and with a force which would penetrate the common and unartistic mind. The artistic development came by process of nature and normal growth because the Church could not control it.

NOTES BY TIMOTHY COLE, ENGRAVER.

"MUSIC."

FLORENCE, March 1, 1888.—"Music," by Taddeo Gaddi,—or rather attributed to him, since it cannot be definitely ascertained to be by his hand,—is found in the Cappella degli Spagnuoli of the Church of Santa Maria Novella, Florence. It is one of a series of figures contained in the large fresco of the allegorical representation of the Wisdom of the Church, which adorns the left wall of the chapel as seen from the entrance. The architecture is perfectly simple: the roof is groined, supported by two intersecting pointed arches. The spaces between the ribs and the four walls beneath them are covered with frescos, the series in its movement of thought beginning on the altar wall, ascending to the space above it, and then circulating round the chapel; the subject depicted within each of the four remaining compartments of the roof symbolizing the more extended composition that expands on the wall below it. Of these the four on the roof and the whole left-hand wall are ascribed to Taddeo Gaddi, the remaining ones to Simone Memmi. The whole forms a most imposing monument of early art. The fresco on the left-hand wall, as well as that on the right, measures 36 feet long, and nearly as many feet high. The figures are life size or perhaps larger. Elevated above on a lofty throne sits St. Thomas Aquinas in state, displaying an open book, on which is inscribed in Latin, "Wherefore I prayed and understanding was given me; I called upon God and the spirit of Wisdom came to me; I preferred her before scepters and thrones." Three figures, said to be the heretics Arius, Sabellius, and Averroës, sit at his feet. He is attended on the right and left by saints of the Old and the New Testament. The four Cardinal and the three Theological Virtues float gracefully above him—beautiful female figures, each known by her appropriate emblem. Seated below in decorative stalls are the seven Profane and the seven Theological Sciences in the form

of beautiful maidens, each with her most distinguished votary attendant at her feet. The seven Profane Sciences begin at the right hand as you face the fresco, the seven Theological at the left, and the two thus meet in the center below St. Thomas. Briefly enumerating them, I will begin with the Profane Sciences:

- I. Grammar; below her, Priscian.
- II. Rhetoric or Eloquence; below her, Cicero.
- III. Logic; below her, Aristotle.
- IV. Music; below her, Tubal Cain.
- V. Astronomy; below her, Zoroaster.
- VI. Geometry; below her, Euclid.
- VII. Arithmetic; below her, Pythagoras.

THE THEOLOGICAL SCIENCES.

- I. Civil Law; below her, the Emperor Justinian.
- II. Canon Law; below her, Pope Clement V. (said to be).
- III. Practical Theology; below her, Peter Lombard.
- IV. Speculative Theology; below her, Dionysius the Areopagite.
- V. Dogmatic Theology; below her, Boethius.
- VI. Mystic Theology; below her, St. John Damascenus.
- VII. Polemic or Scholastic Theology; below her, St. Augustine.

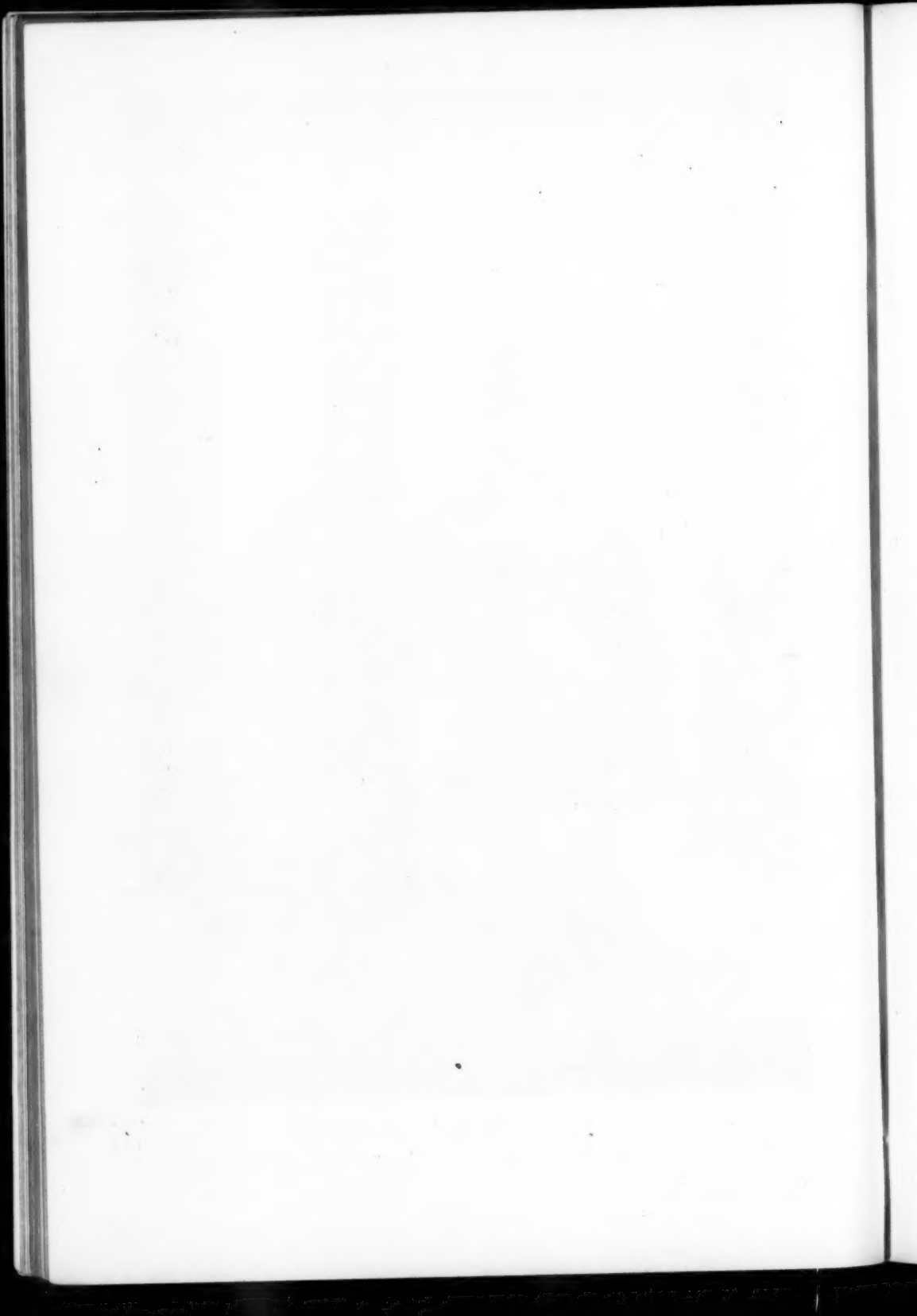
The "Music" is the fourth in the series of Profane Sciences. The ornamental stall in which she is seated is similar in design to all the others. The backgrounds to all these figures have been scraped off, leaving a soapy light color. The figures are generally light and delicate in color. The drapery of the "Music" is a delicate green; the organ brownish and carefully drawn; the reddish flesh tints are refined and harmonious. The hand upon the keys is mentioned by Ruskin as one of the loveliest things he ever saw done in painting. The maiden is singing as she plays, and the gentle inclination of her body gives a feeling of movement quite natural and in harmony with the subject. Underneath her is seated Tubal Cain with a hammer in each hand: he is striking an anvil, and his head is turned slightly and bent forward in the attitude of listening to the combination of sounds produced.

T. Cole.



"MUSIC."

(REPUTED TO BE BY TADDEO GADDI. IN THE SPANISH CHAPEL OF SANTA MARIA NOVELLA, FLORENCE.)



CHRISTIAN IRELAND.



A SUPPLICANT WEARING THE ANTIQUE HOODED CLOAK OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.



STUDY worthy of the devotion of a lifetime would be a comparison of the myths and religions, the races and customs, the antiquities and arts of islands like Japan, Borneo, Ceylon, and

Ireland on the one hand with the like among the men of the Alps, Apennines, Caucasus, Hindu-Kush, and Himalayas on the other. As the flora and fauna of such outlying tracts have been compared with great profit to science, the ocean of atmosphere having preserved certain things, traits, and races just as the ocean of water, so it is plain that the time has come to compare the human development.

Japan has many historical points similar to Ireland besides the obvious geographical likeness. Both lie off the great double continent of Asia and Europe defended by the ocean from ordinary attacks. Both appear to have supported in the far past the rudest human races, who perhaps were forcibly dispossessed by Mongoloid tribes of hunters. Both seem to have had early invasions from the north and south, Ireland from Spain and North Britain, Japan from the Philippines and Corea. As we get down to historical times the southern invasions are best remembered in each island. Irish families of ancient renown still point to Spain and Greece for the origin of their stock, while the Japanese look southward rather than to Corea for their beginnings. The parallel is so close that it even includes a possible Aryan leaven in the Japanese mixture, corresponding to the Celtic Aryans who occupied and held Ireland again and again during the pagan epoch.

Christianity made itself felt in Ireland about the same time that Buddhism reached Japan. Both religions had a light task; both came by the easiest, most natural track—across the narrow northern straits. Japan had no single Buddhist evangelist to compare with St. Patrick; but here we must remember the difference between the practical and aggressive character of Europeans and the essentially contemplative and ideal minds of Orientals. Many details which cannot be noted here will be found singularly to agree if one should compare Buddhism in Japan with Christianity in Ireland, a similarity extending to monasteries and their effect on education and the fine arts, the abuse of religious privileges and the good wrought by religion. In a short article many other things appear more important to note.

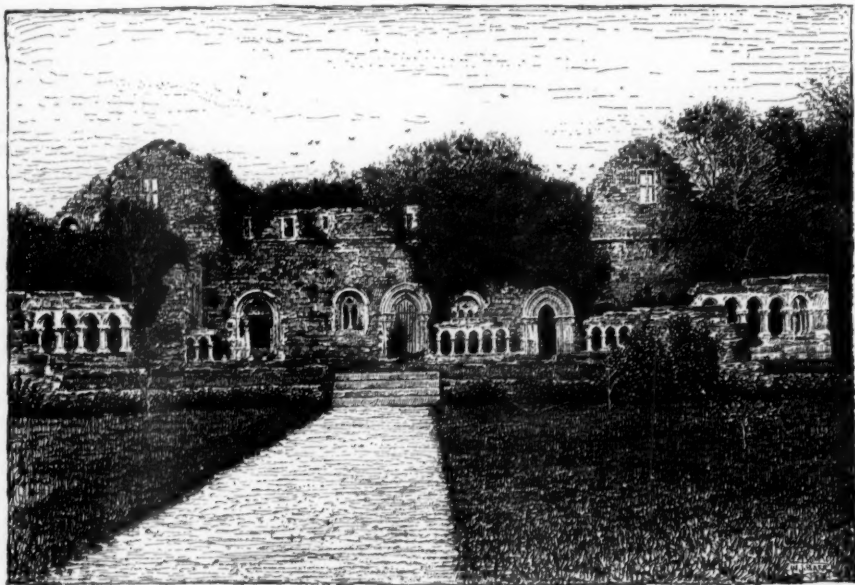
In Ireland as in Japan the larger waves of conquest which have run across Asia and Europe, sometimes extending the whole width of those continents, sometimes only local in their course, have altered the population less profoundly than those of the mainland. The greater number were exhausted before reaching Ireland, dying out in Great Britain as the Saxon wave before the defense of the Welsh. The Roman conquests never passed the channel between Britain and Ireland. The Norman occupation of England was a century old before the Norman-Welsh gained a foothold in Ireland and summoned their king to confirm them in their possessions. Since their advent have been built such beautiful edifices as the

woodcuts here present—Cong Abbey, now in ruins; Muckross Abbey, of whose cloisters a gigantic yew occupies the entire space; the two towers, Celtic and Norman, which remain at Swords; and St. Douglough's Church, which is for the most part Norman. Consequently, although in some instances meager old forms of belief, old legends, old customs, old styles of architecture and weapons have there survived the encroachments of change, when the storm does come in such an island it is not so fierce as on the mainland. Somewhere a handful shelter themselves for the time and emerge with legends, words, and habits of thought that have disappeared from the rest of the world.

Religions are not exempt from this law.

or the other. Of course religion is not the only factor, but its importance is so overwhelming that until it is regarded dispassionately and from the historical point of view the others may be safely neglected. Neither side in the controversy is fair to the other; neither can afford to admit the truth; for some of the finest and most sacred hopes and aspirations are involved on both sides, and admission of fault entails in both cases a criticism of much that is best and most beautiful in modern civilization.

Druidism was of stronger vitality in Gaul and Great Britain than in Ireland. The Celtic peoples who brought Druidism with them in embryo and, when they became to a fair degree civilized and well-to-do, evolved it into



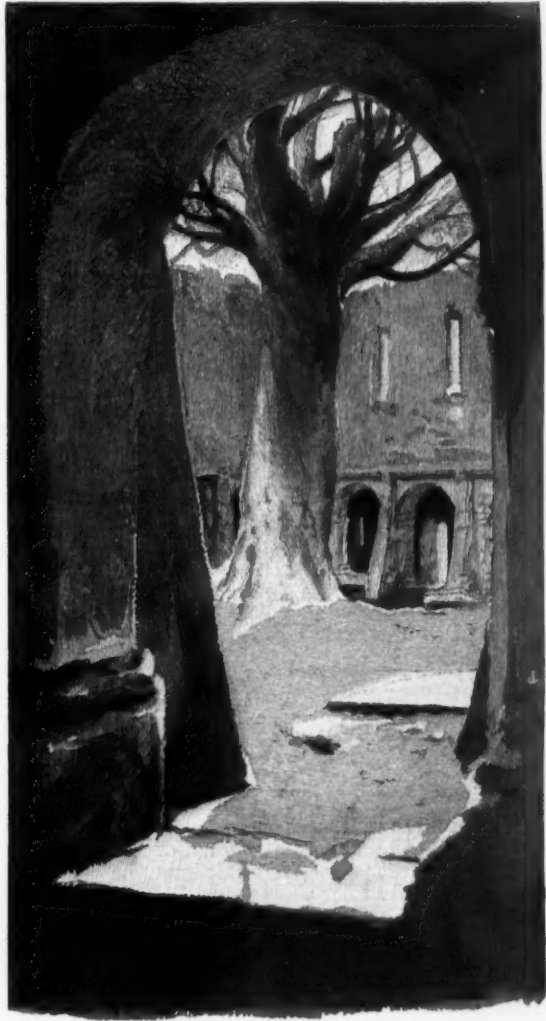
CONG ABBEY, COUNTY MAYO, BURIAL PLACE OF THE LAST KING OF IRELAND. (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. LAWRENCE.)

To understand the Irish problem of to-day it is necessary to study the religious waves which have affected Ireland. For at the root of the trouble between the majority and the minority of voters in Ireland, the majority demanding home rule, and the minority, say fifteen per cent. of the population, denouncing it,—between Ireland as a whole and the dominant majority of Great Britain,—lies the religious question like the toad of the fairy tale under the ailing tree. The problem is far from simple; indeed, most writers betray despair of explaining it at all, and according to the prejudices of the writer many have recourse to arguments that will not bear an instant's examination, such as inherent defects in the people of one island

an elaborate and bloody ceremonial, into a religion of philosophy for the wise, of secrecy and fear for the unlearned, did not crush the aboriginal tribes of Europe equally in all places. The unlikelihood will be recognized that large armies were needed to overrun the British islands. Especially Ireland, a barren, woody, wet land, inhabited by a Mongoloid race of hunters and fishermen, offered small temptations, and could be easily occupied by tribes not only more warlike but better provided for a pastoral and agricultural life. Hence the weakness of Druidism in Ireland compared with Britain, where we may confidently suppose the earliest inhabitants to have made more resistance and forced the Kelts into a stronger

tribal and religious development. Yet the existence of Druidism in Ireland is certain. Too many curious legends, too many names of places and men, attest it. But it found no resistance in Ireland worthy of the name, and may, in a certain sense, be said to have stagnated there. The Shamanistic superstitions of the original inhabitants lived on and exist yet obscurely in the people, notwithstanding the advent of at least three forms of Christianity, in addition to, we may fairly say subversive of, the Keltic Pantheism of the Druids.

Before Druidism disappeared, before the Roman armies left Britain, it is certain that Christianity had already reached Ireland. Even the Druid or the bard,—and indeed the same man was apt to be both,—who considered himself a pagan, must have been affected by the principles underlying the simple, pure form of Christianity that went through civilized Europe on the commercial routes during the first centuries and penetrated the barbarian nations as well as the Romans of the West and the East. Even then Druidism was undermined, but held its own because of rank and caste. In the underfolk, composed of conquered tribes of a Mongoloid stock, Keltic early settlers subjected by later swarms, tribes and septs overthrown in the constant wars and partly enslaved, together with other slaves robbed or bought from Britain, Gaul, Scandinavia, and Spain, the superstitions cultivated must have been too crude to make any opposition to Christianity. Then it was a religion for the oppressed, and seemed to bring heaven to earth when compared with Druidism as that religion showed itself to the lowly. We hardly need the obscure hints that exist concerning early Christians in Gaul and the British Islands, because a religion like this, confined at first to merchants and unimportant folk, must have reached the West by way of the Greek colonies, of which Marseilles was the type. Christianity must have existed in timid protest against Druidism, making converts among the people, and leaving that haughty philosophy, the natural ally and comrade of the clan system, to the great persons. Even at Rome, says the Rev. Mr. Tozer



CLOISTERS OF MUCKROSS ABBEY.

in a recent work, the church was at first Eastern in character, being mainly composed of Greeks or Greek-speaking Jews. "Up to the middle of the third century all the literature of the church was in Greek." The Church of Rome, as we know it, did not exist at all. Only when it became divested of its Oriental character and took on a form suited to the Western peoples did the Catholic Church find the strength to become a propaganda. By ceasing to be orthodox, by becoming in fact a Western sect, it was able to accomplish the wonderful things which stand to its account in history.

It is an old error to count St. Patrick among



SQUARE NORMAN AND ROUND TOWER, SWORDS ABBEY.

the emissaries, missionaries, or nuncios from the see of St. Peter. His conversion of Ireland was an independent act, which may be compared with similar independent conversions of the Bulgarians and other nations to the orthodox or Eastern Church by St. Cyril and St. Methodius four hundred years later. The terms of his confession of faith and his letter to a Welsh brigand who carried off his converts into slavery, two authentic documents, forbid any other view. Rome was indeed in the field to convert Ireland, but failed because the situation was not understood. A few years before the arrival of St. Patrick (A. D. 430) the then pope, Celestinus I., sent Bishop Paladius. Though there is no record of harm done to him by the pagans, but, on the contrary, he was permitted to build churches and leave pastors, yet his reception was so chilling that he left. He never reached Rome, death overtaking him in Pictland, what is now Scotland, North Britain having received that appellation since his day when overrun and conquered by a Keltic return wave out of Scotia or Ireland. Listen to the Annals of the Four Masters :

The Age of Christ, 430. The second year of Laogaire. It is in this year that the first Celestinus, the pope, sent Bishop Paladius to Erin to spread the faith among the Erinites, and he took land in the Laigin district, twelve men with him. Nathi, son of Garrco, refused to admit him ; but, however, he baptized a few persons in Ireland, and three wooden churches were erected by him, namely : Cell-Fhini, Teach-na-Romain, and Domnach-Arta. To Cell-Fhini he left his books and a shrine, with the relics of Paul and Peter, and many martyrs besides. He left these four in these churches : Augustinus, Benedictus, Sylvester, and Solonius. Paladius, on his returning back to Rome, as he did not receive respect in Ireland, contracted a disease in the country of the Cruithnigh (the Picts of the present Scotland) and died thereof.

It has been suggested that Patrick never existed, and that his legend was founded on these meager achievements of Paladius ; but the hypothesis has too many documentary, historical, and legendary evidences against it. There was every reason for the want of success of a bishop coming from Rome where orthodoxy

had been discarded for a more enterprising and ambitious form of Christianity. Paladius must have found the upper classes free-thinkers, addicted to Druidical and other heathen vices, to human sacrifices and the black art, to polygamy certainly, and more than probably to occasional acts of cannibalism, such as drinking human blood and tearing the human heart with the teeth. Such things have often co-existed with a high grade of civilization. That Paladius was permitted to build churches shows two important things—one, that the upper classes were contemptuous of the new religion, the other, that Christians were present in Ireland. But they must have been humble folk and of the orthodox Eastern sect. The record of Paladius and his mission reported by the Four Masters has internal evidence of genuineness in its trait of moderation. The churches are wooden. We know that architecture in Ireland was late in affecting stone as a material ; but if this record had been forged after the twelfth century, national vanity would surely have made out the material to be stone.

The success of St. Patrick where Rome had



ST. DOULOUGH'S CHURCH (MOSTLY NORMAN).

failed could hardly have been palatable. The hatred and contempt felt by the Italian ecclesiastics come out in St. Jerome's reference to Celestius the Pelagian as an eater of Irish porridge, *Scoticis pulvis prægravatus* ("gorged with his Irish mush") and by other remarks in the polemics of the day. Two years later another missionary, not accredited from Rome,—

an Irish-Scot by residence if not a Scot by birth, a student in Gaul, and a man who distinctly denied that he was learned,—arrived in Ireland and did that which Paladius could not do; so that to-day the Irish Catholics in all parts of the world turn out in procession once a year to honor his memory.

How came it that Patricius succeeded where



ABBEY DORNEY. (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. LAWRENCE.)

Paladius failed? Primarily because he had nothing to do with Rome or Italy. This preserved him from the active jealousy of the upper classes, the kings, chiefs, and Druids, who had good reason to perceive that Rome, having retired her armies from Britain, was now trying to extend her sway by religion. It also conciliated the Christians scattered along the borders of the island, who must have resented the pretensions of the Roman bishops with as much vigor as did the orthodox of the East. But there was another reason for Patrick's success. He addressed himself to the temporal and intellectual leaders, the chiefs, Druids, and "Filés," or poets, because he was a man of genius and saw that only in that way could a community existing on the clan system be converted. Probably he spoke Gaelic from his cradle; very likely he spoke Latin also, for he was born at a station of Roman troops on the west coast of Britain and took a Latin name in place of Succat. From Succat and from Potitus, the name of his father, it is difficult to argue the nationality of his family. We know that Gaulish legions were stationed in Britain and that Syrians and Greeks were also domiciled there, the name "Roman" covering a medley of nations in the fourth century. St. Patrick did only what the

bishops of Rome had done in order to succeed—adapted his methods to the nature of the people and the polity that ruled. But he brought ideas that belonged to Alexandria or Byzantium rather than to Rome, and that were soon to rouse hatred and suspicion in that center of Western Christianity. The purer, more subtle, and imaginative religion of the East was in conflict with the crude worldliness of Rome, and it so happened that the remoteness of Ireland kept off for some centuries after St. Patrick a form of Christianity perhaps at bottom better suited to the Irish character than the orthodox. The southern Irish did not accept the Roman Easter until A. D. 633. It was not till A. D. 716 that northern Ireland and the great training school for missionary monks on the island of Iona gave in, while Wales held out until A. D. 768.

The most vivid and complete view of the native ecclesiastics prior to the English settlements in Ireland is that left by a shrewd Norman-Welsh prelate who accompanied the conquerors—the famous Giraldus de Barry Cambrensis. He pitched at once upon a grand distinction between the Irish custom of electing high prelates and that in Europe, namely, that they

were chosen from the monasteries among men who had become famous for austerity. This was an Eastern trait remaining in Ireland in the twelfth century. Giraldus scores the monks for ignorance of their duty, yet says:

It is wonderful, however, that, as the prelates have always been thus slothful in their duties and negligent of the welfare of their people, so many of them have been reputed holy men while on earth and are so devoutly revered and worshiped as saints.¹

He tried to discover the reason for the absence of martyrs among the Irish saints, a fact which very naturally surprised him, but all he got was this sharp thrust from Maurice, Archbishop of Cashel:

It is true that, although our nation may seem barbarous, uncivilized, and cruel, they have always shown great honor and reverence to their ecclesiastics and never on any occasion raised their hands against God's saints. But there is now come into our land a people who know how to make martyrs and have frequently done it. Henceforth Ireland will have its martyrs as well as other countries.

We have seen why Ireland had no early martyrs, first, because an extremely pure and simple Christianity leavened the people; and

¹ T. Forester's translation.

secondly, because with St. Patrick came a form essentially Oriental, which suited the upper classes and found no organization to resist it. Election of prelates from the monasteries arose in the same way, as well as the sin that seemed so frightful to Cambrensis, that of marrying a deceased brother's wife according to the teaching of the Old Testament. The Irish cross, which is so picturesque and distinguished a form, owes its existence without doubt to the Eastern origin of Irish Christianity, though an ultimate analysis must separate the cross proper into the Christian emblem and the wheel into the pagan. We may regard this cross as a pious effort to conciliate the pagans and Greek Christians. It has a certain superficial resemblance to the Greek cross, which would help in the harmless deception. A fine example of a comparatively late variety is shown in the sketch.

A pagan tradition of a strongly marked character connected with fire-worship lingered in the protection of the Church until an English king reigned who had not religion enough in him to be even a pagan—Henry VIII. This was the famous fire of St. Brigit, which was not allowed to go out, but was kept alight by nineteen nuns who watched alternately. The twentieth night St. Brigit herself kept the fire going with her own spirit hands. The number twenty represents the division of the old heathen year. There are many other indications of the survival of pagan and of Oriental Christian ideas in Ireland, some too coarse to mention, others not sufficiently important for this article.

But a word or two more concerning Patrick.

The three forbidden bloods
Patrick preached therein;
Yoke-oxen and slaying of milch-cows,
Also, by him, the burning of the first-born.

The verses, taken from an old Gaelic poem, attribute to St. Patrick the defense of a farmer against the wild clansman and hunter. It represents him as the patron of the herdsman also, thus softening the manners of the people at large; finally it shows that he struck at the horrible perversion of Druidism, that which must have kept it alive while it had health, but made its extinction sudden when once assailed. We know of too many similar practices among the Phœnicians, early Jews, Mexicans, and other peoples to be surprised any longer at a ritual in Northern Europe which has been de-

nied existence in vain. When we recall how recent are the latest instances of burning human beings at the stake on the plea of religion, and when we survey the record of the various peoples and religions in this respect, it will be difficult to make of the Druids those harmless philosophers merely which many able writers seek to prove them.

Giraldus Cambrensis did not say in the



CROSS AT ROBSTREVOR. (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. LAWRENCE.)

twelfth century that Patrick was sent by Rome, and perhaps that fixes approximately the date after which it was thought necessary to give him the Italian stamp of approval. The Four Masters, who reflect many of the pious fictions invented up to the sixteenth century, were undoubtedly in good faith when they accredited him as well as unsuccessful Paladius to the same pope. Their entry concerning his death is full of round numbers. Thus his age is 122 years, his apostolate 60; he ordained 700 bishops and 300 priests. The record of St.

Patrick breathes the acknowledgments of a nation for that genius and those self-abnegating labors which substituted for a hidden religion of cruelty and terror a faith of love and peace open to all men, engaging the upper classes in a course which might hold their subjects and dependents by affection instead of by



STAIR LEADING TO ST. CANICE'S CATHEDRAL, KILKENNY.

fear. We may believe that St. Ibar told Patrick "that the Irish never acknowledged the supremacy of a foreigner," but Patrick must have convinced him very speedily that he was as good an Irishman as any.

We can now understand better, perhaps, the obstinacy of the Irish priesthood in their attitude towards Rome before and after the entrance of true feudalism under Henry II. of England. Consider that the old histories ascribed an Oriental, frequently a Greek, origin to mythical heroes and leaders of bands of settlers

in Ireland. As Gaul had Greek letters when Cæsar conquered it, so that alphabet came early to Ireland. Easter was Oriental, not Roman; the tonsure of priests was Eastern in shape, not Latin; the liturgy came from Alexandria, the headquarters of the Oriental Christians; Wednesday fasts and infant communion were Greek, not Roman. Village bishops existed in Ireland long after they were discontinued in Italy, and down to the twelfth century priests had wives and concubines. A bishopric might pass from father to son, and did so pass on many occasions, as various annals show. Nor could it well have been otherwise. Giraldus would have been less scandalized at the Irish priesthood had he known how natural was the survival of old forms of Christianity in such a place, had he known the history of his own Church of Britain. Papal letters and papal nuncios inveighed against habits that seemed to the popes who sent them deadly in their sinfulness. The religious structure conforms to the political. When Rome became secondary to Byzantium things were conducted according to Byzantine ideas, and when the Western Empire rose again its church proceeded to forget or to ignore what had been done by earlier popes. Politics gradually made the popes temporal sovereigns, and the discipline of the Church had to be increased in severity. Celibacy made the priesthood an army of unmarried men, without the entanglements of home, devoted solely to the interests of the pope. Far off in the ocean, on an island to themselves, yet numerous enough to have an intellectual life of some vitality, is it surprising that the Irish priesthood had little sympathy with the political designs of the papacy until the Reformation changed the whole situation? Ireland was of old in bad odor with the popes. Henry II. could have had full powers to do what he would with her, no matter who the pope was. The Isle of the Saints reeked with heresy. Prelates dared to consecrate each other without the correct twelfth-century forms as Rome made them. Doubtless they dared to assert an earlier origin than any Italian bishopric, and, what was unpardonable, to prove it. Ireland had to be brought into the fold.

To this ancient and well-grounded coldness of the Irish priesthood towards Rome we may fairly ascribe the small interest they took in excommunications launched by the papal see. On his second visit to Ireland, in 1210, King John was an excommunicated monarch, whose churches in England and Wales had been closed. Yet he found no difficulty in securing Irish allies against the barons in rebellion. It was not forty years after the so-called conquest by Strongbow. Norman destruction of shrines brought out little condemnation. Giraldus bears testimony to the



PROTESTANT CHURCH OF ARMAGH, ON THE SITE OF A CHURCH FOUNDED BY ST. PATRICK.

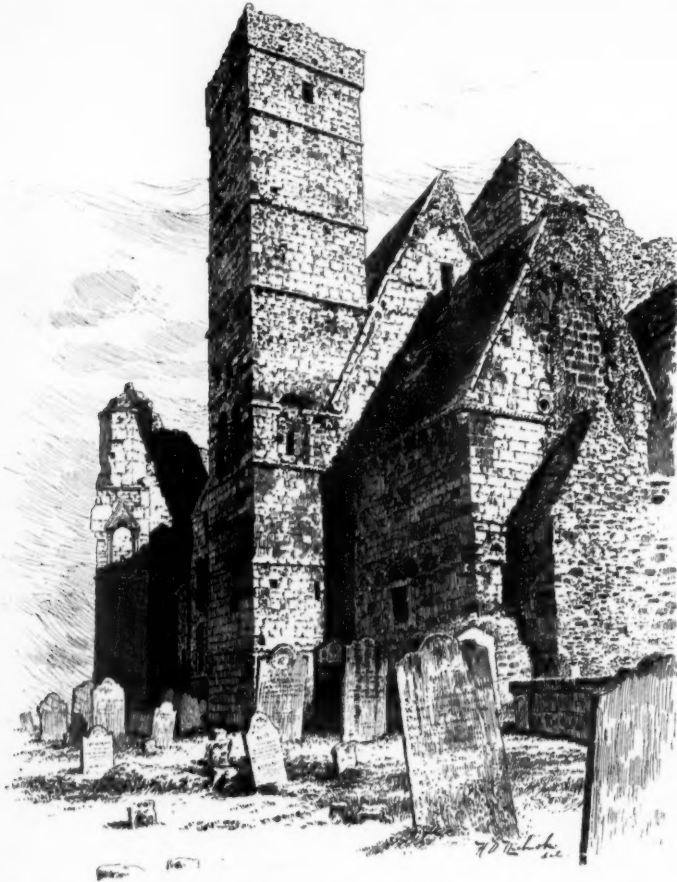
high morality of the Irish priesthood at the end of the twelfth century, but accuses the prelates of ignorance of their duty as officers of the Church, owing to their education as monks, and charges the lower priesthood with drunkenness. It is a singular witness to the permanence of traits in the island for six hundred years that the virtue noted by Giraldus in the priesthood, morality, should be still their grand virtue to-day, and that the vice, indulgence in drink, should be still the vice that causes the most trouble to the organization. It may be said in palliation that some stimulant is almost a necessity in so damp a climate as that of the British Islands.

The Norman barons had many traits which pleased the native Irish. Their valor and calculated magnificence took the Celtic imagination captive: we know that heads of great families soon became more Irish than the natives, and they boldly withstood the encroachments of foreign priests. At Kilkenny—a picturesque bit of which may be seen in Mr. J. W. Alexander's sketch—one of the Le Poers braved the excommunication of Bishop de Ledrede, a prelate who wished to make capital out of a charge of witchcraft brought by the elder children of a very rich woman, Dame le Kyteler, against their mother. The latter

avored a younger child. Le Poer denounced the bishop as a coarse London friar, and when the latter forced his way into the court of justice over which Le Poer presided he bade him stand at the bar. "Begone with your decretals to your church, and preach them there!" exclaimed Le Poer, when the bishop tried to read the decretals issued by the papacy against heretics. Before the parliament at Dublin he said: "If any interloper from England should wander hither with bulls or privileges alleged to have been obtained in the Roman court, we are not bound to obey until they have been certified to us under our king's seal." Le Poer knew the feeling of Irish as well as Normans against the interference of ecclesiastics who took their orders from Rome. He saved Dame le Kyteler from the stake, but the ferocious bishop succeeded in torturing accusations from members of her household, and burned some of them alive. This was in 1324. When Philippe le Bel seized the property of the Templars and tortured and burned the knights, Edward II. of England did the same at his demand. In Ireland, however, the persecution was languid, and there were no burnings. The same king procured an excommunication from Rome against the Nationalists of his day who fought with



ROCK OF CASHEL, MUNSTER.



CORMAC'S CHAPEL, ROCK OF CASHEL. (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. LAWRENCE.)

Robert Bruce of Scotland against the Anglo-Norman forces of the Pale. The Irish were Christian after their own way, and neither expected nor received consideration from Rome. In 1395 Richard II. found it impossible to conquer the Irish, and undertook to conciliate the four great chiefs of the period, O'Neil, O'Connor, MacMurragh, and O'Brien. He accomplished at once by kindness what his well-appointed forces could not do. There was a connection by marriage between Edward the Confessor and an Irish king of Munster. "Laying aside the hostile banners of England, quartered with leopards and fleurs-de-lis, he substituted flags bearing a golden cross on an azure ground surrounded by five silver birds, said to have been the arms of his patron saint, Edward the Confessor." What interests us in this connection, however, is the fact that in the indentures given

by Richard to his pacified Irish vassals a clause was inserted stipulating that in case of penalties for non-performance said fines should go to the papacy. Papal agents were then in Ireland under Richard's protection. Thus the Roman Church was still struggling for a foothold in Ireland in the fourteenth century. Its legates received compliments and reverence instead of money and political sway.

But if up to the Reformation the Irish were lukewarm Romanists it might be supposed that the suppression of the monasteries would have caused great disorder and hatred of England. There appears to be little reason for such an idea. Politics dragged the religious question into the battle of factions later, and each slaughter envenomed the hatred of the sects. With peculiar fatuousness the ruling powers fancied it cheaper to crush than to conciliate. If

they foresaw that the easy-going Catholics of Ireland who took the pope by no means too seriously would inevitably become ardent Romanists under Protestant attacks, they imagined it possible to destroy them before they could do any harm. The result has been three centuries of barbarous treatment and the alienation of the Irish consequent thereon. It is in this period that the Irish have become tools of the politicians of the Vatican. In one small sketch Mr. Alexander has taken Cashel, the greatest ruin of the Catholic period; in another Armagh, with its Protestant church taking the place of an earlier Catholic structure; a larger cut shows Cormac's Chapel, a part of the ruins on Cashel rock which belongs to the age before the Normans. These are typical spots round which the wars of faction envenomed by religion have raged. For three centuries Ireland was held by a settled garrison of Protestants whose titles to property always bore the suspicion of force and fraud, by a very large floating garrison of soldiers, and by various laws enacted to prevent Catholics from holding places of responsibility and trust. The shameful period gave at last to Ireland her quota of martyrs. The foolish struggle hurt British commerce and injured British statecraft, weakened her power in Europe, and gave opening for a thousand schemes and crimes. Very naturally it has stamped the diplomacy of Englishmen with the mark of failure. It has caused the British Government to curry favor with the Vatican in order to bring pressure on the Irish nation through the papal hierarchy, and thus enable it to force on the Irish the system of government it prefers. To such ignominious methods those politicians have to descend who adhere to the old brutal forms of government by violence.

In the game of diplomacy which the papacy will play, notwithstanding the objections of the Italian nation, little Ireland has always suffered the fate of those who have small offerings to make. A pawn on the chess-board, she is sacrificed at any moment in order to win a bigger piece. To-day that Great Britain is largely democratic and the papacy confined to the precincts of the Vatican, the same old game is going on; Ireland is being "sold out." The old lines show themselves with a difference. On the one side is the people, with their faithful shepherds, the priests; on the other, the papacy, with the prelates obedient

to a foreign court. The difference wrought by three centuries of Protestant folly is in favor of the papacy. Not only are the prelates under fair control, but the memory of past wrongs lingers in the people just where it can be reached by unscrupulous agitators. In England and in Protestant Ireland politicians can always appeal to bigotry and defeat measures for the nation which any colony could have for the asking. This is the disheartening part of the situation. Now, as before, the Irish nation lies between the millstones of papal and Protestant tyranny, and at the slightest effort to make a healthy movement one or the other gives it a grind.

The politicians of Great Britain and the interested upper classes of both islands are not in themselves heroic figures; they do not fire the Keltic imagination; they are identified with all that is opposed to progress in a national sense. With aspirations to count for something in the world, and with no prospect of so doing under the present system, their discontent is at least natural. People who are touched by Irish aspirations in neither their pockets nor their pride may even find such impulses admirable. A weak people stagnates. A strong race reacts against circumstances improper to its development, and will not be kept down. To the coarse arguments of bayonets it replies with agitation in favorable times, and at unlucky moments, when the mad-heads cannot be controlled, with explosives, the bullet, and the knife.

What has Christianity done for Ireland? Softened the manners of the people, placed woman on a higher moral sphere though narrowing the field of her activity, and rooted out many dreadful and disgusting habits and rites of paganism. It brought letters and learning, so that for three centuries Ireland was the resort of students and the asylum of learned men. It introduced the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture. What have Catholicism and Protestantism together done for Ireland? Confounded all plans for a sensible settlement of difficulties, confused all minds with side issues, introduced the fear of outside interference, roused panics, and caused perpetual irritation. As a return to Christianity is not to be expected on the part of either Catholics or Protestants, the only alternative is the elimination of the clergyman from Irish politics. Only in that way can Catholics and Protestants work together in Ireland without stirring up the rusty squabbles of the past.

Charles de Kay.





THE CHOICE OF REUBEN AND GAD.

PICTURES OF THE FAR WEST.—V.

AS the stage-road climbs eastward out of a certain river-valley there is a bit of wild, broken country at the meeting of two roads which gives the keynote to that biblical suggestion in the scenery of the far West that often impresses the traveler with an historic familiarity. The lower road follows the river, leading to neighboring ranches on its shore; the upper, and less traveled, skirts the base of the hills and leads—anywhere one chooses to fancy: to the fastnesses, it might be, of the five kings of the Amorites.

It is a sad, strange, yet inviting region, suggestive of primitive occupation; and indeed, for many years, it may be said to have been the inheritance of the children of Reuben and Gad. It is "a place for cattle." Whether it was their weary choice to remain here, like their prototypes of Israel, content and unambitious for the fulfillment of the promise, and whether there were subsequent wars with the heathen, we were not curious to discover; it is a place one passes by but remembers afterwards. No doubt the first occupants had their struggles, of one sort or another, before they came into possession, with their wives and little ones and their "very great multitude of cattle," and built them sheepfolds and fenced cities.

We had been reading to the children one evening the story of the conquest of Canaan and had got as far as the battle of Beth-horon, when, in one of those sudden flashes of association by which memory aids the mental vision, we saw that bit of broken country, that lonely road pursuing its way into the hills: the place and the story were one. So looked the pass that goeth up to Beth-horon; so, between sunset and moonrise, looked the valley of Ajalon. Those dark hills to the eastward were the outgoings of the mountain of Ephraim,

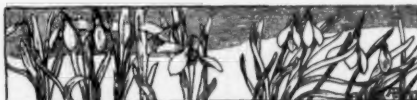
where Joshua was buried, and Eleazar, in the hill that pertained to Phineas his son.

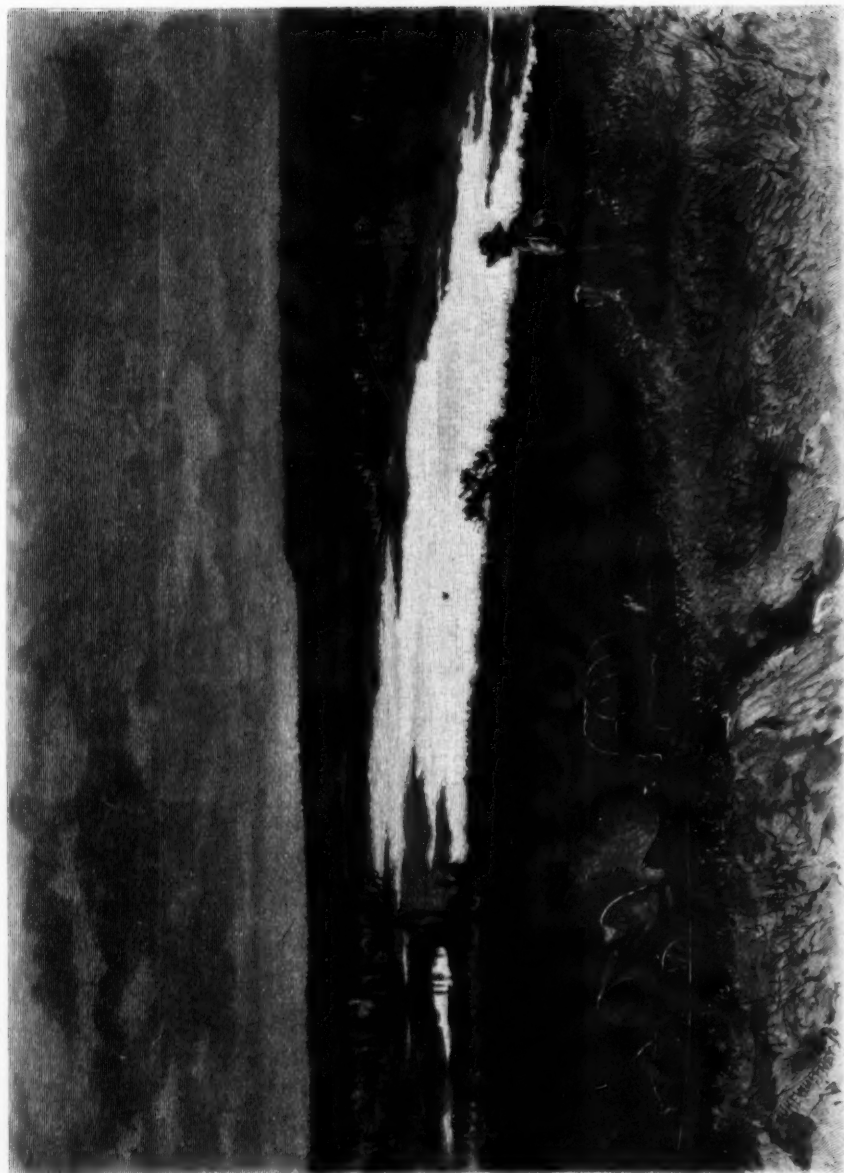
The presence and company of an unknown landscape wherein one has set up no landmarks, a landscape that has no history set forth in guide-books, that has no haunting place in one's reading, restores us to the attitude of a child towards its first surroundings. Children are too wise to ask questions and so disturb the dream with which they people the places it suits the convenience of their elders they should dwell in. Much is lost by insisting upon contemporary evidence, especially in a land poor in tradition but rich in suggestion, of a vague, large, melancholy sort.

If we ask who is this dark-faced rider hurrying bands of shock-haired ponies down from the hills, we are told it is Packer Nelson, or his brother John, from the horse-ranch up the river. When we go deeper than the fact and enter into the hopes and hardships and scant rewards of a patient, much-enduring people, we are scarcely the happier, but we may be better satisfied with ourselves; for it is a cheap sort of indulgence, dressing real people up in rags of fancy and trite symbolism.

We know that the cowboy is as genuine, and probably as historic, an outgrowth of the western border of the Platte as was the wily Gibeonite of the eastern borders of the Jordan. We accept him; we know he is as interesting in reality as an Amorite or a Hivite chieftain. But we would like to keep our play-names for this solemn, Old World landscape. This hither shore of the river, rich in grass, broken by hills into shelter from the winds, is our land of Gilead; those hills to the eastward, with their strange copper-colored lights at sunset, are the lonely hills of sepulture; the Promised Land lies just beyond the river's twilight gleam, where the mesa steps down by treads ten miles long to the dim, color-washed line of the plain.

* * *





DESIGN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

THE CHOICE OF REUBEN AND GAD.

ENGRAVED BY J. H. E. WHITNEY.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.¹

THE EDICT OF FREEDOM.

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.



IN his preliminary proclamation of September 22 President Lincoln had announced his intention to urge once more upon Congress his policy of compensated abolishment. Accordingly his annual message of December 1, 1862, was in great part devoted to a discussion of this question. "Without slavery," he premised, "the rebellion could never have existed; without slavery it could not continue." His argument presented anew, with broad prophetic forecast, the folly of disunion, the brilliant destiny of the Republic as a single nation, the safety of building with wise statesmanship upon its coming population and wealth. He stated that by the law of increase shown in the census tables the country might expect to number over two hundred millions of people in less than a century.

And we will reach this too [he continued] if we do not ourselves relinquish the chance, by the folly and evils of disunion, or by long and exhausting war springing from the only great element of national discord among us. While it cannot be foreseen exactly how much one huge example of secession, breeding lesser ones indefinitely, would retard population, civilization, and prosperity, no one can doubt that the extent of it would be very great and injurious. The proposed emancipation would shorten the war, perpetuate peace, insure this increase of population, and proportionately the wealth of the country. With these we should pay all the emancipation would cost, together with our other debt, easier than we should pay our other debt without it.

He therefore recommended that Congress should propose to the legislatures of the several States a constitutional amendment, consisting of three articles, namely: one providing compensation in bonds for every State which should abolish slavery before the year 1900; another securing freedom to all slaves who during the rebellion had enjoyed actual freedom by the chances of war—also providing compensation to loyal owners; the third authorizing Congress to provide for colonization.

The plan [continued the message] consisting of these articles is recommended, not but that a restoration of the national authority would be accepted without its adoption. Nor will the war, nor proceedings under the proclamation of September 22,

1862, be stayed because of the recommendation of this plan. Its timely adoption, I doubt not, would bring restoration, and thereby stay both. And, notwithstanding this plan, the recommendation that Congress provide by law for compensating any State which may adopt emancipation before this plan shall have been acted upon is hereby earnestly renewed. Such would be only an advance part of the plan, and the same arguments apply to both. This plan is recommended as a means, not in exclusion of, but additional to, all others for restoring and preserving the national authority throughout the Union. . . . The plan is proposed as permanent constitutional law. It cannot become such without the concurrence of, first, two-thirds of Congress, and, afterwards, three-fourths of the States. The requisite three-fourths of the States will necessarily include seven of the slave States. Their concurrence, if obtained, will give assurance of their severally adopting emancipation at no very distant day upon the new constitutional terms. This assurance would end the struggle now and save the Union forever. . . . We can succeed only by concert. It is not, "Can any of us imagine better?" but, "Can we all do better?" Object whatsoever is possible, still the question recurs, "Can we do better?" The dogmas of the quiet past are inadequate to the stormy present. The occasion is piled high with difficulty, and we must rise with the occasion. As our case is new, so we must think anew, and act anew. We must disenthrall ourselves, and then we shall save our country.

Fellow-citizens, we cannot escape history. We, of this Congress and this Administration, will be remembered in spite of ourselves. No personal significance, or insignificance, can spare one or another of us. The fiery trial through which we pass will light us down, in honor or dishonor, to the latest generation. We say we are for the Union. The world will not forget that we say this. We know how to save the Union. The world knows we do know how to save it. We—even we here—hold the power, and bear the responsibility. In giving freedom to the slave, we assure freedom to the free—honorable alike in what we give and what we preserve. We shall nobly save, or meanly lose, the last, best hope of earth. Other means may succeed, this could not fail. The way is plain, peaceful, generous, just—a way which, if followed, the world will forever applaud, and God must forever bless.²

No immediate action followed this patriotic appeal. No indications of reviving unionism were manifested in the distinctively rebel States. No popular expression of a willingness to abandon slavery and accept compensation came from the loyal border-slave States, ex-

² Annual Message, December 1, 1862.

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In pursuance of the sixth section of the act of Congress entitled "An act to suppress insurrection and to punish treason and rebellion, to seize and confiscate property of rebels, and for other purposes" Approved July 17, 1862, and which act, and the joint Resolution explanatory thereof, are herewith published, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, do hereby proclaim to, and warn all persons within the contemplation of said sixth section to cease participating in, aiding, countenancing, or abetting the existing rebellion, or any rebellion against the government of the United States, and to return to their proper allegiance to the United States, or from of the forfeitures and seizures, as within and by said sixth section provided.

And I hereby make known that it is my purpose, upon the next meeting of Congress, to again recommend the adoption of a practical measure for tendering pecuniary aid to the free choice or rejection, of any and all States which may then be recognizing and practically sustaining the authority of the United States, and which may then have voluntarily adopted, or thereafter may voluntarily adopt, gradual ^{abolishment} ~~abolition~~ of slavery within such State or States - that the object is to practically restore, thenceforward to ^{be} maintain, the constitutional relation between the general government, and each, and all the States, wherein that relation

is now suspended, or disturbed; and that, for this object, the war, as it has been, will be prosecuted. And, as a fit and necessary military measure for effecting this object, I, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, do order and declare that on the first day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixtythree, all persons held as slaves within any State or States, wherein the Constitutional authority of the United States shall not then be practically recognized, submitted to, and maintained, shall then, thenceforward, and forever, be free.

*Emancipation Proclamation
as first sketched and
shown to the Cabinet on
July 1862.*

INDORSEMENT ON THE DOCUMENT GIVEN ABOVE.

cept, perhaps, in a qualified way from Missouri, where the emancipation sentiment was steadily progressing, though with somewhat convulsive action owing to the quarrel which divided the unionists of that State. Thus the month of December wore away and the day approached when it became necessary for the President to execute the announcement of emancipation made in his preliminary proclamation of September 22. That he was ready at the appointed time is shown by an entry in the diary of Secretary Welles:

At the meeting to-day [December 30, 1862], the President read the draft of his Emancipation Proclamation, invited criticism, and finally directed that copies should be furnished to each. It is a good and well prepared paper, but I suggested that a part of the sentence marked in pencil be omitted. Chase advised that fractional parts of States ought not to be exempted. In this I think he is right, and so stated. Practically there would be difficulty in freeing parts of States and not freeing others—a clash between central and local authorities.¹

¹ Unpublished MS.

It will be remembered that when the President proposed emancipation on the 22d of July and again when he announced emancipation on the 22d of September he informed his Cabinet that he had decided the main matter for himself and that he asked their advice only upon subordinate points. In now taking up the subject for the third and final review there was neither doubt nor hesitation in regard to the central policy and act about to be consummated. But there were several important minor questions upon which, as before, he wished the advice of his Cabinet, and it was to present these in concise form for discussion that he wrote his draft and furnished each of them a copy on the 30th of December, as Mr. Welles relates. This draft, omitting its mere routine phraseology and quotations from the former proclamation, continued as follows:

Now therefore I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, by virtue of the power in me vested, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States in time of actual armed rebellion against the authority and Government of the United States, and as a proper and necessary war measure for suppressing said rebellion, do, on this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and in accordance with my intention so to do, publicly proclaimed for one hundred days as aforesaid, order and designate as the States and parts of States in which the people thereof respectively are this day in rebellion against the United States the follow-

By the President of the
United States of America
his Proclamation

I Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States of America, and Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy thereof, do hereby proclaim and declare that hereafter, as heretofore, the war will be prosecuted for the object of practically restoring the constitutional relations between the United States, and each of the states, and the people thereof, in which states that relation is, or may be suspended, or disturbed.

That it is my purpose, upon the next meeting of Congress to again recommend the adoption of a practical measure tending pecuniary aid to the free acceptance or rejection of all slave states, so called, the people whereof may not then be in rebellion against the United States, and which states ^{which} may then have voluntarily accepted, or thereafter may voluntarily accept, immediate or gradual abolishment of slavery within their respective limits; and that the effort to colonize persons of African descent ^{with them cannot} upon this continent, or elsewhere, ^{with the formerly African descent of the Government} will be continued.

The
Secretary

That on the first day of January in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any state, or designated part of a state, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free; and the executive govern-
^{including its military and naval authority}ment of the United States, will, ~~during the con-~~
~~tinuance in office of the present incumbent,~~ ^{and maintain the freedom of} recognize such persons, ~~as hereafter~~, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their
• actual freedom.

That the executive will, on the first day of January, aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the states, and parts of states, if any, in which the people thereof respectively, shall then be in rebellion against the United States; and the fact that any state, or the people thereof shall, on that day be, in good faith represented in the Congress of the United States, by members chosen thereto at elections wherein a majority of the

qualified voters of such state shall have participated, shall, in the absence of strong countervailing testimony, be deemed conclusive evidence that such state and the people thereof, are not then in rebellion against the United States.

That attention is hereby called to an Act of Congress entitled "An Act to make an additional Article of War" approved March 13, 1862, and which Act is in the words and figures following.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America: Congress assembled, That heretofore the following shall be promulgated as an additional article of war for the government of the army of the United States and shall be obeyed and observed as such:

Article —. All officers or persons in the military or naval service of the United States are prohibited from employing any of the forces under their respective commands for the purpose of returning fugitives from service or escape, who may have escaped from any persons to whom such service or labor is claimed to be due, and any officer who shall be found guilty by a court-martial of violating this article shall be dismissed from the service.

Sec. 2. And be it further enacted, That this act shall take effect from and after its passage.

Also to the ninth and tenth sections of an Act entitled "An Act to suppress Insurrection, to punish Treason and Rebellion, to seize and confiscate property of rebels, and for other purposes," approved July 17, 1862, and which sections are in the words and figures following.

Sec. 9. And be it further enacted, That all slaves of persons who shall hereafter be engaged in rebellion against the government of the United States or who shall in any way give aid or comfort thereto escaping from such persons and taking refuge within the lines of the army; and all slaves captured from such persons or deserted by them and coming under the control of the government of the United States; and all slaves of such persons found on [or] being within any place occupied by rebel forces and afterwards occupied by the forces of the United States shall be deemed captives of war, and shall be forever free of their servitude and not again held as slaves.

Sec. 10. And be it further enacted, That no slave escaping into any State, Territory, or the District of Columbia, from any other State, shall be delivered up, or in any way impeded or hindered of his liberty, except for crime, or some offense against the laws, unless the person claiming said fugitive shall first make oath that the person to whom the labor or service of such fugitive is alleged to be due is his lawful owner, and has not borne arms against the United States in the present rebellion nor in any way given aid and comfort therein; and no person engaged in the military or naval service of the United States shall, under any pretence whatever, assume to decide on the validity of the claim of any person to the service or labor of any other person, or surrender up any such person to the claimant, on pain of being dismissed from the service.

And I do hereby enjoin upon and order all persons engaged in the military and naval service of the United States to observe, obey, and enforce, within their respective spheres of service, the act, and sections above recited, in due time ~~as the most efficient means of~~
And the executive will recommend that all citizens of the United States who shall have remained loyal thereto throughout the rebellion, shall (upon the restoration of the Constitutional relation between the United States, and their respective states, and people, if that relation shall have been suspended or disturbed) be compensated for all losses by acts of the United States, including the loss of slaves.

In witness whereof, I have
S. I. hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington,
this twenty second day of September,
in the year of our Lord, one thousand, eight hundred and six, and sixty six,
and of the Independence of the United States, the eighty seventh.

Abraham Lincoln.

By the President
William H. Seward,
Secretary of State

INDORSEMENT.

WASHINGTON, JANUARY 4, 1864. MY DEAR MRS. BARNES: I have the pleasure of sending you, with the President's permission, the original draft of his September proclamation. The body of it is in his own handwriting, the pencilled additions in the hand of the Secretary of State, and the final beginning and ending in the hand of the chief clerk. Yours very sincerely, F. W. SEWARD.
MRS. EMILY W. BARNES, ALBANY, N. Y.

By the President of the United States of America:
A Proclamation.

Whereas, on the twenty-second day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, a proclamation was issued by the President of the United States, containing, among other things, the following ^{to-wit}:

That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State or designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free; and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to oppress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom.

That the Executive will, on the first day of January aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the States and parts of States, if any, in which the people thereof, respectively, shall then be in rebellion against the United States; and the fact that any State, or the people thereof, shall on that day be, in good faith, represented in the Congress of the United States by members chosen thereto at elections wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such State shall have participated, shall, in the absence of strong countervailing testimony, be deemed conclusive evidence that such State, and the people thereof, are not then in rebellion against the United States.

Now, therefore I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, by virtue of the power in me vested as Commander-in-Chief, of the Army and Navy of the United States, in time of actual armed rebellion against authority and government of the United States, and as a fit and necessary war measure for suppressing said rebellion, do, on this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and in accordance with my purpose so to do, ^{publicly} proclaim for the full period of one hundred days, from the day first above mentioned, order and designate

as the States and parts of States, wherein the people therein
of respectively, are this day in rebellion against the Uni-
ted States, the following, to wit:

Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, (except the Parishes of
St. Bernard, Plaquemine, Jefferson, St. John, St. Charles, St. James
Arcenio, Assumption, Terrebonne, Lafourche, St. Mary, St. Martin,
and Orleans, including the City of New Orleans) Mississippi,
Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina,
and Virginia, (except the forty-eight counties designated
as West Virginia, and also the counties of Berkeley, Acco-
mac, Northampton, Elizabeth City, York, Princess Anne,
and Norfolk, within the limits of Norfolk & Portsmouth; and which excepti-
on parts are, for the present, left precise, as if this pro-
clamation were not issued.

And by virtue of the power, and for the purpose of
execution, I do order and declare that all persons held
as slaves within said designated States, and parts of
States, are, and henceforward shall be free; and that
the Executive Government of the United States, inclu-
ding the Military and naval authorities, therefor, will
recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons.

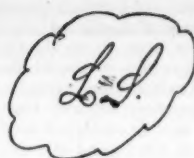
And I hereby enjoin upon the people so declared to be free to abstain from all violence, unless in necessary self-defence; and I recommend to them that in all cases when allowed, they labor faithfully for reasonable wages.

And I further declare and make known, that such persons of suitable condition, will be received into the armed service of the United States to garrison forts, positions, stations, and other places, and to man vessels of all sorts in said service.

And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution, upon military necessity, I invoke the consideration and judgment of mankind, and the gracious favor of Almighty God.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty three, and of the



Independence of the United States
of America the eighty-seventh.

Abraham Lincoln

By the President;
William H. Seward,
Secretary of State

ing, to wit: Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, except the Parishes of

Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Virginia, except the forty-eight counties designated as West Virginia, and also the counties of

And by virtue of the power, and for the purpose aforesaid, I do order, and declare, that all persons held as slaves within said designated States, and parts of States, are, and henceforward forever shall be, free; and that the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons, and will do no act, or acts, to repress said persons, or any of them, in any suitable efforts they may make for their actual freedom. And I hereby appeal to the people so declared to be free to abstain from all disorder, tumult, and violence, unless in necessary self-defense; and in all cases, when allowed, to labor faithfully for wages.

And I further declare, and make known, that such persons of suitable condition will be received into the armed service of the United States to garrison and defend forts, positions, stations, and other places, and to man vessels of all sorts in said service.¹

It will be seen that this draft presented for discussion, in addition to mere verbal criticism, the question of defining the fractional portions of Virginia and Louisiana under Federal control and the yet more important policy, now for the first time announced by the President, of his intention to incorporate a portion of the newly liberated slaves into the armies of the Union.

Mr. Welles's diary for Wednesday, December 31, 1862, thus continues:

We had an early and special Cabinet meeting—convened at 10 A. M. The subject was the proclamation of to-morrow to emancipate the slaves in the rebel States. Seward proposed two amendments. One included mine, and one enjoining upon, instead of appealing to, those emancipated to forbear from tumult. Blair had, like Seward and myself,

proposed the omission of a part of a sentence and made other suggestions which I thought improvements. Chase made some good criticisms and proposed a felicitous closing sentence. The President took the suggestions, written in order, and said he would complete the document.¹

From the manuscript letters and memoranda we glean more fully the modifications of the amendments proposed by the several members of the Cabinet. The changes suggested in Mr. Seward's note were all verbal, and were three in number. *First:* Following the declaration that "the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons," he proposed to omit the further words which had been used in the September proclamation, "and will do no act, or acts, to repress said persons, or any of them, in any suitable efforts they may make for their actual freedom." Mr. Welles had suggested the same change. *Secondly:* The next sentence, which read, "And I hereby appeal to the people so declared to be free to abstain from all disorder," etc., Mr. Seward proposed should read, "And I hereby command and require the people so declared to be free to abstain from all disorder," etc. *Thirdly:* The phrase, "and in all cases, when allowed, to labor faithfully for wages," he proposed should read, "and I do recommend to them in all cases, when allowed, to labor faithfully for just and reasonable wages."¹

The criticisms submitted by Mr. Chase were quite long and full, and since they suggested the most distinctive divergence from the President's plan, namely, that of making no exceptions of fractional portions of States, except the forty-eight counties of West Virginia, his letter needs to be quoted in full:

¹ Unpublished MS.

In accordance with your verbal direction of yesterday I most respectfully submit the following observations in respect to the draft of a proclamation designating the States and parts of States within which the proclamation of September 22, 1862, is to take effect according to the terms thereof.

I. It seems to me wisest to make no exceptions of parts of States from the operation of the proclamation other than the forty-eight counties of West Virginia. My reasons are these:

1. Such exceptions will impair, in the public estimation, the moral effect of the proclamation, and invite censure which it would be well, if possible, to avoid.

2. Such exceptions must necessarily be confined to some few parishes and counties in Louisiana and Virginia, and can have no practically useful effect. Through the operation of various acts of Congress the slaves of disloyal masters in those parts are already enfranchised, and the slaves of loyal masters are practically so. Some of the latter have already commenced paying wages to their laborers, formerly slaves; and it is to be feared that if, by exceptions, slavery is practically reestablished in favor of some masters, while abolished by law and by the necessary effect of military occupation as to others, very serious inconveniences may arise.

3. No intimation of exceptions of this kind is given in the September proclamation, nor does it appear that any intimations otherwise given have been taken into account by those who have participated in recent elections, or that any exceptions of their particular localities are desired by them.

II. I think it would be expedient to omit from the proposed proclamation the declaration that the Executive Government of the United States will do no act to repress the enfranchised in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom. This clause in the September proclamation has been widely quoted as an incitement to servile insurrection. In lieu of it, and for the purpose of shaming these misrepresentations, I think it would be well to insert some such clause as this: "not encouraging or countenancing, however, any disorderly or licentious conduct." If this alteration is made, the appeal to the enslaved may, properly enough, be omitted. It does not appear to be necessary, and may furnish a topic to the evil-disposed for censure and ridicule.

III. I think it absolutely certain that the rebellion can in no way be so certainly, speedily, and economically suppressed as by the organized military force of the loyal population of the insurgent regions, of whatever complexion. In no way can irregular violence and servile insurrection be so surely prevented as by the regular organization and regular military employment of those who might otherwise probably resort to such courses. Such organization is now in successful progress, and the concurrent testimony of all connected with the colored regiments in Louisiana and South Carolina is that they are brave, orderly, and efficient. General Butler declares that without his colored regiments he could not have attempted his recent important movements in the Lafourche region; and General Saxton bears equally explicit testimony to the good credit and efficiency of the colored troops recently sent on an expedition along the coast of Georgia. Considering these facts, it seems to me that it would be best to omit from the proclamation all reference to

military employment of the enfranchised population, leaving it to the natural course of things already well begun; or to state distinctly that, in order to secure the suppression of the rebellion without servile insurrection or licentious marauding, such numbers of the population declared free as may be found convenient will be employed in the military and naval service of the United States.

Finally, I respectfully suggest, on an occasion of such interest, there can be no imputation of affectation against a solemn recognition of responsibility before men and before God; and that some such close as follows will be proper:

"And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice warranted by the Constitution, and of duty demanded by the circumstances of the country, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind, and the gracious favor of Almighty God."¹

It is not remembered whether Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War, was present at the Cabinet meeting, but he appears to have left no written memorandum of his suggestions, if he offered any. Stanton was preëminently a man of action, and the probability is that he agreed to the President's draft without amendment. The Cabinet also lacked one member of being complete. Mr. Caleb B. Smith, Secretary of the Interior, had lately been transferred to the vacant bench of the United States District Court of Indiana, and his successor, Mr. Usher, was not appointed until about a week after the date of which we write.

The unpublished memorandum of Mr. Blair, Postmaster-General, proposed a condensation of several of the paragraphs in the President's draft as follows:

I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves within said designated States and parts of States shall be free; and that the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons. And, in order that they may render all the aid they are willing to give to this object and to the support of the Government, authority will be given to receive them into the service whenever they can be usefully employed, and they may be armed to garrison forts, to defend positions and stations, and to man vessels. And I appeal to them to show themselves worthy of freedom by fidelity and diligence in the employments which may be given to them, by the observance of order, and by abstaining from all violence not required by duty or for self-defense. It is due to them to say that the conduct of large numbers of these people since the war began justifies confidence in their fidelity and humanity generally.¹

The unpublished memorandum of Attorney-General Bates is also quite full, and combats the recommendation of Secretary Chase concerning fractions of States.

I respectfully suggest [he wrote] that: 1. The President issue the proclamation "by virtue of the power in him vested as Commander-in-Chief of

¹ MS.

the army and navy of the United States in time of actual armed rebellion," etc., "and as a proper and necessary war measure for suppressing said rebellion."—Date, January, 1863. 2. It is done in accordance with the first proclamation of September 22, 1862. 3. It distinguishes between States and parts of States, and designates those States and parts of States "in which the people thereof, respectively, are this day (January 1, 1863) in rebellion against the United States."

These three propositions being true, I think they ought to be followed out, without excess or diminution, by action, not by the declaration of a principle nor the establishment of a law for the future guidance of others. It is a war measure by the President,—a matter of fact,—not a law by the legislature. And as to what is proposed to be done in the future the least said the better. Better leave yourself free to act in the emergencies as they arise, with as few embarrassing commitments as possible. Whether a particular State or part of a State is or is not in actual rebellion on the 1st of January, 1863, is a simple matter of fact which the President in the first proclamation has promised to declare in the record. Of course it must be truly declared. It is no longer open to be determined as a matter of policy or prudence independently of the fact. And this applies with particular force to Virginia. The eastern shore of Virginia and the region round about Norfolk are now (December 31, 1862) more free from actual rebellion than are several of the forty-eight counties spoken of as West Virginia. If the latter be exempt from the proclamation, so also ought the former. And so in all the States that are considered in parts. The last paragraph of the draft I consider wholly useless, and probably injurious—being a needless pledge of future action, which may be quite as well done without as with the pledge.

In rewriting the proclamation for signature Mr. Lincoln in substance followed the suggestions made by the several members of the Cabinet as to mere verbal improvements; but in regard to the two important changes which had been proposed he adhered rigidly to his own draft. He could not consent to the view urged by Secretary Chase, that to omit the exemption of fractional parts of States would have no practical bearing. In his view this would touch the whole underlying theory and legal validity of his act and change its essential character. The second proposition favored by several members of the Cabinet, to omit any declaration of intention to enlist the freedmen in military service, while it was not so vital, yet partook of the same general effect as tending to weaken and discredit his main central act of authority.

Mr. Lincoln took the various manuscript notes and memoranda which his Cabinet advisers brought him on the 31st of December,

and during that afternoon and the following morning with his own hand carefully rewrote the entire body of the draft of the proclamation. The blanks left to designate fractional parts of States he filled according to latest official advices of military limits;¹ and in the closing paragraph suggested by Chase he added, after the words "warranted by the Constitution," his own important qualifying correction, "upon military necessity."

It is a custom in the Executive Mansion to hold on New Year's Day an official and public reception, beginning at 11 o'clock in the morning, which keeps the President at his post in the Blue Room until 2 in the afternoon. The hour for this reception came before Mr. Lincoln had entirely finished revising the engrossed copy of the proclamation, and he was compelled to hurry away from his office to friendly handshaking and festal greeting with the rapidly arriving official and diplomatic guests. The rigid laws of etiquette held him to this duty for the space of three hours. Had actual necessity required it he could of course have left such mere social occupation at any moment; but the President saw no occasion for precipitancy. On the other hand, he probably deemed it wise that the completion of this momentous executive act should be attended by every circumstance of deliberation. Vast as were its consequences, the act itself was only the simplest and briefest formality. It could in no wise be made sensational or dramatic. Those characteristics attached, if at all, only to the long past decisions and announcements of July 22 and September 22 of the previous year. Those dates had witnessed the mental conflict and the moral victory. No ceremony was attempted or made of this final official signing. The afternoon was well advanced when Mr. Lincoln went back from his New Year's greetings, with his right hand so fatigued that it was an effort to hold the pen. There was no special convocation of the Cabinet or of prominent officials. Those who were in the house came to the executive office merely from the personal impulse of curiosity joined to momentary convenience. His signature was attached to one of the greatest and most beneficent military decrees of history in the presence of less than a dozen persons; after which it was carried to the Department of State to be attested by the great seal and deposited among the official archives.

Since several eminent lawyers have publicly questioned the legal validity of Mr. Lincoln's

¹ The fractional parts of States excepted in the proclamation were as follows: In Louisiana, the parishes of St. Bernard, Plaquemine, Jefferson, St. John, St. Charles, St. James, Ascension, Assumption, Terre Bonne, Lafourche, St. Mary, St. Martin, and Orleans,

including the city of New Orleans; in Virginia, the forty-eight counties designated as West Virginia, and also the counties of Berkeley, Accomac, Northampton, Elizabeth City, York, Princess Anne, and Norfolk, including the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth.

Edict of Freedom,—as his final Emancipation Proclamation may be properly styled,—it is worth while to gather, if possible, Mr. Lincoln's own conception and explanation of the constitutional and legal bearings of his act. There is little difficulty in arriving at this. His language, embodied in a number of letters and documents, contains such a distinct and logical exposition of the whole process of his thought and action, from the somewhat extreme conservatism of his first inaugural to his great edict of January 1, 1863, and the subsequent policy of its practical enforcement, that we need but arrange them in their obvious sequence.

The proper beginning is to be found in his letter of April 4, 1864, to A. G. Hodges, Esq., of Frankfort, Kentucky. In this he says:

I am naturally antislavery. If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong. I cannot remember when I did not so think and feel, and yet I have never understood that the Presidency conferred upon me an unrestricted right to act officially upon this judgment and feeling. It was in the oath I took that I would, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States. I could not take the office without taking the oath. Nor was it my view that I might take an oath to get power, and break the oath in using the power. I understood, too, that in ordinary civil administration this oath even forbade me to practically indulge my primary abstract judgment on the moral question of slavery. I had publicly declared this many times, and in many ways. And I aver that, to this day, I have done no official act in mere deference to my abstract judgment and feeling on slavery. I did understand, however, that my oath to preserve the Constitution to the best of my ability imposed upon me the duty of preserving, by every indispensable means, that government—that nation, of which that Constitution was the organic law. Was it possible to lose the nation and yet preserve the Constitution? By general law, life and limb must be protected, yet often a limb must be amputated to save a life; but a life is never wisely given to save a limb. I felt that measures otherwise unconstitutional might become lawful by becoming indispensable to the preservation of the Constitution through the preservation of the nation. Right or wrong, I assumed this ground, and now avow it. I could not feel that, to the best of my ability, I had even tried to preserve the Constitution, if, to save slavery or any minor matter, I should permit the wreck of government, country, and Constitution together. When, early in the war, General Frémont attempted military emancipation, I forbade it, because I did not then think it an indispensable necessity. When, a little later, General Cameron, then Secretary of War, suggested the arming of the blacks, I objected, because I did not yet think it an indispensable necessity. When, still later, General Hunter attempted military emancipation, I again forbade it, because I did not yet think the indispensable necessity had come. When in March and May and July, 1862, I made earnest and successive appeals to the border States to favor compensated emancipation, I believed the indispensa-

ble necessity for military emancipation and arming the blacks would come unless averted by that measure. They declined the proposition, and I was, in my best judgment, driven to the alternative of either surrendering the Union, and with it the Constitution, or of laying strong hand upon the colored element. I chose the latter.

The question of legal and constitutional validity he discusses briefly, but conclusively, in his letter of August 26, 1863, to James C. Conkling, of Springfield, Illinois. In this, addressing himself to his critics, he says:

You say it is unconstitutional. I think differently. I think the Constitution invests its Commander-in-Chief with the law of war in time of war. The most that can be said, if so much, is, that slaves are property. Is there, has there ever been, any question that, by the law of war, property, both of enemies and friends, may be taken when needed? And is it not needed whenever taking it helps us or hurts the enemy? Armies the world over destroy enemies' property when they cannot use it; and even destroy their own to keep it from the enemy. Civilized belligerents do all in their power to help themselves or hurt the enemy.

Admitting the general principle of international law, of the right of a belligerent to appropriate or destroy enemies' property, there came next the question of how his military decree of enfranchisement was practically to be applied.

This point, though not fully discussed, is sufficiently indicated in several extracts. In the draft of a letter to Charles D. Robinson he wrote, August 17, 1864:

The way these measures were to help the cause was not by magic or miracles, but by inducing the colored people to come bodily over from the rebel side to ours.¹

And in his letter to James C. Conkling of August 26, 1863, he says:

But negroes, like other people, act upon motives. Why should they do anything for us if we will do nothing for them? If they stake their lives for us, they must be prompted by the strongest motive, even the promise of freedom. And the promise, being made, must be kept.

The actual tangible military result which he declares was his constitutional and legal warrant for his edict of military emancipation is set forth in the following extracts. Whether we judge it by the narrow technical rules of applied jurisprudence, or by the broader principles of the legal philosophy of Christian nations, it forms equally his complete vindication. In the draft of a letter to Isaac M. Schermerhorn he wrote, September 12, 1864:

Any different policy in regard to the colored man deprives us of his help, and this is more than we can bear. We cannot spare the hundred and forty

¹ Unpublished MS.

or fifty thousand now serving us as soldiers, seamen, and laborers. This is not a question of sentiment or taste, but one of physical force, which may be measured and estimated as horse-power and steam-power are measured and estimated. Keep it, and you can save the Union. Throw it away, and the Union goes with it.¹

And in the one already quoted, to Robinson, August 17, 1864:

Drive back to the support of the rebellion the physical force which the colored people now give and promise us, and neither the present nor any coming Administration can save the Union. Take from us and give to the enemy the hundred and thirty, forty, or fifty thousand colored persons now serving as soldiers, seamen, and laborers and we cannot longer maintain the contest.

So also in an interview with John T. Mills he said:

But no human power can subdue this rebellion without the use of the emancipation policy and every other policy calculated to weaken the moral and physical forces of the rebellion. Freedom has given 200,000 men, raised on Southern soil. It will give us more yet. Just so much it has subtracted from the enemy. . . . Let my enemies prove to the contrary that the destruction of slavery is not necessary to a restoration of the Union. I will abide the issue.

We might stop here and assume that President Lincoln's argument is complete. But he was by nature so singularly frank and conscientious, and by mental constitution so unavoidably logical, that he could not, if he had desired, do things or even seem to do them by indirection or subterfuge. This, the most weighty of his responsibilities and the most difficult of his trials, he could not permit to rest upon doubt or misconception. In addition to what we have already quoted he has left us a naked and final restatement of the main question, with the unequivocal answer of his motive and conviction. It has been shown above how Mr. Chase, in the discussions of the final phraseology of the January proclamation, urged him to omit his former exemptions of certain fractional parts of insurrectionary States. Despite the President's adverse decision, Mr. Chase continued from time to time to urge this measure during the year 1863. To these requests the President finally replied as follows on the 2d of September:

Knowing your great anxiety that the Emancipation Proclamation shall now be applied to certain parts of Virginia and Louisiana which were exempted from it last January, I state briefly what appear to me to be difficulties in the way of such a step. The original proclamation has no constitutional or legal justification, except as a military measure. The exemptions were made because the military necessity did not apply to the exempted localities. Nor does that ne-

cessity apply to them now any more than it did then. If I take the step must I not do so without the argument of military necessity, and so without any argument except the one that I think the measure politically expedient and morally right? Would I not thus give up all footing upon Constitution or law? Would I not thus be in the boundless field of absolutism? Could this pass unnoticed or unresisted? Could it fail to be perceived, that without any further stretch I might do the same in Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri, and even change any law in any State?¹

In these extracts we have the President's outline explanation of the legal validity of the proclamation. Like all his reasoning, it is simple and strong, resting its authority on the powers of war and its justification upon military necessity. As to the minor subtleties of interpretation or comment which it might provoke from lawyers or judges after the war should be ended, we may infer that he had his opinions, but that they did not enter into his motives of action. On subsequent occasions, while continuing to declare his belief that the proclamation was valid in law, he nevertheless frankly admitted that what the courts might ultimately decide was beyond his knowledge as well as beyond his control.

For the moment he was dealing with two mighty forces of national destiny, civil war and public opinion; forces which paid little heed to theories of public, constitutional, or international law where they contravened their will and power. In fact it was the impotence of legislative machinery, and the insufficiency of legal dicta to govern or terminate the conflicts of public opinion on this identical question of slavery, which brought on civil strife. In the South slavery had taken up arms to assert its nationality and perpetuity; in the North freedom had risen first in mere defensive resistance, then the varying fortunes of war had rendered the combat implacable and mortal. It was not from the moldering volumes of ancient precedents, but from the issues of the present wager of battle, that future judges of courts would draw their doctrines to interpret to posterity whether the Edict of Freedom was void or valid.

When in the preceding July the crisis of the McClellan campaign had come upon the President he had written his well-considered resolve: "I expect to maintain this contest until successful, or till I die, or am conquered, or my term expires, or Congress or the country forsake me." Grand as was the historical act of signing his decree of liberation, it was but an incident in the grander contest he was commissioned and resolved to maintain. That was an issue, not alone of the bondage of a race, but of the life of a nation, a principle of government, a question of primary human right.

Was this act, this step, this incident in the

¹ Unpublished MS.

contest, wise or unwise? Would it bring success or failure? Would it fill the army, weaken the enemy, inspire the country, unite public opinion? These, we may assume, and not a lawyer's criticisms of phrase or text, dictum or precedent, were the queries which filled his mind when he wrote his name at the bottom of the famous document. If the rebellion should triumph, establishing a government founded on slavery as its corner-stone, manifestly his proclamation would be but waste paper, though every court in Christendom outside the Confederate States should assert its official authority. If, on the other hand, the Union arms were victorious, every step of that victory would become clothed with the mantle of law. But if, in addition, it should turn out that the Union arms had been rendered victorious through the help of the negro soldiers, called to the field by the promise of freedom contained in the proclamation, then the decree and its promise might rest secure in the certainty of legal execution and fulfillment. To restore the Union by the help of black soldiers under pledge of liberty, and then, for the Union, under whatever legal doctrine or construction, to attempt to reenslave them, would be a wrong at which morality would revolt. "You cannot," said Mr. Lincoln in one of his early speeches, "repeal human nature."

The problem of statesmanship therefore was not one of theory, but of practice. Fame is due Mr. Lincoln, not alone because he decreed emancipation, but because events so shaped themselves under his guidance as to render the conception practical and the decree successful. Among the agencies he employed none proved more admirable or more powerful than this two-edged sword of the final proclamation, blending sentiment with force, leaguely liberty with Union, filling the voting armies at home and the fighting armies in the field. In the light of history we can see that by this edict Mr. Lincoln gave slavery its vital thrust, its mortal wound. It was the word of decision, the judgment without appeal, the sentence of doom.

But for the execution of the sentence, for the accomplishment of this result, he had yet many weary months to hope and to wait. Of its slow and tantalizing fruition, of the gradual dawning of that full day of promise, we cannot get a better description than that in his own words in his annual message to Congress nearly a year after the proclamation was signed:

When Congress assembled a year ago the war had already lasted nearly twenty months, and there had been many conflicts on both land and sea, with varying results. The rebellion had been pressed back into reduced limits; yet the tone of public feeling and opinion, at home and abroad,

was not satisfactory. With other signs, the popular elections, then just past, indicated uneasiness among ourselves; while amid much that was cold and menacing the kindest words coming from Europe were uttered in accents of pity that we were too blind to surrender a hopeless cause. Our commerce was suffering greatly by a few armed vessels built upon and furnished from foreign shores, and we were threatened with such additions from the same quarter as would sweep our trade from the sea and raise our blockade. We had failed to elicit from European governments anything hopeful upon this subject. The preliminary emancipation proclamation, issued in September, was running its assigned period to the beginning of the new year. A month later the final proclamation came, including the announcement that colored men of suitable condition would be received into the war service. The policy of emancipation and of employing black soldiers gave to the future a new aspect, about which hope and fear and doubt contended in uncertain conflict. According to our political system, as a matter of civil administration the General Government had no lawful power to effect emancipation in any State, and for a long time it had been hoped that the rebellion could be suppressed without resorting to it as a military measure. It was all the while deemed possible that the necessity for it might come, and that if it should the crisis of the contest would then be presented. It came, and, as was anticipated, it was followed by dark and doubtful days. Eleven months having now passed we are permitted to take another review. The rebel borders are pressed still further back, and by the complete opening of the Mississippi the country dominated by the rebellion is divided into distinct parts, with no practical communication between them. Tennessee and Arkansas have been substantially cleared of insurgent control, and influential citizens in each, owners of slaves and advocates of slavery at the beginning of the rebellion, now declare openly for emancipation in their respective States. Of those States not included in the Emancipation Proclamation, Maryland and Missouri, neither of which three years ago would tolerate any restraint upon the extension of slavery into new Territories, only dispute now as to the best mode of removing it within their own limits.

Of those who were slaves at the beginning of the rebellion, full one hundred thousand are now in the United States military service, about one-half of which number actually bear arms in the ranks; thus giving the double advantage of taking so much labor from the insurgent cause and supplying the places which otherwise must be filled with so many white men. So far as tested it is difficult to say they are not as good soldiers as any. No servile insurrection or tendency to violence or cruelty has marked the measures of emancipation and arming the blacks. These measures have been much discussed in foreign countries, and contemporary with such discussion the tone of public sentiment there is much improved. At home the same measures have been fully discussed, supported, criticised, and denounced, and the annual elections following are highly encouraging to those whose official duty it is to bear the country through this great trial. Thus we have the new reckoning. The crisis which threatened to divide the friends of the Union is past.¹

¹ Annual Message, Dec. 8, 1863.

THE USE OF OIL TO STILL THE WAVES.



DURING the past six years the attention of mariners has been called to the value of oil for stilling waves by the publicity given to the experiments made by Mr. John Shields in Great Britain and by the published reports in the monthly "Pilot Charts" issued by Commander J. R. Bartlett, United States Navy, Chief of the United States Hydrographic Office, Navy Department.

Lack of faith in its efficiency has been the chief obstacle to its universal adoption. Many accounts of the use of oil, together with descriptions of appliances for facilitating its distribution on the stormy seas, have been published in different countries, and every effort to disseminate information will deserve the lasting gratitude of all mariners. Ocular demonstration seems to be necessary to convince unbelievers that the simple use of oil to lessen the dangerous effect of heavy seas is always advantageous, and often absolutely necessary for those in peril on the sea.

I purpose to consider the subject under two general heads, viz., "What is known of the use of oil to still the waves" and "What remains to be ascertained and done to make the use of oil universal."

In the first place this use of oil is clearly susceptible of scientific proof, and a brief notice of the nature of waves will assist in making it evident.

Lieutenant A. B. Wyckoff, United States Navy, in a paper before the Franklin Institute states:

Dr. Benjamin Franklin made many experiments and left his views on record regarding the great utility of oil for this purpose, and gave a scientific explanation of the manner in which the oil acted. The molecules of water move with freedom and the friction of air in motion produces undulations. These increase in size proportionately to the depth of water, the distance they can proceed to leeward, the strength of the wind and the time it acts. The limit of height is about forty feet. A heavy swell is often the precursor of a storm. It may be perfectly calm when this swell reaches a vessel; it is simply a long, high undulation, started by the storm and traversing the ocean in advance of it. Off the coast of California tremendous swells are experienced, made by westerly winds across the immense stretch of the Pacific Ocean. These swells are as high as most storm waves, but can be safely ridden in an open boat. If a sudden gale spring up, like the "northers" in the Gulf of Mexico, these harmless swells become raging seas.

The friction of the wind, rapidly moving upon the exposed slope of the swell, produces little irregularities on the surface. These wavelets are then driven up the rear slope of the swell to its summit, while the forward slope has more and more protection from the wind and becomes steeper and steeper by its inertia. A sand dune within the trade-wind regions is a storm wave in permanent form—a long windward slope and an abrupt leeward face.

As the wind continues to blow, the crest of the storm wave constantly sharpens, and finally the crest is thrown over down in front with a force proportionate to its height and speed. When this storm wave meets a ship, she cannot rise up its abrupt front, but checks the progress of the base of the wave, the crest of which is thrown up and falls on the ship with tremendous violence, filling her deck and sweeping away men, boats, and everything movable. The storm wave is perhaps no higher than the heavy swell and chiefly differs in shape.

Oil changes the storm wave into the heavy swell. Its specific gravity causes it to float on the surface; it spreads rapidly and forms a film like an extremely thin rubber blanket over the water. Its viscosity and lubricant nature are such that the friction of the wind is insufficient to tear the film and send individual wavelets to the crest, and while the force of the wind may increase the speed of the wave in mass, it is as a heavy swell and not in shape of a storm wave. The effect is purely a mechanical change in the shape of the wave, and there is no evidence of any chemical action by the oil on the water.

This explanation is generally accepted as the true theory and needs no argument to support it.

WHAT IS KNOWN OF THE USE OF OIL TO STILL THE WAVES.

THE use of oil in calming troubled waters was evidently known to the ancients, as Aristotle, Plutarch, and Pliny refer to it. The divers in the Mediterranean still use it as described by Pliny—"taking oil in their mouths and ejecting a little at a time to quiet the surface and permit rays of light to reach them." Fishermen, who spear fish pour oil on the water to calm it and enable them clearly to see the fish. Scotch and Norwegian fishermen have known this use of oil for centuries, and in crossing a bar or in landing through surf they press the livers of the fish until the oil exudes and then throw them ahead of their boats. Lisbon fishermen carry oil to use in crossing the bar of the Tagus in rough weather.

Whalers have used oil and blubber in severe storms for the last two centuries; they usually hang large pieces of blubber on each quarter when running before a heavy sea, to prevent

water coming on board. Besides these, recent experience has given definite knowledge concerning the quantity and kind of oil, methods of distribution, and circumstances when most efficacious.

The captains of vessels have been induced to report their experience with the use of oil to the United States Hydrographic Office, and out of 225 of these reports the kind of oil used is mentioned in 155 cases, viz.: Linseed oil, 48; fish oil, 31; lard oil, 12; pine oil, 10; crude petroleum, 9; colza oil, 8; sperm oil, 6; varnish, 5; linseed oil with petroleum, 5; paraffine, 3; fish oil with petroleum, 3; neat's-foot oil, 2; olive oil, 2; cocoanut oil, 1; tea oil, 1; and refined petroleum, 9.

In all these cases the oil proved to be efficient except the refined petroleum, which is reported to have been efficacious twice but of no benefit whatever in seven other cases. The thick and heavy oils are the best, and mineral oils are not so efficient. In cold weather, when soft oils are liable to thicken, it is advisable to mix with mineral oils.

The quantity of oil necessary is about two quarts per hour, according to the reports received. Vice-Admiral Cloué of the French navy states that the amount of oil used is mentioned in 30 reports out of 200 which he has examined: 17 vessels expended 1.61 quarts per hour when running before the storm, 11 used 2.37 quarts when lying to, and 2 life-boats used 2.42 quarts per hour. This is an average of two quarts of oil per hour.

The thickness of this film of oil may be readily calculated. A vessel running before the wind at 10 knots' speed has used two quarts of oil per hour, and the oil covered a surface 30 feet wide and 10 sea miles long. The volume of two quarts of oil is about 122 cubic inches, which, divided by the number of square inches to be oiled,—10 miles long and 30 feet wide, or 25,920,000 square inches,—gives .000047 of an inch as the thickness of the film of oil. This figure is inconceivable, but represents the actual dimension of the blanket of oil on the sea.

The manner in which oil has been successfully used to still the waves varies. Canvas bags filled with oakum saturated with oil and having small holes punctured with sail-needles were used on 101 occasions, when these bags were simply towed by the vessels. In twenty-five cases the oil was allowed to drip from water-closet pipes, the bowls of which were filled with oakum. In three vessels the oil was simply poured down through the deck scuppers. In three vessels it was dropped overboard slowly, while running before the wind. Cans of paint oil, uncorked and inverted, were used on two occasions, and on five attempts to land in boats through surf, uncorked bottles full of oil were

thrown into the breakers with some benefit. The reports of the successful use of oil are much more numerous, but these enumerated are the only ones published which distinctly describe the means used to apply the oil.

The captain of the steamer *Wandrahm* reports that on a voyage from New York to Antwerp, 18th to 22d January, 1885, between 45° N. 53° W. and 47° N. 30° W., he encountered a gale veering from S. E. to S. and W., which culminated in a hurricane from N. W. for fourteen hours. During the last thirty-six hours a frightful sea was raised, which began to break over the stern, although the vessel was making eleven knots before the wind. At intervals of four hours it was observed that the water aft became remarkably smooth as if covered by some oily substance. On looking over the side some oily water was seen discharged by the bilge-pumps, which were working in the hold, where five hundred barrels of lubricating oil were stowed. There was then no doubt that this cargo was slightly leaking. The effect on the breaking seas was wonderful, and this accidental demonstration convinced all of the efficacy of oil to still the waves. The bilge-pumps were kept at work, and the frightful sea became a harmless swell where the oil was applied.

In about five hundred reports examined oil has been applied by dripping from bags, cans, pipes, and chutes in all parts of the ship, but in the majority of cases the best results were obtained by having the oil-distributor forward.

Among the recent reports to the Hydrographic Office oil has been successfully used to still the waves by 82 steamers, 21 ships, 28 barks, 6 barkentines, 11 brigs, and 20 schooners; and while all of these used it with great benefit, the captains of 28 state that without the use of the oil their vessels would have been lost.

There are many authentic reports of the use of oil by boats to facilitate the rescue of the passengers and crews of wrecks, in some of which it would have been impossible for the boats to get near the wreck without the use of oil.

Captain Amlot of the steamer *Barrowmore* reports that on the 24th January, 1885, in 51° N. and 21° W., he went to rescue the crew of the sinking ship *Kirkwood*. The sea was very heavy, but around the wreck it was quite smooth. He then saw that the crew of the *Kirkwood* had broken out the cargo of canned salmon and were pouring the oil on the sea from the cans. The oiled sea enabled his boat to go to the wreck and take off the crew of twenty-six men.

The captain of the ship *Martha Cobb*, loaded with petroleum, fell in with a sinking vessel during a heavy gale in the North Atlantic in December, 1886. The signal made stated the

vessel was sinking and that all her boats had been stove. The *Martha Cobb* had lost her large boats, her bulwarks washed out, and decks swept in the same storm; the only boat left was a small sixteen-foot dingey, which could not possibly live in the sea that was then running. The captain says he was puzzled and lay by for some hours hoping that the gale would moderate; but as there was no appearance of better weather and night coming on, he decided to make an attempt to rescue the crew of the sinking vessel. The *Martha Cobb* had a cargo of petroleum, some of which leaked, and the captain had noticed that the sea in the wake of the ship was much smoother when the pumps were worked.

He signaled to the other vessel to haul by the wind while he luffed to get to windward, and at the same time started the pumps; but the ship drifted faster than the oil, and while the oil made the sea comparatively smooth to windward, it did not cover the sea to leeward. He then ran down across the other vessel's stern, hauled up close under her lee, and started the pumps again; at the same time also he emptied a five-gallon can of fish oil down the scuppers. The effect was magical. In twenty minutes the sea between and around the vessels was broken down. The long heavy swell remained, but the combers and breaking seas were all gone. The little dingey with three men had no difficulty in pulling to windward, and the crew were saved. The boat was deeply loaded and did not ship any water, although the sea was breaking fiercely outside of the "charmed" space in which the vessels lay on oiled seas.

In June, 1885, the British ship *Slivemore* took fire and had to be abandoned when eight hundred miles north-east of the Seychelle Islands, Indian Ocean. The people took to the boats and made for Seychelle Islands. The third day after leaving the vessel a cyclone came up, and no one believed that the boats would live through it. Before they left the ship the boats had been supplied with oil for just such an emergency. Each boat got out a drag made of spars and oars lashed together, for what is known as a sea-anchor. Oakum saturated with paraffine was stuffed in long stockings hung over the bows of the boats. Before the oil was used the boats had been several times nearly filled with water and the occupants had to bail for their lives; but when oil was applied no further trouble was experienced. An oil-slick formed around the boats, which rode in perfect safety on tremendous swells which took the place of the previously breaking seas. Little if any water came over the sides of the boats, and the occupants could lie down and sleep. The boats eventually reached the islands, but every soul would have perished

except for the forethought of Captain Conby, the captain of the *Slivemore*.

Mr. John Shields of England has demonstrated the value of the application of oil to quiet the waves at harbor entrances, by a long series of careful experiments at his own expense. Indeed he, more than any one else, is entitled to the credit of bringing into prominence this most valuable aid to navigation.

Many years ago Mr. Shields had noticed the effect of a few drops of oil spilled on a pond, after which he experimented on a brook in the bottom of which he laid pipes containing oil, in order to study the effect when calm and when troubled. He then experimented at Peterhead, and by simply throwing uncorked bottles of oil overboard from a tug he produced an oily swell at the harbor entrance, where the seas had been rolling in with tremendous violence, making it impossible for vessels to enter. This success encouraged him to devise a permanent apparatus to oil the seas at the dangerous parts of the harbor entrance. A model of his apparatus was exhibited at the great International Fisheries Exhibition, London, 1883, for which he received a medal. This apparatus consists of pipes with valves laid on the bottom and connected with a shore station containing oil-tanks and force-pump. The apparatus used at Aberdeen consists of a lead pipe 460 feet long laid on the bottom across the harbor mouth just inside of the bar. At one end, and at intervals of seventy feet, there are conical brass valves resting on flat iron sole-plates to be retained in vertical position twelve inches above the pipe, in order to prevent the mud from choking the valves. The other end of the pipe connects with an iron pipe leading from the station on shore where the tanks and pumps are placed.

The London Board of Trade had this apparatus tested during one of the most violent storms experienced in that stormy vicinity on December 3, 4, and 5, 1882. At 10 A. M., December 4, the sea both inside and outside of the harbor was a seething mass of broken water, and the waves made a clear break over the southern breakwater. The lighthouse at the end of this breakwater is eighty feet high, and it was almost covered by the spray.

The pumps were started, and after a few strokes smooth spots were seen, which soon formed a large mass of oiled surface, with smooth swell, while all around the sea broke furiously. The pumps were worked for three hours, and they expended 175 gallons of oil of different kinds: 70 gallons of seal oil, 40 of mineral oil, and 65 of colza.

The tide carried the oiled mass around the breakwater and out to sea, so that the mid-channel was smooth only when the pumps

were working. The next day the wind changed and blew into the harbor; this gave a more favorable set to the currents and better effect by having the oiled surface coincident with the course of the ship-channel. The official report to the London Board of Trade by its agent highly indorsed all that Mr. Shields claimed for his apparatus.

At Peterhead in January, 1883, the pipe was twelve hundred feet long across the harbor entrance, and there was some trouble in keeping the pipe anchored on the bottom. During a violent gale when the signal was made, "Too dangerous to enter," the oil was started, and its effect was wonderful: an oiled lane with smooth rollers stretched along the surface and permitted a tug with a vessel in tow to enter, and several vessels went out, which they would not have been able to do without the use of oil.

At Folkestone, England, Mr. Shields's apparatus consisted of three casks of oil with hand-pumps, connected with two lead pipes $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches in diameter extending along the bottom to a distance of 2950 feet; vertical sections of pipe fitted with valves and mud-caps were soldered at intervals of 100 feet along the main pipes. During a heavy gale the oil was forced by the pumps, each worked by one man, and in a very short time a broad glossy strip of water formed in the channel in which the life-boat, though tossed by the rollers, which no longer broke, rode in safety without taking in a drop of water. Outside of this strip the seas broke heavily. One hundred and nineteen gallons of oil were used in this experiment, most of which remained in the pipe for future use, and only a few gallons served to oil the sea.

Mr. Gordon, an associate of Mr. Shields, has invented a shell, filled with oil, to be fired from a mortar and arranged by a fuse to explode on striking the water and free its contents to oil the sea. This was also successfully used at Folkestone.

The British Government refused to conduct a series of experiments to test the inventions of Messrs. Shields and Gordon. In the House of Lords, Lord Sudeley observed that a great quantity of oil would have to be used, considerable expense incurred in laying pipes outside the proposed harbor of refuge and keeping them in repair, and that the various currents might often carry away the oil film before it could be utilized.

There are a number of reports from harbor masters and ship captains who have advantageously used oil to permit safe landing by boats through the surf on the beach, but the effect of the oil is not so decided as when used in deep water.

In order to illustrate the circumstances under

which oil has been used advantageously, a few reports of captains of vessels will be of interest.

Oil Used by Steamers Running Before Gales.

CAPTAIN HENDERSON of the steamer *Napier*, from Baltimore to Cork, encountered a hurricane 26th January, 1885, in 37° N. 50° W. The wind was from the north-west, with a tremendous sea. One sea, larger than the others, pooped the ship, carried away companion, etc., and flooded the deck fore and aft. He intended to "heave the ship to" (lie head to the wind), but happening to think of the effect of oil, he took two canvas bags, punched holes in them with sail-needles, and put two gallons of oil in each. He then towed the bags in the water by lanyards from the fore-rigging. In this position they were swept on board by the sea. He then hung the bags twelve feet on each side of the stem just awash, in which position they served admirably. The oil kept the sea smooth to a width of twenty feet on each side, while it spread out like a fan astern. Huge breaking seas approached from astern to within sixty or seventy feet of the vessel, when, meeting the oil, they subsided, and the vessel felt only a heavy swell. He ran this way for three days and nights and not a drop of water came on board. He used lamp oil, and when that supply ran short used paint oil with equally good effect. He expended about three quarts an hour.

He left Baltimore in company with seven other steamers, two of which foundered and the others were three or more days longer in arriving, as they "hove to," while the oil allowed him to run in safety. He says that he believes the use of the oil saved his vessel from foundering, for in such a tremendous sea it is a question whether in bringing her up by the wind, or subsequently, had he succeeded, she would not have been boarded by the sea and sunk.

Captain E. E. Thomas of the steamer *Chillingham* reports that in March, 1883, when going from Philadelphia to Queenstown, he encountered a heavy gale from the south-west. For forty-eight hours he ran before the gale, shipped very heavy seas, and had the decks continually full of water fore and aft. He filled two bags with oil and hung them from the rings of the anchors on each side. The effect was noticed in a few moments: no seas broke in the wake of the ship, while outside of her wake they were breaking in every direction. Before the oil was used none of the crew dared go aft to heave the log, for fear of being washed overboard. After using the oil no heavy seas were shipped. He put about a quart of colza oil in each bag every four hours.

Mr. Kenneth Doyle, master of the Furness Line steamer *Stockholm City*, reports:

On 28th November, 1885, I left Boston for London, deep with general cargo, and cattle and sheep on the upper deck. At 8:30 P. M., December 4, we were caught in a heavy storm from W. N. W., barometer 29.20. The first hour of the storm no canvas could stand it. In latitude $44^{\circ} 38' N.$, and longitude $48^{\circ} 28' W.$, ship running under bare poles, the sea was then so high and dangerous I resolved to try the use of oil, having had it brought to my notice by information on the United States monthly pilot charts. I got two gunny-bags and a good wad of oakum wrung out in paint oil and hung over each quarter, just dipping in the water; also one over the scuppers in the midships. At 10 P. M. I got the lower topsail set, and continued to run until noon next day. By the racing of the engines my engineer reported to me that he could not run much longer, as the packing of the gland of the high-pressure engine was all worn out. I then got two more [bags] farther forward, with a hand in each water-closet forward, dropping oil through. By this means she kept steady on her course, engines stopped and sailing six knots, while the engineer did his work comfortably. I landed the whole of my cattle alive at Deptford, and never broke any of the cattle-pens.

As the immediate result of Captain Doyle's experience the British and Foreign Marine Insurance Company issued instructions for all "cattle-boats" from New York and other ports to carry oil and oil-bags for use in violent storms.

There are thirty-two similar reports of the use of oil by steamers running before the wind, and in every case the effect was highly beneficial, while many were undoubtedly saved from foundering by its use.

Oil Used by Steamers Hove To.

In violent storms it often happens that steamers cannot make any headway against the wind and seas, and it becomes necessary to lie to and steam slowly, just sufficient to keep steerage-way. A high sea will cause a steamer to pitch deeply, and while her stern is out of water the propeller will race violently, and if continued break down the strongest engines. The breaking seas come on board with tremendous violence unless the speed is reduced to allow the ship to ride gently up over the seas she encounters, and storm-sails are used to assist with this object.

The following reports show the advantage of using oil in this case:

Captain Tregarthen, steamer *Marmanheuse*, reports that off Hatteras on 2d March, 1886, he encountered a hurricane from north-west. A tremendous sea was running and seas came on board and did great damage. The vessel was lying to but very unsteady, and would not steer

though steaming slowly. He could not keep her head to the sea. He then had the bowls of the water-closets filled with oakum, over which paint oil was poured to drip through. He also filled a bag with oakum saturated with oil and towed it by a line from the weather cat-head, so that the bag drifted ten to twenty feet to windward of the ship. The oil acted at once. The vessel rode easily, he had no more difficulty in keeping her head to the sea, and no water came on board, as the sea was without combers for thirty yards to windward of the ship when the oil had spread. He could have lowered a boat with safety. He says:

I feel no hesitancy in stating that with proper use of oil I will be willing to encounter the hardest gale that ever blew, and intend on the first occasion to stop the engines, place several bags to windward, and let the vessel drift, feeling sure that she will be as safe and comfortable as possible.

Captain McKnight of the Atlas Company's steamer *Claribel* reports using oil when hove to in a gale in the Gulf Stream, 29th April, 1886. The ship had been laboring much during the night when hove to, and large quantities of water came on board. He poured three and a half gallons of mineral sperm oil (the only kind he had) into a bag stuffed with oakum, which he stabbed in eight places with a small pen-knife, and then threw it overboard with a line attached. The effect was magical; in a minute a film of oil appeared to spread out, and as the steamer forged ahead the belt of oil extended along the weather side in the waist, where much water had been coming on board. Very little water was shipped after the oil was used; but if he had had fish oil the effect would have been better, though the mineral oil was beneficial.

Captain Bakkar of the steamer *W. A. Scholten* (since lost in collision) reports:

March 6, 1887, had a very heavy gale from N. N. E. to N. N. W. blowing in squalls of hurricane force. Could not keep the vessel to the wind: a tremendous sea running caused the steamer to fall off and bring the sea abeam. Having lost sails, etc., was compelled to heave to. At midnight, while lying to, shipped a very large sea which carried away starboard life-boat and nearly washed the officers and helmsman off the bridge. Stationed hands at the forward and after water-closets, filled the bowls with oakum, and poured on oil. Had the engineer to use oil copiously, which oil was pumped overboard from the bilges. Was hove to for 20 hours and used linseed oil continuously for 22 hours, expending in all about 22 gallons. No seas broke on board after commencing to use oil.

There are twenty-two similar reports, and the efficacy of the use of oil when lying to has been thoroughly demonstrated.

Oil Used when Steaming Head to Sea.

THE majority of those who have used oil claim that it can be of no use in this case, because if applied the steamer will steam ahead out of the oiled surface and derive no benefit from its use. In over four hundred reports I can only find two which claim success, while there are many which report failure.

Mr. T. A. Creagan, master mariner, of Glasgow, wrote on 1st March, 1882, as follows:

Some months ago I encountered a very heavy gale when crossing the Bay of Biscay, during which several steamers were lost. My ship was steaming head to sea, and making very little progress; and the sea, which was from the south-west, was breaking on board abaft the bridge, occasionally with great violence. I had two canvas bags made of conical shape, having the pointed ends punctured with small holes. A quart of common lamp oil was put in each bag, the mouths of which were then tightly tied up to prevent the oil escaping. The bags were then hung one over each bow with sufficient line to let them tow without jumping. After the oil commenced to flow through the punctured holes freely scarcely a sea came on board; each wave as it reached the oil ceased to curl, and, undulated, passed the ship without a break.

Captain McLean of the English steamer *Concordia* (date not given) reports:

On the passage from Glasgow to Halifax had very heavy weather from the westward, attended with very high, confused seas, which swept the decks and did considerable damage. Placed two oil-bags, filled with linseed oil, over the bows. The effect was very satisfactory; but as the ship was running into the sea, the bags were thrown back on deck, which greatly affected the result. Again, the linseed oil thickened rapidly (the weather was quite cold) and would not spread as rapidly as desired. But under these disadvantages the effect was very remarkable, as no sea of any consequence boarded the ship while the oil was being used. Had the ship been going slow, the oil would have had more effect; but she was running at a speed of ten knots.

Steamer Hove To and Riding to Patent Drag.

On 10th October, 1886, Captain Krogsgard of the steamer *Lucy P. Miller* encountered the tropical cyclone in the Gulf of Mexico. The steamer must have been quite close to the center of the cyclone. The log states:

At 2 A. M. slowed to half speed and hauled up head to sea. At 4 A. M. stopped engines, hove to, and put out patent drag. Vessel dry and easy. The sea was one mass of foam and spray, and the vessel with the shifting of her cargo was thrown on her beam-ends. Immediately rigged out five corn-sacks (filled with oakum saturated with oil) from weather bow to amidships, the sacks having holes cut in them for the oil to drip through. This gave the greatest relief imaginable, the ship ceasing to

take on seas and riding easier. At 10:30 A. M. concluded to run to south-east but found drag torn to pieces and rudder-head twisted off. Made and put out new drag (a lot of spars lashed together) and bored hole through stern to rudder-stock, through and to which secured two iron windlass brakes to serve as a tiller, and then lay to again.

The captain says his vessel would have foundered but for the oil.

There are several other reports in which oil was used by having a bag of oil attached to the drag, which necessarily caused the ship to have the full benefit of the oiled surface.

Oil Used by Steamers Entering Harbor.

THERE are a number of reports of the use of oil by steamers entering port, one of which will serve for all.

Captain Beecher of the steamer *East Anglian* arrived off the entrance to the Tyne when an easterly gale was at its worst, on the 11th of December, 1882. Great danger attended any vessel crossing the bar. He resolved to try the effect of oil, and stationed a man on each bow, each man having a two-gallon bottle of oil. The oil was slowly poured on the broken water, which became comparatively smooth, and the vessel passed into the harbor with little difficulty. Lard oil was used.

The use of oil by sailing vessels has been as successful as by steamers, and there are an equal number of authentic official reports of its use under different circumstances—running before the sea, lying to, and sailing with the wind abeam. The experience is similar to that of the steamers, and only one report, of its use when sailing with the wind abeam, need be quoted.

Captain Smith of the British bark *Wallace* reports:

21st September, 1886, while standing to the southward in the Gulf Stream had a gale from W. N. W., wind and sea abeam. Vessel making nine knots good. As the sea increased, the combers, striking the vessel on the weather side, would shoot high in the air, and then coming on board filled the decks with water. The captain had never tried the use of oil and did not believe in its efficacy, but wishing to take advantage of the favoring gale and at the same time not to endanger the vessel, he determined to try the experiment. A canvas bag filled with oil (in the proportion of one quart of paint oil to two quarts of paraffine) was placed in the bowl of the weather closet forward, through which the oil dripped from the pipe into the sea. By the time the oil reached the main channels, where most of the water had come on board, it had spread and formed an oil-slick thirty feet to windward. The result was as satisfactory as it was unexpected. The breaking combers on reaching the "slick" were reduced to harmless swells, over which the vessel rose without, as before, taking volumes of water on board. The gale continued for twenty-four hours,

during which by a continuous use of oil (expending three quarts every four hours) the *Wallace* was enabled to keep her course, and at no time was the speed reduced below eight knots. And though the sea continued high, the oil prevented the combers from breaking on board.

A number of regular lines of vessels have oil on board for this use. Mr. J. H. Barker, an oil merchant of New York, has a definite contract with the National Line of steamers to supply oil for this purpose. Ten vessels, including all the cattle-steamers, have been provided with the necessary appliances to use oil on occasion. The company's requisition calls for fish oil, but the recent experiments proved that it thickened too rapidly when in contact with water at the general low winter temperature.

To obviate this tendency Mr. Barker has mixed a mineral oil of low test with fish oil of comparatively high test. The mixture is an oil which coagulates at a much lower temperature than ordinary fish oil and is claimed to be equally efficient. Mineral oil has stood the test as a lubricant for railroads in cold weather, and when mixed with a proper proportion of fish oil will be very useful for sea purposes. During the mild and warm months fish oil only is used. The method adopted by this line is by means of punctured canvas bags filled with oakum.

FROM a careful examination of these reports the following facts must be conceded to have been established beyond dispute, and we therefore know:

1. That oil is efficacious in lessening the dangerous effect of heavy seas.
2. That it converts breaking seas into harmless swells.
3. That vegetable or animal oils are the best for this purpose.
4. That mineral oil is not suitable, especially if refined, though it may be used to advantage if no other is available.
5. That in cold weather it is advisable to mix mineral oil with soft animal or vegetable oils liable to thicken.
6. That the expenditure of two quarts of oil per hour has sufficed to prevent damage to ships and boats which without the oil would have probably foundered.
7. That the oil spreads rapidly in a thin film over the sea immediately after it is applied.
8. That a lavish expenditure of oil is not any more effective than the necessary quantity, which is about two quarts per hour for vessels and boats.
9. That the most effective manner of applying the oil is to facilitate its spreading to windward.

10. That the best results are obtained by applying the oil from the forward part of vessels.

11. That oil-bags and pipes dripping oil from oakum have been efficient.

12. That it is always advantageous for steamers and sailing vessels when running before the wind or lying to.

13. That it permits boats to be lowered in heavy seas which would otherwise swamp them.

14. That wrecks have been boarded and lives saved by using oil to still the waves to allow the transit of deeply laden open boats from wreck to rescuing vessel.

15. That permanent plants, like that devised by Mr. Shields, have proved to be efficient at harbor entrances wherein vessels have entered, when without the oil they could not have done so.

16. That at harbor entrances the currents are liable to carry away the film of oil from the exact channel intended to be covered, before it is utilized by vessels.

17. That the best results are obtained in deep water. Oil may be applied with advantage on the surf, but its effect is much less than in deep water.

18. That the best results are obtained by applying the oil at many different points of the surface to be quieted. This is done by dripping slowly from a moving vessel, or by permanent plants all along the channels of harbor entrances.

WHAT REMAINS TO BE ASCERTAINED AND DONE TO MAKE THE USE OF OIL UNIVERSAL.

THE kind and quantity of oil necessary to change breaking seas into comparatively harmless swells being known, there still remains much to be learned in regard to the circumstances when, where, and how to apply it most efficiently.

Since excessive use of oil does not give any advantage, economical oil-distributors should be used, even though the manner of using pipes and oil-bags, as described in the reports of captains of vessels, is efficient and not very wasteful.

The expense of any new appliance is the first question; and even when the efficacy of the use of oil was admitted, we see that the English House of Lords refused to go to the expense of conducting experiments with the view to adopting it for making harbors of refuge.

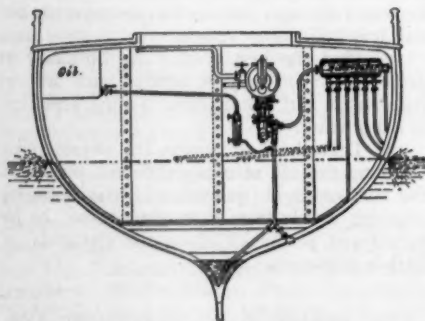
For a distributor on board ship it would be difficult to devise apparatus which would not be more expensive in first cost than the amount saved by the little excess of oil wasted by using oil-bags or the water-closet pipes, as described in the reports of captains.

The success obtained by the use of these improvised oil-distributers may, however, have a tendency to cause many to neglect preparatory measures, and in emergency it may be impracticable to use even such simple make-shifts, for want of oil, materials, or time to fit them for this purpose.

Special appliances must be supplied for this definite purpose; such outfits should come under the same head as axes, hose, and extinguishers supplied for use only in case of fire. Every vessel should have oil apparatus and oil for use only to still the waves.

A number of oil-distributers have been invented which claim to satisfy all the conditions of efficiency, economy, and special adaptation for stilling the dangerous seas.

The sketch illustrates a French system invented by M. Gaston Menier. This consists of



GASTON MENIER'S OIL-DISTRIBUTING APPARATUS.

a pump which sends a constant stream of water through a series of pipes, which discharge outboard at the water-line. The sketch shows six pipes, three to discharge at the water-line on each side.

These six pipes connect with a distributor which has a pipe to the pump, and a pipe leads from the pump to the bilge-well, or a water-tank in the bottom of the vessel, and has a branch to a tank of oil. This branch pipe has a valve and a glass gauge to regulate the expenditure of the oil.

When the pump works water is drawn up from the bilge-well or water-tank, and oil is also drawn from the oil-tank. The oil goes with the water to the distributor and outlets of the six pipes at the water-line. The water serves as a vehicle to convey the oil to be applied on the seas.

The oil-tanks, pipes, and distributor are the only items chargeable to the expense of this apparatus, as it is contemplated to use the bilge-pumps, and every ship must have a bilge-pump.

This apparatus fulfills all the conditions of

an economical, efficient, and special plant for applying the oil at the exact place where and time when it is needed.

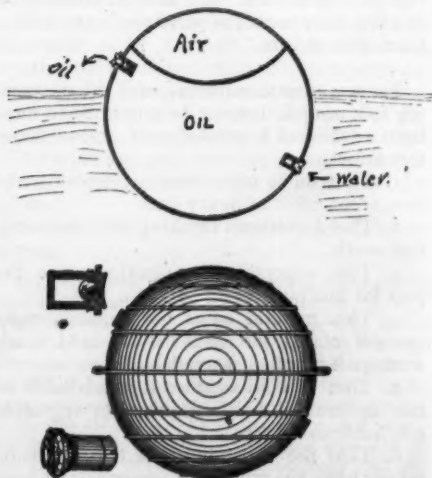
The economy in expenditure of oil will more than pay for the first cost, and as it is specially designed for applying oil, it will be always available for that purpose.

There is no account of its use or adoption in any vessel, and its efficiency lacks the demonstration of actual experience; but its simplicity commends it, and doubtless this system or some modification of it will come into extensive use.

Many of the reports of captains of vessels suggest permanent pipes for oil-distributers, and this plan will probably be received with favor for steamers and large vessels. It is evidently not suitable for small craft, open boats, etc.

A tank of oil in water-closets with pipe and drip-faucet to drop into the bowl and out of the pipe below the surface may be used advantageously, but there may be some difficulty in regulating an economical expenditure of oil by this simple means.

Captain Townsend of the United States Signal Office has invented a simple and efficient oil-distributer.



TOWNSEND'S OIL-DISTRIBUTER.

This consists of a hollow metal globe ten inches in diameter, with a capacity of about one and a half gallons of oil. It has an air chamber separated by a partition, to keep it afloat in a certain position, and there are two valves. When filled with oil the upper valve is adjusted to allow oil to flow out at any desired rate, while the lower valve admits water.

When placed in the sea it floats with the upper valve a little above the surface, and

water will enter to displace the oil from the graduated upper valve. The specific gravity of oil will keep it in the upper part of the distributor, and the motion of the globe on the breaking waves or swell will insure the ejection of the oil through the graduated valve in any quantity.

This is inexpensive, light, portable, and may be used from any part of the ship by tow-line overboard. It may be placed in the bowl of a water-closet and serve as an oil-tank with graduated valve. As it is buoyant it may be anchored at harbor entrances or in the vicinity of wrecks to permit the landing or transferring of the shipwrecked. This principle may be used in any shape of the distributor, for projectiles or buoys. It would be better than Gordon's shell, which explodes and discharges its entire contents of oil at one spot, whereas a Townsend oil-projectile could be fired from a gun and float on the surface where oil is needed, with a continuous flow of oil for a period of time.

These two forms of oil-distributors, or slight modifications of them, will answer all the conditions of simplicity, economy, efficiency, and special adaptation to oil the sea when and where desired.

To enter into a thorough consideration of all circumstances when the use of oil will be advantageous and how to apply it, it will be convenient to consider its use—

1. For ships, steamers, and large vessels.
2. For fishing-boats, life-boats, pilot-boats, etc.
3. For harbor entrances and channels.

I. FOR SHIPS, STEAMERS, AND LARGE VESSELS.

OIL is known to be efficacious when used by all kinds of vessels either running before the wind or lying to. But it remains to be seen if oil can be advantageously used under other circumstances.

There is conflicting evidence in the reports of the use of oil by steamers steaming head to the wind. Captain Sparks of the steamship *Assyrian Monarch* reports that he has tried oil when steaming head to the sea, but does not think it of any use, even when going very slowly. The two reports quoted cannot be accepted as conclusive evidence. In the report of Captain McLean of the steamer *Concordia* the advantage could not have been very great, because the oil-bags were thrown back on board when steaming at a speed of ten knots.

In order to have any benefit the seas would have to be oiled in advance of the steamer, and no distributor devised would oil the seas ahead of the ship, except, perhaps, oil-shells or projectiles fired from guns on board. Any such

bombardment of the ocean is, however, manifestly absurd.

The fast steamers, especially the transatlantic liners, plow through the seas without waiting to ride the waves; and as the breaking storm-wave is not any higher than the oiled swell, one of these steamers would find about as much resistance from oiled swell as from the breaking seas, and therefore it would not be of any advantage, even if it were practicable, to apply oil on waves ahead of a steamer steaming against the sea.

When steaming with the wind free in a heavy breaking sea, a steamer may be exposed to great danger by taking seas on board over the weather side, and this may be prevented if oil is applied off the windward side of the vessel.

None of the methods described in the reports would be efficient for this purpose. Oil-bags towed alongside will be thrown back on board, as happened with the *Concordia*.

In 1869 the Harvey towing-torpedo created no little stir among the naval powers, all of which experimented more or less to produce an efficient towing-torpedo. The uncertainty of its action as a weapon became apparent, and its use has been discarded.

This experience, however, incidentally threw a great deal of light on the subject of towing-torpedoes, and the lessons taught may be utilized for towing oil-distributors.

The principle of the Townsend distributor may be applied to a towing-torpedo, from which the explosive charge and the diving appliances should be removed.

Such a towing oil-distributor with bridle, rudder, and double tow-lines would tow in a course parallel with a ship and from twenty to fifty feet to windward from outriggers or yard-arms. This application needs the test of practical experience, but I believe it to be desirable when steaming from eight to fifteen knots across breaking seas coming from four points forward to six points abaft the beam.

For sailing-vessels the oil apparatus will be the same as for steamers, and the circumstances when it may be used with advantage include when running, lying to, sailing with the wind abeam, and riding to a sea-anchor.

Its use when beating to windward has not been established to be efficacious. The spread of the oil on the water is one of its most remarkable characteristics, and perhaps experiments may solve some method like that of a towing Townsend oil-distributor, by which oil may be applied to windward of a vessel beating against breaking seas. The emergency requiring such a course will be rare, and needs no further consideration.

All vessels should carry from thirty to one

hundred gallons of animal or vegetable oil, depending upon the voyage. In cold weather about twenty gallons of mineral oil or a mixture of mineral and soft oils should also be carried.

2. FOR FISHING-BOATS, LIFE-BOATS, PILOT-BOATS, ETC.

THESE small craft could not be conveniently fitted with the system of pipes invented by M. Menier, but Townsend's distributor, or modifications of it, will answer every purpose in deep water.

In the surf on the beach or on a bar there are different conditions, and the effect of the oil is not so great as in deep water. The undulations roll in to the beach or the bar, often during a calm: they are harmless swells on the deep water to seaward, but when near the beach or the bar the swells increase in size and break with all the force of the storm wave.

The breaking seas in this case are not caused by the friction of the wind, but by the resistance of the shelving beach to the propagation of the undulating force of the wave.

This resistance causes an alteration in the shape of the undulation resulting in an increase of the wave in a vertical plane, because the horizontal progress is checked. This resistance increases as the wave approaches the beach: the forward slope of the wave becomes steeper and steeper until vertical. The undertow assists in carrying back the base of the forward slope, which is then inclined backwards and under the rear slope of the wave. The crest is then left unsupported, it falls over in breakers, and the undulation collapses on the beach. Oil on the surface cannot protect that portion in contact with the shelving bed of the sea; but if there is any wind the point where the swells break or become storm waves may be brought much nearer the shore, and in consequence permit boats to navigate much nearer. The use of oil will, however, be of some benefit in any case.

For fishing-boats all the circumstances of its advantageous use by sailing-vessels apply, and the oil will enable them to keep at sea longer and permit fishing, when without oil they would be obliged to go to port. Riding to a sea-anchor having a Townsend distributor attached will be a very desirable method.

For life-boats the use of oil is highly valuable. Oil will render approach to wrecks much easier and contribute to saving the lives of those on board. A number of oil-projectiles on the Townsend principle could be fired from the mortar of the life-saving station to dot the surface between the wreck and the shore at intervals. Each of these buoyant oil-projectiles will

be the center of a sheet of oiled sea, and a number of them will form a safe lane between the wreck to near the few breakers close to the beach.

These oil-projectiles can be recovered after the storm subsides, though they will drift with the currents of the locality.

Dirigible torpedoes, or the Lay torpedo deprived of its fangs by substituting the Townsend oil-distributor for the magazine, might be utilized to make an oiled lane between the wreck and the shore—a good use for these torpedoes when the millennium comes.

For pilot-boats oil-distributors are valuable when boarding vessels in breaking seas. In this case the pilot-boat should stand to windward, apply oil, launch the small boat with the pilot and apply oil from the small boat in pulling to the ship. After the pilot is on board, the pilot-boat should run to leeward and pick up her small boat.

In cases where the pilots pull or sail off to a vessel outside in small boats which are brought back by the vessel, the special conditions of local features and the direction of the wind will determine how the oil should be used. The vessel taking the pilot should heave to, apply oil, and receive the pilot-boat in a comparatively smooth sea.

3. FOR HARBOR ENTRANCES AND CHANNELS.

THE value of oil at harbor entrances has been clearly established by Mr. John Shields, and his apparatus has proved to be efficacious; but it is objectionable on account of its expense for both the plant and the expenditure of oil.

The problem is to oil the surface merely at the time and place needed, for which I have devised a plan which will be economical, efficient, and always available.

This plan is to apply the principle of the Townsend oil-distributor to the can buoys which mark the harbor entrances or channels.

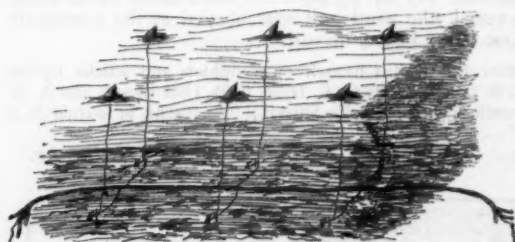
A cylindrical metal case is secured within a can buoy placed vertically and connected with a valve in the bottom to admit water. The top of the cylinder in the buoy is a little above the line of flotation of the buoy. The upper valve, from which the oil flows, has a pipe connecting with an orifice in the side of the buoy at the line of flotation.

The size of the oil-cylinder in the buoy will depend upon the size of the buoy in which it is placed. The quantity of oil will be such as to last for some time, as oil is only to be used when needed for a passing vessel.

The valves of the oil-cylinder are fitted with electric shutters connected with a submarine cable leading either to a lightship or ashore to a lighthouse. A number of these "oil-buoys"

marking the channel can be so fitted, and when a vessel desires to enter across the channel during a storm, the keeper of the lighthouse or the lightship merely presses the button which will cause the valves to open. Water will flow into the oil-cylinders in the buoys while oil is forced out, thereby oiling the channel just when needed. Oil will flow out as long as the electric circuit is kept closed, and as soon as the keeper allows the circuit to open, the valves will shut.

There are no difficulties connected with this arrangement. Torpedoes have electric connections, and the electrical features of this plan differ from those of an observation submarine mine merely in the substitution of an electric shutter for an electric fuse.



SKETCH OF ELECTRIC CONNECTIONS TO CHANNEL BUOYS FITTED AS OIL-DISTRIBUTERS AT HARBOR ENTRANCE.

The advantages of this distributor are that it will economically oil the sea at harbor entrances and in channels exactly when and where needed; that it can be applied to existing aids to navigation with but little expense; and that, in view of the proposed electric lighting of the buoys, it will be even less expensive, because the same cable can be used for the light and the oil-distributor, though with separate conductors. No labor, such as the pumping in Mr. Shields's system, will be necessary: the keeper in lighthouse or lightship can press the button while attending to his regular duties.

When empty, the buoys can be refilled with oil through a special filling-hole after the water is pumped out by the lighthouse tender. The appearance of the sea will indicate when the oil has all been ejected, and in the course of time experience will demonstrate the quantity of oil actually necessary for efficient use to still the waves.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

In view of our present knowledge of the efficacy of the use of oil to still the waves the following recommendations should be urged to all concerned, viz.:

1. That all vessels and boats be supplied with animal or vegetable oil (or a mixture of these with mineral oil for cold weather), which

shall be kept constantly available for use on the seas upon occasion.

2. That special oil-distributors of the following description be supplied, to be used exclusively for applying oil on seas upon occasion:

a. A number of oil-distributors on the Townsend principle for vessels and boats.

b. Permanent oil-apparatus with either pipes similar to the Menier system, or oil-tanks with valve and pipes connected with water-closet pipes in vessels.

c. Or at least specially constructed canvas oil-bags filled with oakum, punched, and conveniently at hand, hanging by the side of tanks of oil, so as to be always ready to be filled with oil and used on breaking seas upon occasion.

Lanyards should be attached to the bags. Oil-bags and oil to be used exclusively for this purpose.

3. That the state prescribe penalties in cases of marine casualties where evidence may establish that the disaster might have been avoided by the judicious use of oil; and that the regulations requiring passenger steamers to carry life-preservers, life-rafts, etc. be amended by including oil and oil-apparatus for use on seas.

4. That marine insurance companies encourage the use of oil on seas by allowing a discount on the rate of insurance, or other equivalent measures, in favor of vessels supplied with oil and oil-apparatus.

5. That life-saving stations be supplied with oil and oil-distributors, especially projectiles on the Townsend principle with guns or mortars, by which to make a safe lane of oiled sea between wrecks and the shore.

6. That dangerous harbor entrances and channels be marked by can buoys fitted as oil-distributors with electrical appliance which will enable the economical application of oil on breaking seas at the time when and the place where needed.

CONCLUSION.

THE efficacy of oil to lessen the dangerous effect of heavy seas, and the means and circumstances for applying it, have been considered in regard to all the requirements of commerce; but the most important thing to be done is to make mariners use it.

Lack of faith in its power has been the chief obstacle, notwithstanding the fact that one trial convinces the most skeptical. Unimpeachable testimony as to the efficiency of the use of oil must be extensively circulated to convert those who do not believe in it.

The marine insurance companies are directly the most interested parties, for it is evident that the use of oil lessens their risks.

They should be willing either to defray all the expense of providing oil and oil-distributers or to reduce the rate of insurance to vessels which have them.

The boards of trade and chambers of commerce are interested as representatives of those who own the vessels and their cargoes. They certainly ought to be willing to take such simple measures to save their own property from destruction.

The state should lend its aid and prescribe penalties for those who may be responsible for the neglect of the use of oil in cases where such use would have prevented disaster. The duty of the state is to protect the lives and property of its citizens. There is no question of this duty in precautions against epidemics, and it is equally clear in this case. No vessel should be allowed to leave port without oil

and oil-distributers for use to still the waves upon occasion.

There is no doubt of the efficiency of oil for this purpose, and that government which neglects to provide for the safety of its subjects in such a case as this fails to meet its obligations.

Those who go to sea as passengers have a blind confidence that all precautions are taken for their safe transit, and they should use their influence to have such a simple measure adopted.

The effect of oil is indeed magical, and its value has only recently been brought to light prominently, but it is in keeping with the scientific progress of the age. This progress of science, properly so called, reminds us of the Divine power of the Perfect Man, whom the wind and seas obeyed at the command, "Peace, be still!"

NOTE.—In preparing this article the author has availed himself of pamphlets and articles by the following: Commander J. R. Bartlett, U. S. N.; Lieutenants G. L. Dyer, E. B. Underwood, and A. B. Wyckoff, U. S. N.; Vice-Admiral Cloué, French Navy; Mr. John Shields; "Le Yacht, le Journal de la Marine"; "The Manufacturer and Builder."

W. H. Beehler.



DOWN TO THE CAPITAL.

I' BE'N down to the Capital at Washington, D. C.,
Where Congress meets and passes on the pensions ort to be
Allowed to old one-legged chaps, like me, 'at sence the war
Don't wear their pants in pairs at all — and yit how proud we are!

Old Flukens, from our deestrick, jes turned in and tuck and made
Me stay with him while I was there; and longer 'at I staid
The more I kep' a-wantin' jes to kind o' git away,
And yit a-feelin' sociabler with Flukens ever' day.

You see, I 'd got the idy — and I guess most folks agrees —
'At men as rich as him, you know, kin do jes what they please:
A man worth *stacks* o' money, and a Congressman and all,
And livin' in a buildin' bigger 'an Masonic Hall.

Now mind, I 'm not a-faultin' Fluke — he made his money square.
We both was Forty-niners, and both busted gittin' there;
I weakened and onwindlessed, and he stuck and staid and made
His millions: don't know what I 'm worth untel my pension 's paid.

But I was goin' to tell you — er a ruther goin' to try
To tell you how he's livin' now: gas burnin', mighty nigh
In ever' room about the house; and all the night, about,
Some blame reception goin' on, and money goin' out.

They's people there from all the world — jes ever' kind 'at lives,
Injuns and all! and Senators, and Ripresentatives;
And girls, you know, jes dressed in gauze and roses, I declare,
And even old men shamblin' round and waltzin' with 'em there!

And bands a-tootin' circus-tunes, 'way in some other room
Jes chokin' full o' hot-house plants and pinies and perfume;
And fountains, squirtin' stiddy all the time; and statutes, made
Out o' puore marble, 'peared like, sneakin' round there in the shade.

And Fluke he coaxed and begged and plead with me to take a hand
And sashay in amongst 'em — crutch and all, you understand;
But when I said how tired I was, and made fer open air,
He follered, and tel five o'clock we set a-talkin' there.

"My God!" says he, Fluke says to me, "I 'm tireder 'n you:
Don't put up yer tobacker tel you give a man a chew.
Set back a leetle funder in the shadder; that 'll do:
I 'm tireder 'n you, old man; I 'm tireder 'n you!

"You see that-air old dome," says he, "humped up ag'inst the sky;
It's grand, first time you see it, but it *changes*, by and by,
And then it stays jes thataway — jes anchored high and dry
Betwixt the sky up yender and the achin' of yer eye.

"Night 's purty; not so purty, though, as what it ust to be
When my first wife was livin'. You remember her?" says he.
I nodded like, and Fluke went on, "I wonder now ef *she*
Knows where I am — and what I am — and what I ust to be?

"*That band in there!* — I ust to think 'at music could n't wear
A feller out the way it does; but that *ain't* music there —
That 's jes a *imitation*, and like ever'thing, I swear,
I hear, er see, er tetch, er taste, er tackle anywhere!

"It 's all jes *artificial*, this 'ere high-priced life of ours.
The theory, it 's sweet enough tel it saps down and sours.
They's no *home* left, ner *ties* o' home about it. By the powers,
The whole thing 's artificialer 'n artificial flowers!

"And all I want, and could lay down and sob fer, is to know
The homely things of homely life; fer instance, jes to go
And set down by the kitchen stove — Lord! that 'u'd *rest* me so, —
Jes set there, like I ust to do, and laugh and joke, you know.

"Jes set there, like I ust to do," says Fluke, a-startin' in,
'Peared like, to say the whole thing over to hisse'f ag'in;
Then stopped and turned, and kind o' coughed, and stooped and fumbled fer
Somepin er nother in the grass — I guess his handkercher.

Well, sence I 'm back from Washington, where I left Fluke a-still
A-leggin' fer me, heart and soul, on that-air pension bill,
I 've half-way struck the notion, when I think o' wealth and sich,
They's nothin' much patheticker 'an jes a-bein' rich!

James Whitcomb Riley.

YORK CATHEDRAL.



THE likeness between the cathedrals of Lincoln and York is merely of a general kind and disappears when their features are examined; but added to the fact of their near neighborhood it suffices to bind them closely together in one's thought. Each is a vast three-towered but spireless church. Each stands in a town that was famous in the earliest times, and still seems large and living although outrivaled by those black hives of modern commerce which now fill the north of England. Each is the crowning feature in a hilly city and is distinctively a city church, only sparsely provided with green surroundings. When we think of the cathedral at Lincoln or at York we think almost solely of an architectural effect; and this can be said of no other except St. Paul's in London.

I.

THE history of York as a cathedral town begins much further back than that of Lincoln. The Normans first set up an episcopal chair in the place which centuries before had been Lindum Colonia of the Romans; but in the year 314 Eboracum of the Romans sent a British bishop to take part in the councils of southern Christendom, and where there was a bishop there must have been, in some shape, a cathedral church. In the fifth century walls and worshippers were swept away by English immigration. But the first preacher who spoke of Christ to the pagan English of York bore an even higher title than bishop. With him—with the great apostle Paulinus in the early years of the seventh century—began that archiepiscopal line which still holds sway in the northern shires: It is true that the new chair was almost immediately overturned by the heathen, that Paulinus fled to far-off Rochester and never returned, and that for a century there was not again a fully accredited archbishop and sometimes not even a bishop at York. Yet the right of the town to its high ecclesiastical rank was never quite forgotten through all those stormy hundred years, and from the eighth century to the nineteenth the "Primate of England" has sat at York while the "Primate of all England" has sat at Canterbury. The terms are perplexing, and their

origin sounds not a little childish in our modern ears.

When Pope Gregory sent Paulinus after Augustine to England, he meant that there should be an archbishop in the south and another in the north, and that each should have twelve dioceses under his rule. But no such orderly arrangement, no such equal division of authority, was ever effected. Rome gave the ecclesiastical impulse in England, but insular customs, wishes, and occurrences guided its development. The earliest bishoprics were laid out in the only practicable way—in accordance with tribal boundaries; and as these boundaries were lost to sight an existing chair was suppressed or shifted, or a new one was set up as local necessity or secular power decreed. And meanwhile there was bitter quarreling between the two archiepiscopal lines—the southern fighting for supremacy, and the northern for equal rights. In the synod of 1072 the Archbishop of York was declared by Rome to be his rival's subordinate, but about fifty years later Rome spoke again to pronounce them equals, and the unbrotherly struggle continued, waxing and waning but never ceasing, until in 1354 the pope discovered a recipe of conciliation. Canterbury's archbishop was to be called "Primate of all England," but York's was, nevertheless, to be called "Primate of England"; each was to carry his cross of office erect in the province of the other, but whenever a Primate of England was consecrated he was to send to the Primate of all England, to be laid on the shrine of St. Thomas, a golden jewel of the value of forty pounds. "Thus," as caustic Fuller wrote, "when two children cry for the same apple, the indulgent father divides it between them, yet so that he gives the better part to the child which is his darling."

To-day the Archbishop of York is simply the ruler of the few northern sees of England and the Archbishop of Canterbury the ruler of the many central and southern sees. Neither owes filial duty or can claim paternal rights, but Canterbury is a good deal the bigger brother of the two.¹

The most interesting part of the matter to a stranger's mind is that the verbal juggling of the Roman father should still be piously echoed although it is so many generations since any

¹ The province of the Archbishop of York now embraces the sees of York, Carlisle, Durham, Chester, Ripon, Manchester, Liverpool, Newcastle, and Sodor

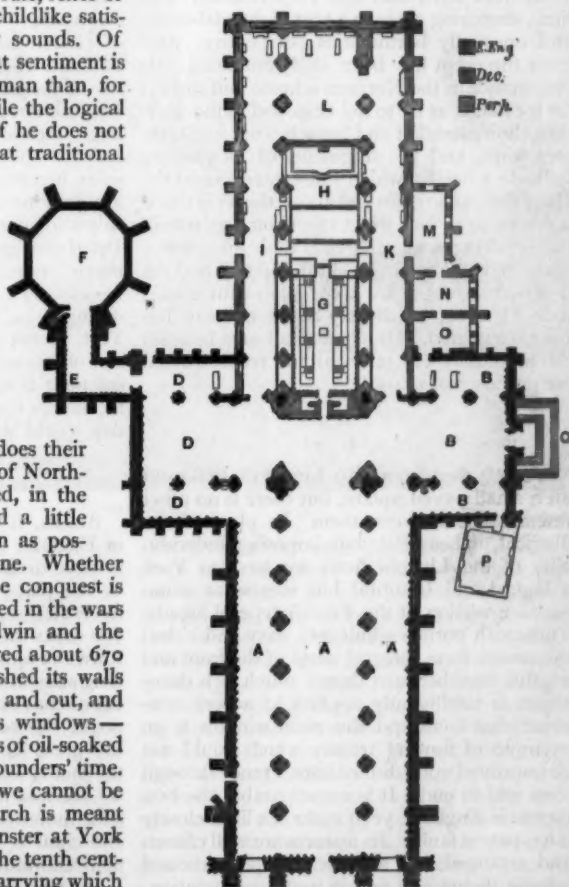
and Man. The bishops of Scotland were nominally subordinate to him until an Archbishop of St. Andrews was created, towards the end of the fifteenth century.

English primate was a darling child of Rome. No fact more clearly illustrates that singular characteristic of the English people which has been called the wish, but is in truth the power, to eat yet have its cake. It is a people progressive in intellect, conservative at heart, which can keep the form of things while altering their essence, can desire and secure the new yet clothe the change with nominal reverence for the old. We cannot fancy any strife to-day between the two primates of England, any jealousy or envy, and neither a leaning towards Rome in their hearts nor a love of shams and fictions. Yet we cannot fancy them for a moment content to be deprived of those illogical titles, which, when we come down to facts, are but badges of Rome's quondam rule, relics of ancient quarrelings, tokens of a childlike satisfaction in the pomp of empty sounds. Of course such anomalies prove that sentiment is stronger in the average Englishman than, for example, in the Frenchman, while the logical imagination is much weaker. If he does not insist, like the Frenchman, that traditional symbols be abandoned when the things they symbolize are given up, it is both because he loves ancient words and forms for their mere antiquity and because he feels no need to identify them with ideas, beliefs, or facts.

II.

As the archbishops of York trace back to Paulinus, so too does their cathedral. When King Edwin of Northumbria was about to be baptized, in the year 625, he hastily constructed a little wooden church, which, as soon as possible, he replaced by one of stone. Whether or no this church stood until the conquest is uncertain. It was greatly damaged in the wars which caused the death of Edwin and the flight of Paulinus, and was repaired about 670 by Bishop Wilfrid, who whitewashed its walls till they were "like snow" inside and out, and for the first time put glass in its windows—boards pierced with holes or sheets of oil-soaked linen having filled them in its founders' time. Of these facts we are sure; but we cannot be sure whether the cathedral church is meant when it is said that a certain minster at York was burned and reconstructed in the tenth century. At all events, however, the harrying which revolted York received at the Conqueror's

hand reduced its cathedral to ruin; and the first Norman archbishop, Thomas of Bayeux, rebuilt it from the foundations up. Archbishop Roger, who ruled in the time of Henry II. from 1154 to 1181, again reconstructed crypt and choir in a newer Norman fashion.¹ In the Early-English period the transept was renewed and the lower portions of the central tower, and in the Decorated period the nave and the west-front with the lower stories of its towers. At the beginning of the Perpendicular period a presbytery and retro-choir were thrown out eastward of the Norman choir; and then this choir was pulled down and rebuilt in a later Perpendicular style, the central tower was wholly renewed and finished, and the upper



PLAN OF YORK CATHEDRAL.

¹ Or it is possible that Thomas merely repaired and altered the pre-Norman choir when he built his new nave and transept, and that Roger first really reconstructed it.

A, Nave and Aisles; B, South Arm of Great Transept and Aisles; C, South Transept Entrance; D, North Arm of Great Transept and Aisles; E, Vestibule to Chapter-house; F, Chapter-house; G, Choir; H, Presbytery and High Altar; I, K, Aisles of Choir and Presbytery; L, Retro-Choir; M, Record-room; N, Vestry; O, Treasury; P, Record-room.

stages of the western ones were added. Thus, although no great catastrophe again overtook the church after the Conqueror burned it, gradual renewal did as thorough a work as flame—once for all its parts and twice for some of them. If nothing remains to-day of the old English cathedral—the “Saxon” cathedral—except a few fragments of its crypt built into the Norman walls, nothing above the crypt remains of either the Norman church of Thomas or the later Norman choir of Roger. Everything we see above ground is of later date than the advent of the pointed arch; and the main effect of the building, moreover, is determined not by its earlier but by its later existing portions—not by the Lancet-pointed transept, but by the Decorated nave and the Perpendicular east limb, stretching away in a vast, light, elaborate, and unusually harmonious perspective. And even the crypt has been sadly mutilated. Its importance in the Norman scheme still shows; for it extends as far to the eastward as the Norman choir extended and branches out into transept arms, and the fragments of its vaulting indicate a height which must have raised the choir floors some eight feet above the level that it holds to-day. But when the choir was rebuilt this vaulting was removed, that the church floor might be made level throughout, and the deserted spaces below were filled with a solid mass of earth, which only of recent years has been excavated. Merely a small area beneath the high altar was reserved and reconstructed for purposes of prayer.

III.

YORK's west-front, like Lincoln's, looks out on a small paved square, but there is no other resemblance between them. In place of the illogical, unbeautiful, but imposing individuality of the Lincoln front, we have at York a logical and beautiful but somewhat unimpressive version of the French type of façade. Three rich portals admit into nave and aisles; the towers form integral parts of the front and a gable rises between them; much rich decoration is intelligently applied to accent constructional facts, and the main window is an example of flowing tracery which could not be improved upon did we hunt France through from end to end. It is incomparably the best façade in England, yet if we look a little closely it has patent faults. Its features are well chosen and arranged, but are not well proportioned among themselves nor in quite true relationship to the interior of the church. The windows are too large for the size of the portals; the

chief one is much too large for the nave it lights—a fact which appears more plainly when we stand inside the church; and a keener sense for the value of subordinate lines would have increased the apparent height of the towers by putting two or three ranges of small lights in place of each great transomed opening. Moreover, the scale of the whole work is so small that it lacks the dignity, the impressiveness, the superb power and “lift,” which we find in its Gallic prototypes. It is incomparably the best façade in England, yet it proves once more that Englishmen never quite succeeded where Frenchmen were most sure to triumph. Perhaps it was because the highest kind of architectural power was lacking; perhaps it was because the problem was really insolvable—because the long, low English type of church could not in the nature of things be fitted with a front dignified enough for the size of the building yet true to its proportions. But, whatever the explanation, there is not a large façade in England which thoroughly satisfies both eye and mind. Schemes of insular invention, as at Salisbury and Lincoln, are grandiose but illogical and awkward. The splendid paraphrase of French features at Peterborough is still more grandiose and very much more beautiful, but again illogical, mendacious. And the would-be faithful rendering of a French ideal which we find at York seems almost petty and pretty by reason of its smallness, and is not devoid of conspicuous faults. I think there is not a large façade in England which an architect of to-day would study as a model.

IV.

AGAIN, it seems thoroughly characteristic of England that although at York the façade is more distinctly emphasized than elsewhere as the place of entrance to the church, it is nevertheless not thus commonly used. When one seeks the minster¹ from the center of the town the approach is through the picturesque long ancient street called the Stonegate, which debouches on a wide stretch of pavement opposite the south side, and leads naturally to the great doorway in the transept end. But the fact is not unfortunate; for, entering thus, we see first the earliest portions of the fabric, and, moreover, this diagonal view into nave and choir is finer than a straight view along their enormous length.

We see first the earliest portions of the church and, immediately before us as we cross the threshold, its most individual and famous feat-

¹ “Minster” is derived, of course, from the same source as “monastery,” and in strictness means a church owned and served by monks. But it gradually

came to be used for other churches of large size, and for ages York Cathedral has been more commonly called York Minster, although its chapter was a secular one.

ure—that splendid group of equal lancets which is called the “Five Sisters,” rising in arrow-like outlines to a tremendous height and filled with the soft radiance of ancient glass. Its glass is the great and peculiar glory of York, but none of the scores of gorgeous windows in

ster as they found it with regard to size. Each new construction meant enlargement, and when we compare a plan of the building of to-day with one of Thomas of Bayeux’s church we find that breadth has greatly increased while length has actually doubled. When the pres-



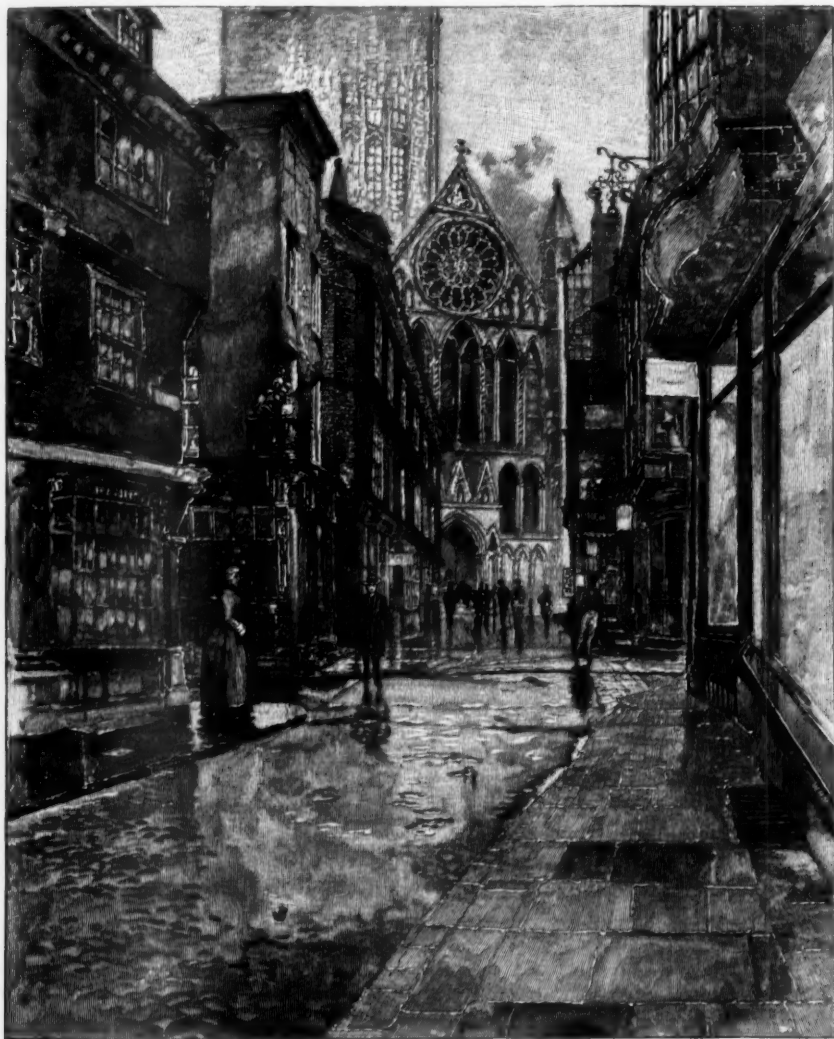
THE WEST-FRONT.

which many colors contrast and sparkle are more beautiful than these, where a pale-green tone, like glacier ice, is but delicately diapered with inconspicuous patterns of a darker hue. The transepts were built just before 1250, and the glass in these lancets cannot be of much later date. Above them is another group of five, but graduated in height beneath the vaulting. Opposite, in the end of the south limb, is the door through which we entered with rich blank arcades on each hand; two groups of two lights each above; three windows, the central of two lights, above these again; and a great rose in the gable.

In the arches which stretch between the main alley of the transept and its aisles to right and left an odd irregularity in span appears.

It is not to be supposed that the many re-buildings which went on at York left the min-

ent transept was built the Norman nave and choir were standing; and although their central alleys were as wide as those afterwards constructed, their aisles were extremely narrow. Therefore a narrow arch led from these aisles into each transept aisle, and the corresponding arch in the transept arcade was built of corresponding size, although the succeeding three, which completed this arcade, were given a much wider span. But when the nave came to be rebuilt with widened aisles each of these opened against the pier of the narrow arch in the transept: instead of standing parallel with the outer wall of the nave, this pier now stood midway of its aisle. It could not be moved and the arch it bore enlarged without some alteration of the arch beside it; but this alteration was promptly effected in the simplest way. The narrow arch and the one beside it were taken down and each was put



THE TRANSEPT AND CENTRAL TOWER FROM THE STONEGATE.

in the other's place. The same thing was done when, later on, the new choir was built; and all four smaller arches were then walled up, the better to support the new and massive tower. Thus to-day when we stand beneath the tower we see between the transept and each of its four aisles first a wide arch, then a narrow one walled up, and then again two wide ones, while in the triforium and clerestory above the original arrangement is preserved—first a narrow compartment and then three wider ones. (See the illustration on page 725.) Parallelism, unity, are of course injured by such a state

of things. But greatly though the medieval architect loved these qualities, he could sacrifice them when occasion bade; and we are forced to say that his treatment of the problem at York was the right one. It was more important that the arrangement should be right on the floor, where convenience as well as beauty was in question, than that the transept design should be preserved intact. And would it have been worth while to rebuild this part of the transept up to the roof in the interests of unity, as such rebuilding would have meant vast expense and inconvenience, would have

secured symmetry at a sacrifice of the beauty of the upper stories, and would have killed that evidence of the "reason why" which now is so attractive in its naïve frankness?

In spite of the walling-up of the four narrow arches the vast weight of the Perpendicular tower had disastrous results. All the four great

of these eight arches could not have been successfully done. But in almost every church of size, as well as here at York, we see that skill by no means kept pace with ambition—that either accurate knowledge or a sensitive artistic conscience often must have lacked. The history of modern architecture, with all the sins



THE "FIVE SISTERS" FROM THE SOUTH TRANSEPT ENTRANCE.

piers, we are told, "sank bodily into the ground to a depth of about eight inches"; and this means, of course, that they no longer stood quite straight, and that neighboring walls and arches were dislocated too. Repairs have done something to conceal the damage, but it is still almost alarmingly apparent.

There must have been clever engineers in medieval times, or such a work as the shifting

and feeblenesses that it has to chronicle, shows us no such brilliant crimes against common sense, no such willful, daring attempts to achieve the impossible, no such disregard by one generation of the constructional intentions of another, as meet us on every page when we scan the records of medieval times. No disaster is more often noted in England than the falling of a central tower. When it fell it was either



THE NAVE.

because it had not been properly supported in the first place or because it had been finished or rebuilt on a substructure originally meant to bear a much lesser load. When it did not fall there are very often such signs of trouble as show at York, or such propping beams and arches as have met us at Salisbury and Canterbury and will meet us again at Winchester and Wells. And do we not know the extraordinary rashness of Peterborough's builders, who, upon scarcely any foundation, made their columns of thick cores of rubbish encircled by the thinnest skin of cemented stones? No facts could bear clearer witness to a want of knowledge or a want of conscience—if, indeed, these two qualities can be dis severed

when building is concerned. Yet how flatly their witness is denied in the once universally accepted dogmas of the Ruskin creed! Architectural conscience died, this creed declares, with the death of Gothic art. It would be truer to say that it was reborn with the birth of Renaissance ideals. We may grant the loftier aim, the more splendid genius, to Gothic-building generations; but if conscience means, in architecture, that nothing shall be attempted which cannot be carried out, and carried out to last,—that whatever is done shall be perfectly well done,—then its possession must be denied them. We may prefer the one temper of mind, the one outcome, or the other; but it is ignorance or special pleading to confuse

them in drawing up our verdict, and to say that where we see the greatest beauty there perforce must be the greatest virtue.

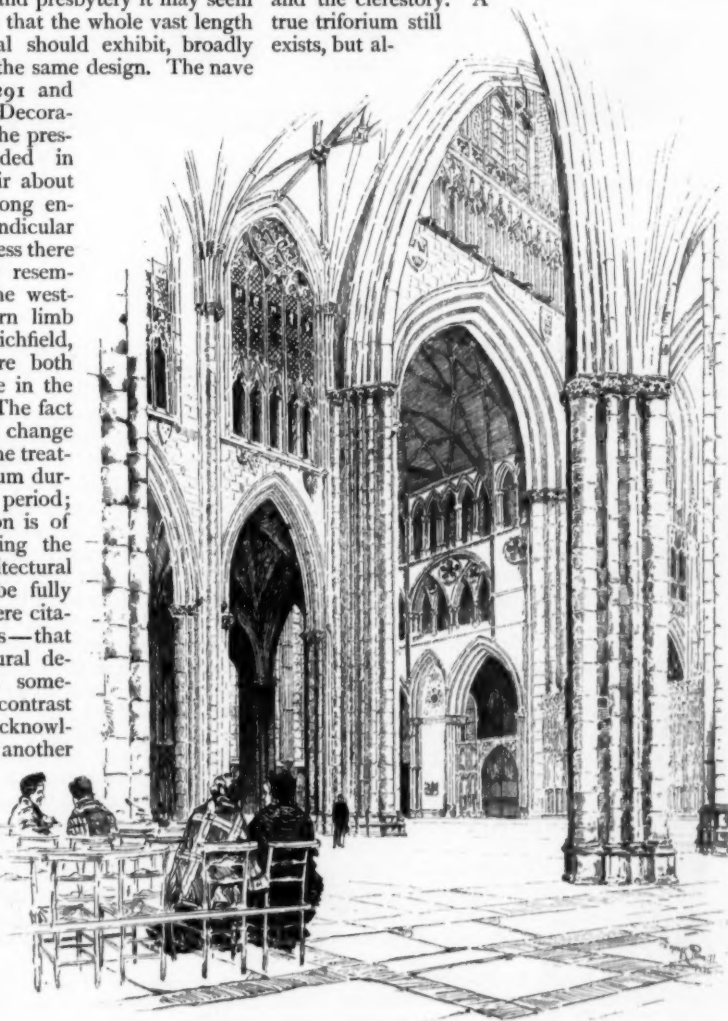
v.

REMEMBERING the widely separated dates of nave and choir and presbytery it may seem doubly remarkable that the whole vast length of York Cathedral should exhibit, broadly speaking, one and the same design. The nave

was begun in 1291 and finished in the Decorated period, while the presbytery was founded in 1361 and the choir about 1380 and both belong entirely to the Perpendicular period. Nevertheless there is a much closer resemblance between the western and the eastern limb than there is at Lichfield, for example, where both nave and choir are in the Decorated style. The fact is explained by the change which came over the treatment of the triforium during the Decorated period; and the explanation is of interest as enforcing the truth that architectural character cannot be fully determined by a mere citation of typical names—that to study architectural development means something more than to contrast a work in one acknowledged style with another that exhibits a different style. There was never a decade when changes were not wrought, and sometimes a most important constructional change did not coincide with that alteration in style which in later periods chiefly meant new decorative devices and new patterns in the windows.

In Norman and in Early-English years the triforium was a lofty independent story equaling or surpassing the clerestory in importance. Such was still the case in the earlier part of the

Decorated period, as when Lichfield's nave was built. But before the close of this period the triforium shrunk into a feature of distinctly minor importance. In the nave of York (as our illustration shows) the height from floor to roof is not divided, as before, into three great horizontal divisions, but into two—the pier-arcade and the clerestory. A true triforium still exists, but al-



THE TRANSEPT FROM THE NAVE.

though conspicuous it is no longer constructionally independent—it is merely a reserved portion of the clerestory design. Above the heavy transoms which divide the windows the lights are glazed and look upon the outer air, while below them they are open as an arcade



THE MINSTER FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

upon a dark, narrow passage. In the choir of Lichfield, which is also a late-Decorated design, the triforium is much less slightly marked — a mere open balustraded walk running across the base of the clerestory windows; and once the innovation was made, the tendency was more and more to suppress the triforium in favor of the other stories. So when we find in the Perpendicular east limb of York the same arrangement that the nave displays, we feel that a rather uncommon desire for unity must have swayed its builders; and, indeed, a recorded resolution of the archbishop and chapter, dated 1361, which declares that "every church should have its different parts consistently decorated," does not speak the general temper of medieval builders.¹

The nave is plainly treated and somewhat thin and cold of aspect; but it is taller than any nave we have seen and a little broader too, and these facts give it unwonted dignity and grandeur. We rejoice in the absence of the almost tunnel-like narrowness which we have so often found, and rejoice, too, in that height of ninety feet, which, were we on continental soil, would seem all too low.

The least satisfactory part of the nave is the

western end. In the center is a door with a traceried head and a gable which rises quite to the sill of the great window, while the top of this window touches the apex of the vault. A cornice-string, which continues the window-sill to right and left, divides the wall into two parts, and above and below it the whole surface is covered by a rich paneling of small traceried and canopied niches, once filled with many figures. There is no vital relationship between door and window: they are merely superimposed and hardly seem to belong to a single architectural conception. The strong horizontal line made by the cornice-string and accented by a difference in the design of the paneling above and below it as greatly detracts from unity as from verticality of effect. The window is much too large for the door, and its gracefully arched head does not harmonize with the obtuser arch formed above it by the end of the vaulted ceiling where it abuts against the wall.

It is a pity indeed that so exquisite a window should thus have the air of not belonging in its place. It is by far the finest in all England, and there is none finer in the world. Built between 1317 and 1340 it marks the apogee of the Decorated style, when geometrical had

¹ As a rule, in early churches the passage back of the triforium arcade was as wide as the aisles, was roofed at the level of the clerestory string-course, and lighted by large windows in the external wall, so that an exterior view presents three ranges of windows almost equal in importance. And, as a rule, when the triforium came to be of less importance inside, it was backed by a dark passage over which the roof sloped away without windows, and an external view thus shows but two ranges of openings. But we cannot so depend upon rules as to be sure, from an exterior, what the interior design will be — a fact which proves that the development of medieval art, at least in England, was less "logical,"

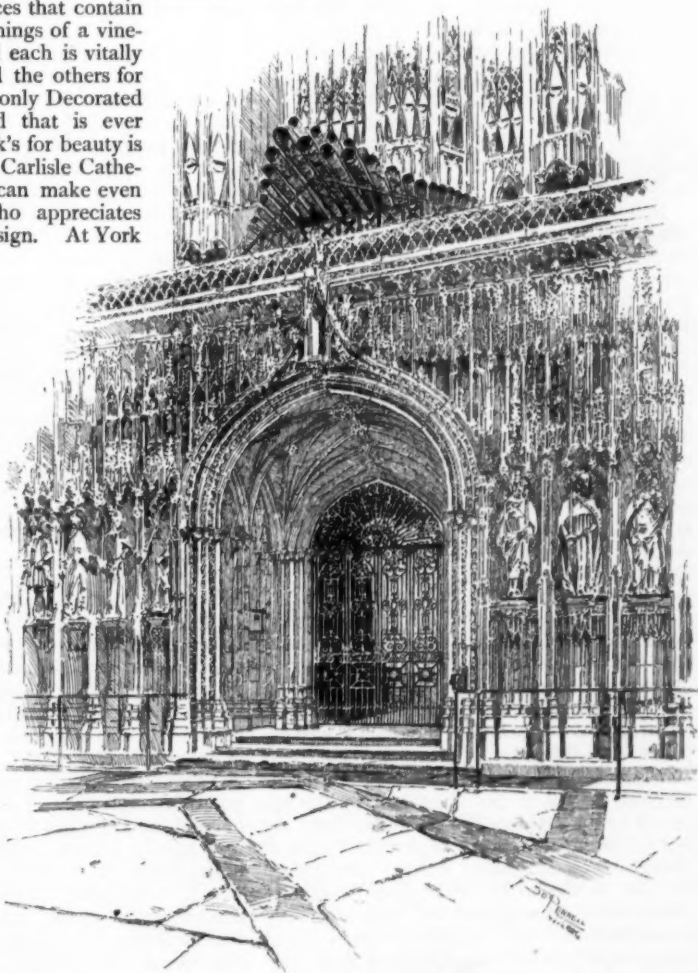
more dependent upon personal or local preferences, than we often suppose it was. In the very early Lancet-Pointed choir at Ripon, for example, there are but two ranges of windows and the tall triforium opens on a dark passage; the same is the case in the Lancet-Pointed nave and the Decorated presbytery at Lincoln, and in the Decorated nave at Lichfield; while in the late-Decorated choir at Ely there are three ranges of magnificent traceried windows and the triforium passage is as open and light as in the earliest Norman churches. In the Decorated as in the Perpendicular work at York there are dark passages and two external stories only.

been developed into flowing traceries and had not yet stiffened into any approach to Perpendicular types. There is a suggestion in it of the flamboyant forms of France; but it is not really flamboyant—it is a most characteristic and flawless example of the later flowing style. Eight tall narrow lights are finished as eight little equal trefoiled arches; above these the delicate rising lines develop into four groups of two arches each, and again above into two groups of four arches each, while flowing lines then diverge to form a heart-shaped figure in the center of the window-head, supporting another of smaller size and supported on each hand by an egg-shaped figure. All the lines which form these figures and fill them with lace-like traceries are as beautifully adapted to the spaces that contain them as are the veinings of a vine-leaf to its lobe, and each is vitally dependent upon all the others for its own effect. The only Decorated window in England that is ever compared with York's for beauty is the east window of Carlisle Cathedral; and no one can make even this comparison who appreciates the essentials of design. At York the entire window is a unit in conception and effect, despite its multitude of parts; but at Carlisle the main mullions are so disposed that we seem to see, under the great arch of the head, two narrow windows placed side by side with a still narrower one between them. It is a beautiful window, but not so beautiful as the one at York, and by many degrees less excellent as a logical piece of design. Correctly speaking, the York window is a modern work, for it was entirely rebuilt some years ago; but the original was carefully copied stone by stone and its an-

cient glass reset. The windows in the aisles and clerestory of the nave show an admirable but constantly repeated geometrical design.

VI.

IN the four huge piers which support the central tower the original Norman piers were kept as cores and covered with masonry to correspond with the new work in nave and choir. The powerful connecting arches are singularly graceful in shape, and between their tops and the great windows of the lantern runs a rich arcade. The vaulting of the lantern, 180 feet above the floor, is also very elaborate—a net-work of delicate lines like interwoven tendrils.



THE CHOIR-SCREEN.

The screen which shuts off the main alley of the choir is the most splendid that remains in England. It dates from the year 1500 and still preserves most of its sculptured figures, chief among them a series representing the kings of England from William I. to Henry VI. Lower and less massive screens shut off the choir-aisles; and the east-limb thus protected is used for the service. The nave has been fitted up for occasional preaching, but most of the time is left desolate to memories of a banished faith and echoes of the sightseer's whispering voice. Within the screens the real majesty of the minster first bursts upon the sense. The design, which looks cold and somewhat uninteresting in the nave, looks superb and splendid here where rich work in paneling, tracery, and sculptured ornament abounds; and it is improved by the closer station of the piers and narrower form of the arches which they bear. This is much the longest east-limb in England, absorbing very nearly half the length of the church and measuring $223\frac{1}{2}$ feet, while Lincoln's, which comes next in size, measures 158. Many elaborate tombs remain in the presbytery and the retro-choir.

Between choir and presbytery the long succession of three superimposed stories is broken on each hand by the great arch, springing to the roof, which admits to the minor or eastern transept. Such a transept exists, as we have seen, in two or three other English churches, but its arrangement at York is unique. It is not an addition to the east-limb, but a transept built wholly within it—of one bay only to north and south, not projecting farther than the line of the aisle-walls, and thus not showing on a ground-plan. Yet it is almost as effective as though it were longer, for its tall arches give great dignity as well as variety to the vast perspective, and its ends are filled each by a single window rising from near the floor quite to the ceiling—fitting companions for the giant at the east end of the church.

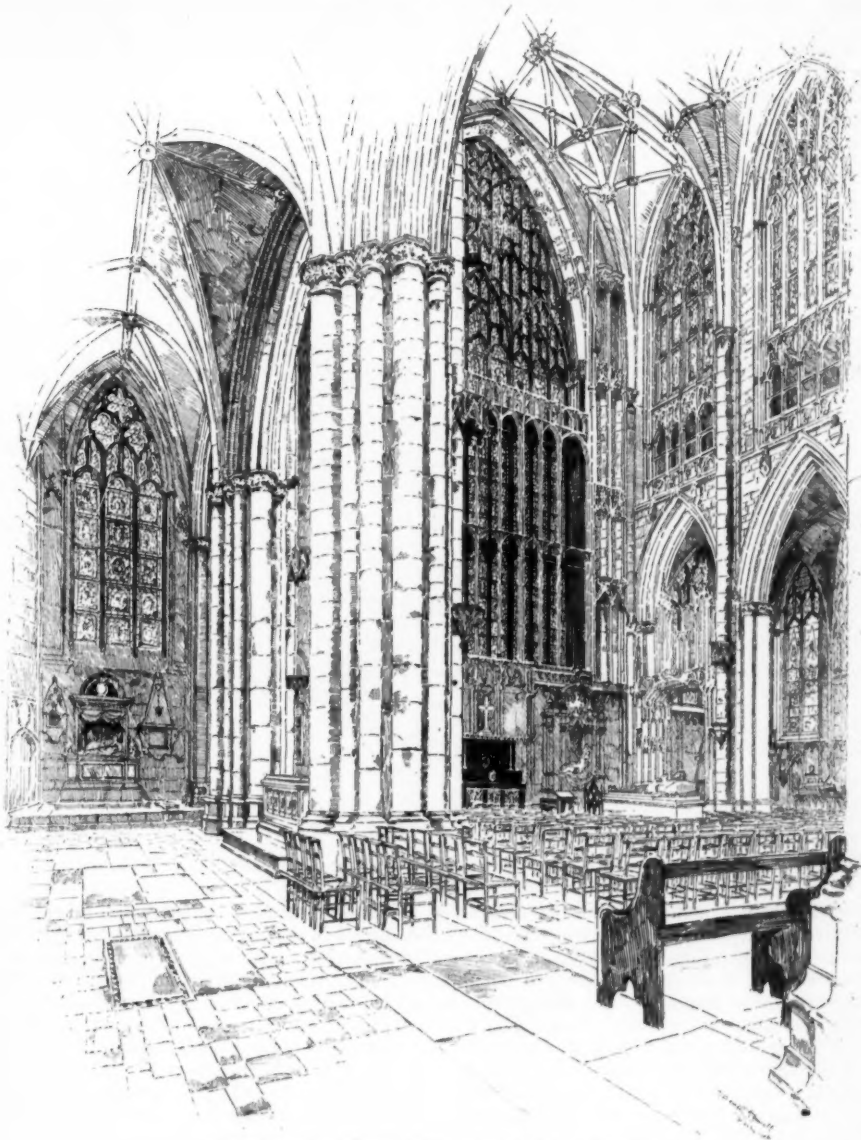
With the exception of the corresponding window in Gloucester Cathedral this east window at York is the largest single opening in the world—seventy-three feet in height by thirty-three in breadth. By contrast with its far-off rival at the west end of the nave it well explains the difference between Perpendicular and Decorated Gothic, while the aisle window (likewise shown in the illustration on the opposite page) explains the transition from the one to the other. It may seem at first sight as though "perpendicular" was the wrong word to give to the newer style, since strong repeated lines cut windows and walls into horizontal sections. But this device gives rise to many superimposed successions of short perpendicular lines; and in the window-heads

these so entirely control the design that the few curved and flowing lines which accompany them play a very minor part in its effect. In fact the term "Perpendicular" has been adopted to express not so much a greater effort after verticality in a general sense as a preference for ranges of short straight, upright lines, and is to be set against the term "flowing," which describes the last phase of the Decorated style.

The retro-choir at York was the Lady-Chapel, and the Virgin's altar stood immediately below the great east window. Retro-choir, presbytery, choir, and nave are covered and always have been covered with wooden ceilings in imitation of stone vaults, but their aisles, together with all portions of the great transept, are vaulted with stone. In 1829 the choir was set in flames by a maniac who had concealed himself overnight behind a tomb, and the roof was entirely destroyed, as well as the organ and carved stalls. In 1840 another fire, of accidental origin, consumed the roof of the nave and greatly injured the lantern; but everything was restored as nearly as possible—given the skill of that not very skillful time—to its original condition.

The chapter-house stands near the north arm of the greater transept and is entered through a fine vestibule. In date and style it corresponds with the main portions of the nave and is earlier than the west-front, belonging to the geometrical period of Decorated Gothic. Seven of its faces are filled with large windows of simple yet admirable design, beneath them running a row of seats covered with tall elaborate canopies. In the eighth face is the double arch of the doorway, then a pediment filled with paneling, and then blank traceries on the wall which match the seven windows. There is no central column, but the roof, borne in the eight angles on lovely clustered shafts, makes a clear sweep from wall to wall sixty-seven feet above the floor. With the exception of one church in Prague and one in Portugal and the lantern of Ely Cathedral, we have here the only Gothic dome in the world. But our admiration for both the English examples is lessened, alas! by the knowledge that their roofs—so strong yet light, so nervous yet delicate in effect—are of wood instead of stone.

This is perhaps the most famous chapter-house in England, and on its walls we read a painted Latin legend to the effect that as the rose stands among flowers, so this chapter-house stands among the chapter-houses of the world. Very likely many visitors think that the boast reads none too boastfully. Yet I fancy there will be some to agree with me in preferring certain earlier chapter-houses—especially the one at Lincoln. These beautiful windows



THE EAST-END FROM THE NORTH AISLE OF THE RETRO-CHOIR.

at York seem to absorb almost too much space, to make the effect almost too fragile and airy; and even the magnificence of an octagon sixty-three feet in diameter, with a clear floor and a flying roof, is less individual, less interesting, less beautiful, than one where rises "like a foamy sheaf of fountains" a central clustered column with its branching stream of ribs. The tendency of Gothic art was ever to accomplish

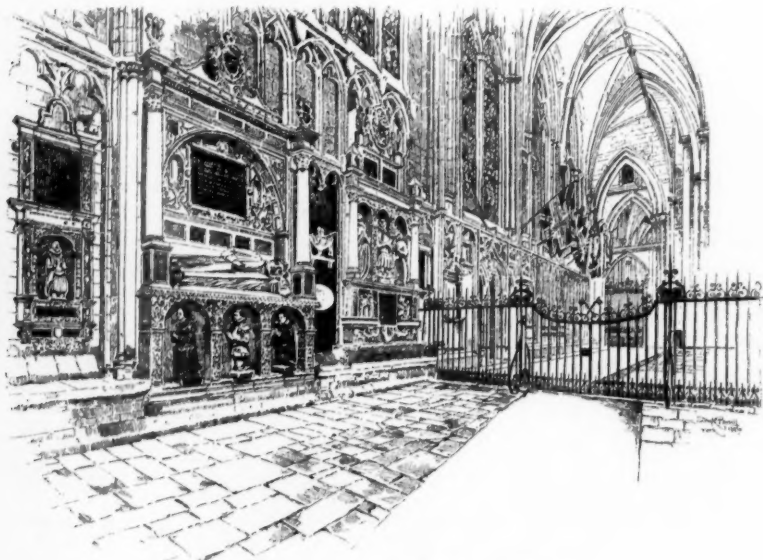
things with less and less revelation of the way in which they were accomplished—to build to loftier and loftier heights with lighter and lighter walls, and more and more to concentrate the points of support. In the chapter-house at York we see the final outcome as regards this class of structures, but an outcome less entirely pleasing to mind or eye than one in which constructional devices are more

frankly shown. Yet it has one great advantage over all its rivals. Nowhere else do we find so beautiful or well-arranged a vestibule, bringing us out into the light, lovely room through a rich but dim and solemn passage-way, the effect of which is vastly increased by the sharp turn it takes.

VII.

PERHAPS nothing in all England makes so strong an impression on the tourist as the interior of York. But it would be difficult to

"tone" to many continental churches even when no actual coloring exists, and a glare of white light or hideous cacophony of modern hues fills the enormous windows. Columns and walls and floors are as barren at York as elsewhere, and although many tombs remain, without its glass it would seem even colder and emptier than most of its sisters. But its glass, thrice fortunately, has been almost wholly preserved. Nowhere else in the island can we learn half so well as here what part translucent color was meant to play in a Gothic church.



TOMBS IN THE SOUTH AISLE OF THE PRESBYTERY.

overestimate the degree to which its singular effectiveness depends upon its riches of ancient glass. Architecturally considered there are other interiors more individual, more beautiful, even more imposing, and many others more interesting to the student's eye. But the great and general fault of English churches is that they have been entirely reduced to architectural bone and sinew — that they lack decorative warmth and glow, life and color, and the charm which lies in those myriad accessory things piously preserved elsewhere by the lingering faith of Rome. All the varied tools and trappings, altars, shrines, and symbolic trophies of the rich Catholic ritual have been banished; much of the furniture is gone; all the walls are bare of paint; scores of tombs and chantries have been shattered to bits, and thousands of sculptured ornaments and figures have fallen beneath the ax. A painful cleanliness has replaced those time-stains which give

Not all the windows show the old glass, nor is it always in the position it originally held; but the exceptions are few, and the most conspicuous results of modern manufacture fill the smaller lancets above the "Five Sisters" and those in the opposite end of the great transept. In one or two of the nave windows parts of the glass are even earlier than that in the "Five Sisters," dating from about 1200, and having been preserved, of course, from the earlier building; and elsewhere we can follow the development of the art through a period of four full centuries. The west window, glazed about 1350, is a gorgeous mosaic of ruddy and purple hues, shining, in the intricate stone pattern which shows black against the light, like a million amethysts and rubies set in ebony lace. The colossal multicolored eastern window and the two of similar fashion in the minor transept are vast and fair enough for the walls of the New Jerusalem, and so too the



THE MINSTER FROM THE STREET.

exquisite sea-green "Sisters"; while wherever we look in the delicately constructed eastern limb it seems not as though walls had been pierced for windows, but as though radiant translucent screens — fragile, yet vital and well equal to their task — had been used to build a church and were merely bound together with a net-work of solid stone. For the moment we feel that nothing in the world is so beautiful as glass and that no glass in the world could be more beautiful than this.

If, however, we know French glass of the best periods, we remember it, when the passage of first emotions leaves us cool enough to think, as being still more wonderful. In these pages it would be as impossible to discuss all the differences between French and English glass as to trace the variations that marked styles and centuries in England, or to describe the patterns before us, which, although blending at a distance into a Persian vagueness of design, are varied and admirable pictures when we see them somewhat closer. Only this may be said: blue is the most brilliant of all colors in a translucent state, the one which gives stained glass a quality most different from that of opaque pigments; blue is more prominently used in the best French glass than any other

color, while in England it rarely dominates in a window, and is often almost altogether suppressed in favor of green and red and yellow and brownish hues. The general tone in English glass is often rather soft and thick — a little oleaginous, so to say, or treacle-like; less clear, crisp, sparkling, gemlike than ideally perfect glass should be. To my mind the very best English windows are apt to be those of the latest Gothic period, when the background of architectural motives is softly grayish in tone and throws out with exquisite effect the brilliant little figures which were then preferred to the large figures of earlier times. But it is not glass of this description which most fully shows the royal splendor that is within the compass of the art.

Yet though we may say that there is still finer glass in the world than all but the very best of that in York Cathedral, as a whole York's glass is quite fine enough to reveal the true power of medieval glaziers and the potency of their handiwork as an aid to architectural effect. Indeed, the lesson it teaches is that Gothic stained glass was much more than an adornment to architecture. Historically and æsthetically it was in so strict a sense an architectural factor that we cannot

really appreciate a Gothic church if we think of it as a mere skeleton of stone. During a long period glass itself was the cause and reason of architectural development. As the achievements and ambitions of the glazier grew, the architect modified his scheme to suit the new possibilities of beauty thus supplied him. Not because windows were bigger was more splendid glass produced; it is truer to say that because glass was growing more and more splendid were windows increased in size. Thus when the revolution was complete great deep-toned windows held so prominent a place in the architect's primary conception that to judge this conception apart from them is to judge not merely a naked but a mutilated thing. Of course as much is not true of Norman buildings. Here arches, piers, and walls are all-important; windows play a very restricted rôle: the paint which has flaked off from their stones is a greater loss than the glass which has perished from their openings. But as Gothic art developed, the openings soared and widened till to say *windows* meant almost to say *walls*; and when we see these walls in thin white glass instead of rich with the intense color which means vigor and solidity as well as loveliness, it is like seeing a "skeletonized" leaf instead of a leaf filled with its fresh green tissues. A Perpendicular church was actually meant to look as I have said it does look when its glass is present—like a vast translucent colored tabernacle merely ribbed and braced with a sterner substance. To remove its glass thus means a great deal more than to destroy decorative charm. It means to ruin even the architectural idea.

Nowhere at York are the windows more deeply splendid, more radiantly fair, than in the vestibule of the chapter-house and the wonderful room itself. If only their influence might be felt apart from the teasing drone of the verger's explanatory repetitions! Curry favor with him by patient listening at first and he may consent to leave you to beauty and silence while he takes his flock back into the church. But after a moment he will be with you once more, the flock a new one but the drone the same, and the self-satisfied gesture which accents the words, "*Ut rosa flos florum, sic est domus ista domorum.*"

VIII.

THE story of the Archbishops of Canterbury means the story of their nation; but through the centuries when they were at their greatest their titular town lay quietly outside the scenes in which they figured. Not so with York. The focus of life in the north of England, its name comes constantly to the historian's lips, and

countless famous Englishmen there did famous deeds.

If we credit legends we may believe that the city was already in existence when King David reigned in Israel, but its clear history as Eboracum begins with the Romans—with Agricola who subdued or founded it, with Severus the emperor who died there and Geta his son, Constantius Chlorus, and Constantine the Great. Then, after a century of darkness, comes the shadowy figure of Arthur the Briton keeping his Christmas at Eboracum, and after another century of conflict, Edwin the Englishman and his baptism by Paulinus. Four hundred and fifty years later comes William the Norman, the sword in one hand, the torch in the other; then Henry II., receiving homage from Malcolm of Scotland; King John, visiting the city sixteen times; Henry III., signing his alliance with one Scottish king and marrying his daughter to another; Edward I., holding a parliament; Edward II., fleeing from Bannockburn; Edward III., in 1327, marching against the Bruce, and the next year marrying Philippa of Hainault in the cathedral; Queen Philippa, in 1346, marching to that victory of Neville's Cross which the monks of Durham were to watch from their tower-top; and Richard II. in 1389. In 1461 Henry VI. went out from York to the battle of Towton, and his conqueror entered it to return again as Edward IV. for his coronation in 1464. When Edward died his brother Richard was at York, and though he went at once to London he came back to pompous ceremonies while his nephews were being murdered in the Tower. And Flodden Field sent its representative in 1513—the slain body of James IV. of Scotland. York was distinguished in the Reformation as the center of the rebellion called the "Pilgrimage of Grace," and saw the execution of its ringleader, Robert Aske, and also the execution of Northumberland, who led the Catholic revolt in the time of Elizabeth. In 1640 Charles I. summoned a council of peers at York, hither removed his court in 1642, and here welcomed his wife when she brought him supplies from France. In 1644 the city was invested by Fairfax, with Cromwell serving as a lieutenant in his army. Prince Rupert's arrival raised the siege, but after the battle of Marston Moor the city surrendered to the Parliamentary forces.¹ Thus the two bloodiest battles ever fought by Englishmen against Englishmen were fought within sight of York—Towton and Marston Moor; and up to the time of the Restoration no city save London knew more of the course

¹ Members of the Fairfax family were put in charge of York by the Parliamentary party, and to them the minster owes its preservation from the ruin which was worked elsewhere.

of national life. It has been the birthplace, too, of spirits conspicuous for good or evil—not, indeed, as once was claimed, of Constantine the Great, but of Alcuin, the mighty scholar and friend of Charlemagne; of Waltheof, Earl of Northumberland, "hero and martyr of England, . . . the valiant and devout who died by the sword at the bidding of Norman judges"; of Guy Fawkes; of Flaxman the sculptor, Etty the painter, and the astronomical Earl of Rosse; of George Hudson, king of the railway, and of a host of minor sapient Dryasdusts.

with Thomas of Bayeux, the rebuilder of the cathedral church. The third who followed him was Thurstan, conspicuous in the struggle of York against Canterbury and of the monastic against the secular clergy; conspicuous too as a leader in the wars against the Scot—mounting the banners of St. Peter of York, St. John of Beverley, St. Wilfred of Ripon, and St. Cuthbert of Durham on a cart and leading them to the great victory called the "Battle of the Standard." He died in 1140, having given up miter and sword to become a monk at Cluny,



THE SKY-LINE OF YORK MINSTER FROM THE NORTH.

Then on the roll of York's archbishops what a famous company!—Paulinus; St. Chad, the great founder of Lichfield (who was not archbishop, yet for a while bishop at York); St. John of Beverley, rivaled in sanctity on this northern soil by St. Cuthbert of Durham only; Egbert, to whom the history of Bede was dedicated; Ealdred, the friend of Edward the Confessor and then of the rebel Tostig, and the primate who placed the crown on Harold's head, in the same year on William's, and two years later on Matilda's, and then died of a broken heart because of the ruin that the Conquest worked in Yorkshire—an expressive figure with which to close the line of the pre-Norman primates of the north.

The Norman line begins, as I have said,

and was followed by William Fitzherbert, a descendant of the Conqueror, who was canonized as St. William of York. Just why this honor was accorded it is hard to understand. Truly, William saved hundreds of lives by a miracle when a bridge fell into the Ouse; but miracles were plenty in those days, and perhaps the wish of the mighty diocese of York and the "money and entreaties" of his friend Antony Bek, Prince Bishop of Durham, had more to do with his saintship than had personal merit. The cathedral of York was dedicated to St. Peter; but to share a patron with the Church at large and to have no private collection of bones for purposes of pomp and revenue—this in no degree contented a great twelfth-century "house." So William Fitzherbert was canonized; his body



THE CHAPTER-HOUSE, "FIVE SISTERS," AND CENTRAL TOWER.

was fittingly enshrined, was translated to the new presbytery in later years, and, let us hope, faithfully did its part towards paying for its resting-place.

After the saint-to-be came Roger, whom Becket called all manner of names because he took the part of King Henry, and whom Becket's friends accused of complicity in his murder. Roger was certainly no saint, though doubtless no assassin; for he was the "York" whom the well-known anecdote describes as plumping himself down in "Canterbury's" lap when the southern primate had taken the seat at the papal legate's right hand in council at Westminster, and being thereupon beaten and trampled and hounded away to the cry, "Betrayers of St. Thomas, his blood is upon thy hands!" Yet he was a great scholar and a great builder, constructing, among many other things,

the new choir of his cathedral. Roger was followed by Geoffrey Plantagenet, reputed the son of King Henry and Fair Rosamond. Then came De Grey, the friend of King John in his struggle with the people; and then — with lesser men between them — Greenfield in the reign of Edward I., Melton in the reign of Edward II., when York was for a time the real capital of England, and from 1352 to 1373 Thoresby, who built the presbytery of his church and accepted with thanks the title of "Primate of England." In 1398 Scroope, who is the *York* of Shakspeare's Henry IV., was consecrated. In 1464 there came to the chair a Neville who played a prominent part in the Wars of the Roses, but is better remembered for a feast he gave, when 330 tuns of beer and 104 tuns of wine were drunk and everything in the world was eaten down to "four porpoises and eight

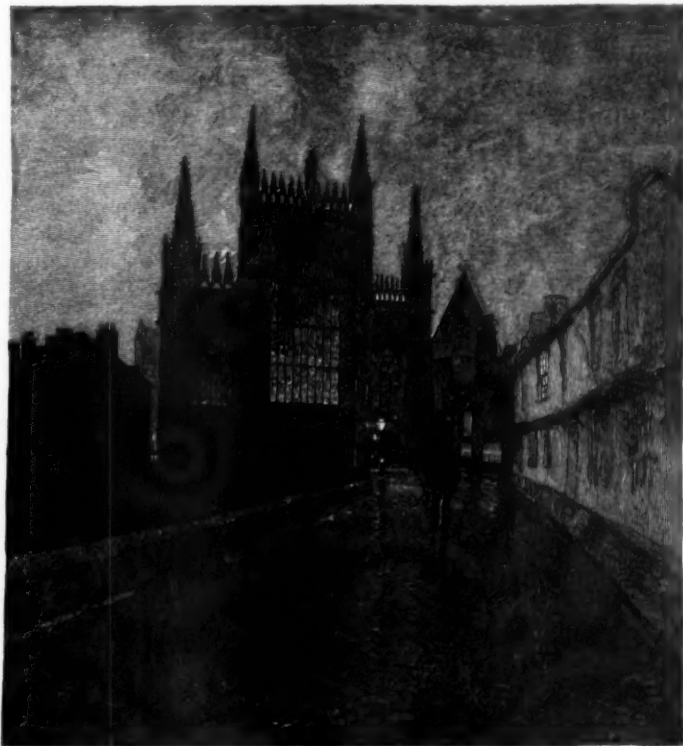
seals." And in 1514 came the most famous primate of all — Wolsey the cardinal, who at first held Durham's see with York's, and then, giving up Durham's, held Winchester's with York's, and after his disgrace came back to live near York and to die at Leicester.

IX.

In its ancient walls and gates and bridges, its many churches of many dates, its Norman castle and fifteenth-century guildhall, the exquisite ruins of St. Mary's Abbey, the long low streets of gabled, timbered houses, and

length is not supported by adequate height in the outer roof or in the towers, while the fact that this length is equally divided between nave and choir increases the monotony of the skyline. It is, of course, an immensely impressive sky-line; but to my eye it is the least beautiful that England shows in any of her great churches if Winchester and Peterborough be excepted.

Coming nearer we still find that Lincoln need not fear the contrast. The west doorways are very grand and very lovely, but elsewhere there is much less decoration than at Lincoln, and the simpler plan gives no such



THE EAST-END AT NIGHT.

the splendid archiepiscopal palaces and lordly homes that dot the neighboring country, York clearly shows the tread of time from Roman days to ours, and the handiwork of all the races and generations that have made it famous. But there is no room here for a survey so extensive. Only a line or two can be given to the external aspect of its greatest structure.

From a distance York Cathedral has by no means the beauty of Lincoln. It stands well, but not so well as Lincoln, and its excessive

picturesque perspectives or rich effects of light and shade. Nor are the towers satisfactory in proportion or design. They are very big, yet sadly stumpy, and the total lack of finish to the central one is as distressing as the exaggerated battlements around the western pair. But the south transept-front is magnificent: one of the finest impressions we get in England is when we perceive it first through the long low vista of the Stonegate. And we find a very splendid group when we stand on the green to

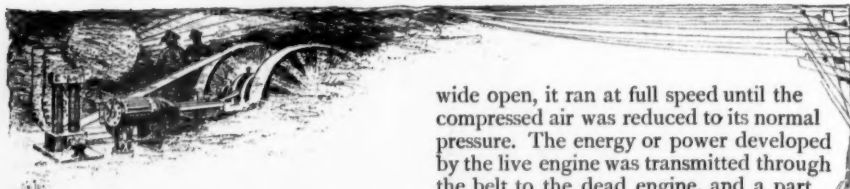
the north of the church — formerly the archbishop's garden, but now open and turfed around the relics of the shattered palace — and see the chapter-house, the "Five Sisters," and the central tower. Whatever may be thought of its interior, no chapter-house is so beautiful as this outside, with its well-designed buttresses and lofty roof and the great elbow of its vestibule. Nor could it be better supported than by the simple aspiring lines of the transept windows and the massive bulk of the tower behind them. Seen from the east the

chapter-house forms part of another admirable composition, where it stands in contrast to the long reach of the two-storied choir broken by the vast height of the window in the minor transept. The east-front of the church is typically English and good of its kind, though not to be compared with those produced in earlier days when windows were smaller but more numerous. The immense fields of glass that later Gothic builders used are of course less happy in effect outside a church than inside.

M. G. van Rensselaer.



SOMETHING ELECTRICITY IS DOING.



SEVERAL years ago, at one of the exhibitions of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association in Boston, there was a display of small steam engines, many of which were supplied with steam and were in motion. One exhibitor, who had a portable boiler with engine attached, did not use the steam supplied to the others, and his exhibit would have been "dead," or idle, had he not put a belt from a neighboring engine to his own. Most of the spectators did not notice this device, and imagined the engine was really at work on its own account. At the hour for closing the hall, when all the steam was shut off and the various engines came to rest, the belt to the "dead" engine was thrown off, and, to the amazement of those present, the idle engine instantly started off and ran at full speed for several minutes before it slowed down and stopped.

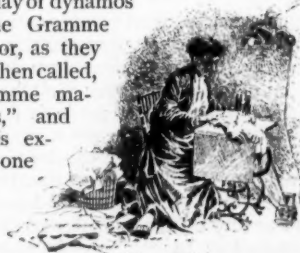
The dead engine at work was an example of what is called the "conversion or transmission of energy." The engine was connected with an air-tight boiler, and when set in motion by means of the belt it acted as a compressor and filled the boiler with air under pressure. When released, it became itself a prime mover or motor under the pressure of the air stored in the boiler. The throttle being

wide open, it ran at full speed until the compressed air was reduced to its normal pressure. The energy or power developed by the live engine was transmitted through the belt to the dead engine, and a part of this energy was for the time stored in the air within the boiler. When the supply of energy was cut off, the stored energy in the boiler reappeared as me-



chanical power on the previously dead engine.

It is a curious fact that at the International Exhibition at Vienna, in 1873, a parallel phenomenon was observed. There was at the Vienna Exhibition a display of dynamos of the Gramme type, or, as they were then called, "Gramme machines," and in this exhibit one



of the machines had been connected with an engine and was at work, while a second machine, that stood near it, was at rest. Desiring to show both machines in motion, H. Hippolyte Fontaine, who was in charge of the Gramme display, conceived the idea of joining the two by some suitable conductor. As far as can be learned two dynamos had never been joined, and it was not known what would be the result. By using a long cable, borrowed from a neighboring exhibitor, he coupled the dynamos, and to his surprise the second or dead dynamo started off at full speed. Now it happened that the cable was a long one, and M. Fontaine's device practically demonstrated the conversion of energy and its transmission to a distance. The two dynamos stood side by side, yet, if the conductor had been stretched out in a straight line, they would have been two kilometers apart, and thus the energy transmitted from the engine to the first dynamo practically reappeared as mechanical power two kilometers distant.

Civilization and the safety of governments depend to-day on "motive power." Without cheap and abundant power it is doubtful if the people could be fed and clothed. We practically live on the steam engine and the economic use of its power; and the power we obtain from other prime movers, the turbine, the windmill, the gas engine, the dynamo, and the horse, is of the highest commercial and industrial importance. Of our prime movers or sources of power, the horse, while giving a high efficiency for the food he consumes, is the least valuable, because his power is comparatively small and is only useful for a few hours out of every twenty-four. Windmills, as they are now made in this country, give good results, but at best they are unreliable and of small power. The gas engine and its relative, the hot-air engine, give moderate powers and find a useful field of work in all our large cities. The turbine is efficient and cheap, and is very largely used wherever there is water-power. The steam engine is, so far, the best motor we have, because, while it is theoretically wasteful, it can be operated anywhere on land or sea. This problem of conversion and transmission of energy, therefore, is mainly based on the turbine and the steam engine. They convert the energy stored up by nature and make it available as useful motive power.

Every year it becomes more and more important that we shall be able to convey the power developed by these two prime movers to the work we wish performed. Hitherto we have carried the work to the motor. We can no longer do this at a profit, and the power must be conveyed to the work. The price of land in cities compels us to erect very tall buildings

and to use power on every floor. The subdivision of labor and the specialization of manufactures make it more and more important that motive power be divided into very small fractions. We want single horse-powers and even one-tenth or one-eighth horse-powers with variable speeds, and under as complete control as gas or water. Moreover, there is a tendency to return to the old idea of small shops, with one or two artisans in each, for the production of those more or less artistic articles that demand both skill and power. Domestic life, particularly in cities, calls for motive power to run elevators, lift water, and to move sewing-machines and laundry machinery. A city apartment house can no longer be operated without power of some kind. This rapidly growing demand for small powers is evident in the great number of small steam, gas, and water motors now on the market. They are simply the result of the demand. Social science and humanity are deeply concerned in this matter, and, while they may not know it as yet, they should earnestly consider the subject if the evils of the factory system and tenement house labor are to be abated. The truest charity should consider whether it may not be possible to reduce the crowding and misery of our manufacturing centers by changing our system of transmitting energy as well as by trying to improve the factories and tenements. Instead of helping people in the factory, may it not be wiser to carry the motive power round which they are huddled to some other place with happier and more healthful surroundings?

These things are perhaps elementary, yet they are essential to a right understanding of the new method of converting energy now placed before our commercial and industrial communities. Two methods of distributing energy are already in use. One plan is to multiply small motors, to use one engine for one machine or for one very small group of machines. By this plan the stored energy of coal is transmitted through the streets (or gas-pipes) to each little motor. This method, while in general use, is too expensive. The more we multiply steam engines the higher the cost of the power. Twenty five-horse-power engines are proportionally far more costly to build and operate than one one-hundred-horse-power engine. The second method of distribution is by belts and shafting, which includes gearing. This system is necessarily limited in range. Power cannot be distributed by belts (as by cable) for more than two or three miles, and for moving machinery not over a few hundred feet, or more than the height of an ordinary factory. Shafting is limited to perhaps half a block. With both belts and shafts there must be heavy and massive construction to secure

the alignment of the shafting and to prevent waste of power through unnecessary motions, jarring, or shaking of the building or machinery. Both are also wasteful by reason of friction. Power can also be transmitted by means of water or air in pipes, but both hydraulic and pneumatic distribution are expensive and wasteful.

It is now thought that Fontaine's experiment at Vienna offers the key to the ultimate solution of this question. Previous to 1873 there had been, all through the earlier years of this century, many attempts to use electricity as a source of power. It had been known that electricity could be used to induce magnetism, and that magnetism could be converted into useful power. From the researches in this field had come many forms of electro-magnetic motors. By a rapid evolution from the crude to the perfect these motors advanced until they promised to be of real value, but they were hampered by one almost fatal defect—expense. As converters of energy they were dependent on a battery as a source of supply, and it was simply "not good business" to burn zinc at seven cents a pound when, with the steam engine, we could burn coal at one-fourth of a cent a pound. With the invention of the Gramme machine and the many forms of dynamos that immediately followed it the question assumed a wholly new phase.

The dynamo, stripped of its technical details, is a machine for transforming energy. It converts mechanical power into that phase or manifestation of energy which we call electricity. Mechanical power is cheap and the dynamo made electricity cheap. The moment electricity was reduced in cost the electric motor assumed a commercial value. It ceased to be a mere laboratory apparatus and became a practical machine for converting electrical energy back into mechanical power. It is not easy to comprehend the immense importance of this latest evolution of machines and all that it means when we say that we have now joined the steam engine, the dynamo, and the motor in one. It is as great an improvement as the invention of the steam engine itself. It is not necessary here to enter into the study of the electric motor as a machine. The point to consider is the position of the electric motor as a transformer of energy and its place in the arts, business, transportation, and manufactures.

Electric motors are now a regular trade product and can be bought, in a variety of styles and shapes, ready made, precisely as we may buy a steam engine or a turbine. They are made in a number of sizes, ranging from one-tenth of a horse-power upward. A motor of one-eighth horse-power weighs only fifteen pounds, and

measures $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5 \times 3$ inches. It can be placed in any position, right side up, upside down, or affixed sideways to a wall, and will deliver power from its pulley in any required direction. Larger motors occupy more space in proportion, but any motor, whatever its size, can be placed in any position where it rests firmly on its base. An electric motor will operate in any ordinary temperature and in any climate, provided it is kept dry. It is practically cold; that is, it gives out no injurious heat while at work. Even when running at very high speed it is safer, so far as mechanical injury is concerned, than any other form of machine or motor. Of its two chief points, the magnets and the armature, only the latter is subject to wear and tear, and this wear is confined to the bearings. The energy passing through the magnets appears, so far as our senses show us, to have no effect on the material of the magnets, and they remain practically unchanged through years of service. When not at work the motor is at complete rest, and all cost of maintenance ceases, except the interest and the slight cost of keeping such enduring metals as copper and iron from injury by rust or fire. Added to these advantages is the fact that the electric motor receives its supply of energy through a wire.

It is difficult at first to comprehend how much is meant by these simple statements. First we may observe the structure of buildings where power is used. In such buildings the walls and floors must be strong and stiff to resist the jarring and weight of heavy engines and to keep the shafting in line so that all points of bearing and strains shall be firm and not wasteful of power by unnecessary friction. With the electric motor, particularly if the power is subdivided among a number of small motors, lighter and cheaper buildings can be used. In place of one large engine in the basement, with belts and shafting to the upper floors, the engine may be in another building, perhaps a mile away, and the dynamo may transmit its energy through wires branching to every floor or to a hundred motors on one floor. With the electric motor it will be possible to erect, as we must, very tall buildings and have "power to let" on every floor. This will not only cheapen the cost of buildings, but enhance the value of real estate by making it possible to put many power-using tenants under one roof.

When the present system of manufactures began in the early part of this century the great mills and factories clustered round the water-powers. Holyoke, Lawrence, and Manchester grew up beside their turbines, and it was the waterfall that settled the value of real estate in our manufacturing towns. With the improvements in the steam engine and the locomotive there came a change to the commer-

cially more convenient cities. The manufactures left the small towns by the rivers and gathered in the cities, and to-day we find Philadelphia and New York are the great manufacturing centers. The factory must stand near its turbine or engine, whether that is the cheapest, the safest, and best place or not. It is safe to say that the electric motor will produce as great a change as ever was seen before, because it is now possible to erect the motive-power plant in one place and the manufacturing plant in an entirely separate one. Many interesting industrial and even social questions at once arise. The position of the engine may be low or wet, near a canal or a noisy railroad yard, in an unhealthy or a morally "infected district," alike injurious to the goods manufactured and to the workpeople who make them. Cheaper, drier, safer, and pleasanter sites may be only a few hundred feet away, and yet by our present system the factory hands, men, women, and little children, must huddle together in a physical or moral swamp in order to be near the motive power on which their work and wages depend. It is the same with the turbine. It must stand at the foot of its waterfall, and the factory must be built on massive and costly foundations immediately above it. Perhaps not a thousand yards away cheap, dry land is idle, simply because we have no mechanical means of transmitting power to such a distance. A wire may be laid anywhere, underground, over valleys and streets, and through walls, and the turbine may be left alone in its well and the engine remain by its coal-yard. The electric motor makes it possible to remove the factory far from its motive power at a material gain to all concerned.

This is not by any means a profitless speculation concerning the far future. It is simply a question of comparative values. The problem now being considered in all our industries is the cost of the conversion of energy. The cost of motive power at the engine or turbine is well known. Can that power be conveyed to other places at a profit? Will cheaper construction, cheaper, better, and more healthful land, and greater safety and convenience, pay for the necessary loss of power in conversion by means of motors? There are three conversions with the electric motor, and each entails a loss of power and thus of money. From reliable data it appears that there is a loss of about nine per cent. between the prime mover and the dynamo. That is, the dynamo receiving 100 horse-power from its prime mover delivers to the conductor only 91 horse-power; the conductor, a mile long, also entails a loss and delivers to the motor only 81 horse-power; the motor, one mile from the engine, entails a further loss, so that finally only 71 horse-power is delivered

to the machinery. The great commercial and industrial problem before us is to settle how far this loss of power in conversion may be offset by cheaper buildings, cheaper land, and lower rents. There is every reason to think that in many places, notably in Boston and New York, the question has been settled in favor of the motor. It must also be observed that with our present system of mechanical conversion by belts and shafts there is a loss in transmission, and the question is, which is cheaper, the single loss of friction by mechanical transmission, or the three losses by the motor? There can be no doubt that for all distances beyond a very few hundred feet the motor is the cheaper. This, at least, seems to be settled: the motor is cheapest the moment the factors of construction, land values, sanitary safety, and security from flood and fire are taken as real parts of the problem. The cable road indeed conveys power for a mile or more by means of its traveling-belt, yet it is enormously wasteful. The larger part of the power must be consumed in moving the cable, and every turn at street corners involves a loss of power. With a wire there is, so far as can be detected, no loss whatever by bending the wire at a right angle. To all this we must add in favor of the motor complete escape from the heat, noise, dust and ashes, and danger from fire that must always accompany the steam-power plant. By far the larger part of the fire losses in manufactures of all kinds springs from fires started by the boilers. With the motor the factory may be removed to a safe distance from all danger. The boiler-house may burn, but the mill need no longer go with it.

To the student of social science the electric motor is full of suggestions for the future. If power can be subdivided and conveyed to a distance, why may not our present factory system of labor be ultimately completely changed? People are huddled together under one roof because belts and shafts are so pitifully short. If power may traverse a wire, why not take the power to the people's homes, or to smaller and more healthful shops in pleasanter places? To-day we find sewing-women crowded into a hot, stuffy room, close to the noise, smell, dust, and terrible heat of some little steam engine at one end of the room. The place must be on a low floor because of the weight of the engine and the cost of carrying coal upstairs. Let us see how the work may be done with motors. We may take the elevator in a wholesale clothing warehouse on Bleeker street and pass through the salesrooms to the top floor. The building is lofty and of light construction, and yet we find in the bright and pleasant attic above the house-tops a hundred girls, each using power. They are seated at long tables,

each one having a sewing-machine, and secured to the under side of the table is a small electric motor, one to each machine. The operator has only to touch a foot-pedal and the motor starts, giving about one-tenth of a horse-power, at very high speed. If the speed is too fast it can be regulated at will by the pressure of the foot on the treadle. There is no heat, no dust or ill-smelling oil, and only a slight humming sound, the sewing-machine itself making more noise than the motor. The room is sweet, clean, and light, and it is in every respect a healthful workroom. If we look out of the window we see two insulated wires passing under the sash down to the electric-light wires on the poles below. There are people who cry out against the overhead wires, and would pull them all down. Some day they will be buried underground. Meanwhile, is it not an immense gain for these working-girls to be placed in a quiet, sunny room, far from the maddening engine? In another shop on Broadway we may see a different arrangement. A two-horse-power motor takes its current from an electric-light wire in the street, and redistributes its power to shafting placed under the work-tables. Each operator with a touch of the foot throws her machine into gear, and takes her share of the two-horse-power.

In like manner it is possible to go to many places in all our cities and find motors of all sizes doing useful work in converting the energy flowing in the street wires into power for driving printing-presses, circular saws, elevators, pumps, ventilating-fans, and machinery of every kind. It is not so much a question as to what the motor will do as of the convenience of reaching an electric-light wire in the street. It is safe to say that to-day there is not a single building being put up for small manufacturing plants where "Power to let" is to be painted on the door that is not considering the question between engines and motors. One large building now going up in New York, and intended to be let out with power in small shops on every floor, has no provision whatever for shafts or belts. The engine and dynamos will be placed in the basement and wires laid in the walls to small motors placed on every floor. Moreover, there being an excess of steam power, the wires will also be laid to other buildings within a radius of half a mile in every direction. The saving in construction and insurance, and the gain in cleanliness, quiet, safety, and healthfulness in that neighborhood, will be difficult to measure in dollars and cents.

In mountainous districts, where it is difficult to transport steam engines and where water-power is often cheap and abundant, the electric motor appears to open a remarkable future

to our mining interests. The introduction of motors at Big Bend on the Feather River, Butte County, California, may hint at this future by showing what has already been done. At this place turbines drive dynamos, supplying a current that travels through a circuit of eighteen miles, and at fourteen points along the line motors are used to drive pumps and hoisting machinery, and by branch wires the power can be used a mile on either side of the main circuit. This is only one instance of what is being done and may be done for the transmission of energy in our mining districts.

One of the most curious things in the behavior of electricity is the fact that a current will flow from one conductor to another if they merely touch each other, and even if the point of contact is continually changing. Thus we may have a "rolling contact," as when a wheel rolls along a wire. This simple fact is the foundation of the entire system of electric railroads. The first experimental use of motors to move a car proved that it is possible to convey energy through a wire to a motor traveling on a track, and so conclusive were these first experiments that throughout the world attention was at once called to the subject of electric railroads. Several of the earlier plants are still in use, though they are, in point of mechanical construction, far inferior to those now being laid in this country. Once brought to a reasonably practical position, the electric railroad is accepted to-day almost instantly. A year ago there was opened the first long and difficult electric road, at Richmond, Virginia. To-day there are at least fifty roads in operation—perhaps the most remarkably rapid commercial application of a new system ever seen. Twenty-five years ago the people were not educated to such instant acceptance of a wholly new system of transmission of energy. Whether such roads will be cheaper than horse-power remains to be seen. The opinion seems to be, up to this time, that the motor, if not now, will ultimately be the cheaper. If for no other reason than the happy escape from horse-power, the electric car should be welcomed, and is welcomed, by the public as well as the stockholders. The housing of a thousand horses in one building in our cities is unsanitary in the extreme, and if for no other reason than the removal of such a mass of animal life from our city limits the electric car should be insisted upon as the better motor. Compassion alone would demand that any motor that will release us from the daily contact with the car-horse and his miseries should be welcomed.

Another feature of the electric motor is its adaptation to the accumulator, or secondary battery. This battery is now the subject of most earnest study. It practically stores en-

ergy and releases it through the motor to move a car or to drive machinery. It would seem as if the battery, like the motor, was destined to produce great changes in our system of power transmission, and already it is at work in our streets moving cars in silence and at good speed. How far it is to supersede the present plan of transmitting the power to the car by means of a wire placed under the track or hung over the car on poles remains to be seen. At present the larger part of the electric roads use a wire in some position near the track.

Within the past ten years there has been a remarkable increase in the number of electric-lighting stations, until they are now to be found in every town of any considerable size in the country. Every electric-light circuit may be also a source of power. Motors adapted to both the arc light and the incandescent light systems can be connected with one or other of these light circuits and draw power instead of light from its wires. Centers of distribution for power are therefore already widely established, and it is now perfectly easy and convenient to obtain power along the line of these light circuits.

Regarded as a machine the electric motor is remarkably efficient, considering the very few years, hardly months, in which it has been manufactured on a commercial scale. Of the half-dozen principal companies manufacturing motors all are of very recent origin, and all report a demand for motors in excess of the facilities for making them. At the same time the motor and its manufacture are practically in their infancy. Even within a few months most interesting and promising improvements are announced that will both increase their power and cheapen the cost of the power they supply.

The electric motor has but one source of danger, and that is the current supplied by the wire. This is no more than the danger from steam-pipes and boilers. Knowing the conditions and limits of safety with steam we use steam everywhere. In like manner, when we learn what are the factors of safety with electricity we shall use it with the same freedom as we use steam. The condition of safety with the motor is perfect insulation, and this is provided for in all motors, so that practically the new motor is as safe as any of the prime movers from which we derive energy for useful work.

Charles Barnard.

LOVE'S UNREST.

THOU lovest me. I am a woman, so
I loved thee whom I liked before I
loved;

For love creates itself, and therefore love
Is God. . . . Come, lover mine, and sit you
down;

There at my feet I'll teach you how to love.

Take first my hand, as one who plucks a
flower

To love it, not to crush it in his hold —

Oh, fie! Think you a tender flower could
bear

So fierce a pressure, stupid that you are?

Poor flower! See, now, thou hast a rosier hue
Given to its petals. Nay, thou shalt not have
It more. . . . Where was I? How can I pro-
ceed

If thou hast not my hand? There, take it then,
But yet, forget not it is but a flower.

Now look at me. . . . Nay, turn thine eyes
away —

I — do not like their gaze — I — I forgot
To say 't is better thou shouldst often look
Another way, that thou mayst scan thyself
To understand if truly thou dost love!

And to this end I'll question thee. Dost
think

Of me at morn and eve, and ever with
The self-same love, and love and naught but
love?

Nay, turn away thine eyes! . . . And dost
thou know

That love for me will ever be as now,
When I am old and wrinkled, weak per-
chance?

Say naught. If ever thou dost love no more,
My love will die as it had never been;
For my love hangs on thine as bee on flower,
Who, when the honey-cup is void, hums off
To gather more — or die — as it may be.

Look back at me, O lover mine! and say,
"I love thee," o'er and o'er. My heart is
full

Of saddened thoughts that I myself have
wooded.

The bee not thus would turn his honeyed
wine

To bitter, — nor will I! I do believe
Thou truly lovest me, as — I love thee.

L. M. S.

STRANGE TRUE STORIES OF LOUISIANA.

THE HISTORY OF ALIX DE MORAINVILLE.

EDITED BY GEORGE W. CABLE,

Author of "The Grandissimes," "Bonaventure," etc.

*Written in Louisiana this 22d of August, 1795,
for my dear friends Suzanne and Françoise
Bossier.*



HAVE promised you the story of my life, my very dear and good friends with whom I have had so much pleasure on board the flat-boat which has brought us all to Attakapas. I now make good my promise.

And first I must speak of the place where I was born, of the beautiful Château de Morainville, built above the little village named Morainville in honor of its lords. This village, situated in Normandy on the margin of the sea, was peopled only and entirely by fishermen, who gained a livelihood openly by sardine-fishing, and secretly, it was said, by smuggling. The château was built on a cliff, which it completely occupied. This cliff was formed of several terraces that rose in a stair one above another. On the topmost one sat the château, like an eagle in its nest. It had four dentilated turrets, with great casements and immense galleries, that gave it the grandest possible aspect. On the second terrace you found yourself in the midst of delightful gardens adorned with statues and fountains after the fashion of the times. Then came the avenue, entirely overshadowed with trees as old as Noah, and everywhere on the hill, forming the background of the picture, an immense park. How my Suzanne would have loved to hunt in that beautiful park full of deer, hare, and all sorts of feathered game!

And yet no one inhabited that beautiful domain. Its lord and mistress, the Count Gaston and Countess Aurélie, my father and mother, resided in Paris, and came to their château only during the hunting season, their sojourn never exceeding six weeks.

Already they had been five years married. The countess, a lady of honor to the young dauphine, Marie Antoinette, bore the well-merited reputation of being the most charming woman at the court of the king, Louis the Fifteenth. Count and countess, wealthy as

they were and happy as they seemed to be, were not overmuch so, because of their desire for a son; for one thing, which is not seen in this country, you will not doubt, dear girls, exists in France and other countries of Europe: it is the eldest son, and never the daughter, who inherits the fortune and titles of the family. And in case there were no children, the titles and fortune of the Morainvilles would have to revert in one lump to the nephew of the count and son of his brother, to Abner de Morainville, who at that time was a mere babe of four years. This did not meet the wishes of M. and Mme. de Morainville, who wished to retain their property in their own house.

But great news comes to Morainville: the countess is with child. The steward of the château receives orders to celebrate the event with great rejoicings. In the avenue long tables are set covered with all sorts of inviting meats, the fiddlers are called, and the peasants dance, eat, and drink to the health of the future heir of the Morainvilles. A few months later my parents arrived bringing a great company with them; and there were feasts and balls and hunting-parties without end.

It was in the course of one of these hunts that my mother was thrown from her horse. She was hardly in her seventh month when I came into the world. She escaped death, but I was born as large as—a mouse! and with one shoulder much higher than the other.

I must have died had not the happy thought come to the woman-in-waiting to procure Catharine, the wife of the gardener, Guillaume Carpentier, to be my nurse; and it is to her care, to her rubbings, and above all to her good milk, that I owe the capability to amuse you, my dear girls and friends, with the account of my life—that life whose continuance I truly owe to my mother Catharine.

When my actual mother had recovered she returned to Paris; and as my nurse, who had four boys, could not follow her, it was decided that I should remain at the château and that my mother Catharine should stay there with me.

Her cottage was situated among the gardens. Her husband, father Guillaume, was the

head gardener, and his four sons were Joseph, aged six years; next Matthieu, who was four; then Jerome, two; and my foster-brother Bastien, a big lubber of three months.

My father and mother did not at all forget me. They sent me playthings of all sorts, sweetmeats, silken frocks adorned with embroideries and laces, and all sorts of presents for mother Catharine and her children. I was happy, very happy, for I was worshiped by all who surrounded me. Mother Catharine preferred me above her own children. Father Guillaume would go down upon his knees before me to get a smile [*risette*], and Joseph often tells me he swooned when they let him hold me in his arms. It was a happy time, I assure you; yes, very happy.

I was two years old when my parents returned, and as they had brought a great company with them the true mother instructed my nurse to take me back to her cottage and keep me there, that I might not be disturbed by noise. Mother Catharine has often said to me that my mother could not bear to look at my crippled shoulder, and that she called me a hunchback. But after all it was the truth, and my nurse-mother was wrong to lay that reproach upon my mother Aurélie.

Seven years passed. I had lived during that time the life of my foster-brothers, flitting everywhere with them over the flowery grass like the veritable lark that I was. Two or three times during that period my parents came to see me, but without company, quite alone. They brought me a lot of beautiful things; but really I was afraid of them, particularly of my mother, who was so beautiful and wore a grand air full of dignity and self-regard. She would kiss me, but in a way very different from mother Catharine's way—squarely on the forehead, a kiss that seemed made of ice.

One fine day she arrived at the cottage with a tall, slender lady who wore blue spectacles on a singularly long nose. She frightened me, especially when my mother told me that this was my governess, that I must return to the château with her and live there to learn a host of fine things of which even the names were to me unknown; for I had never seen a book except my picture books.

I uttered piercing cries; but my mother, without paying any attention to my screams, lifted me cleverly, planted two spans behind, and passed me to the hands of Mme. Levicq—that was the name of my governess. The next day my mother left me and I repeated my disturbance, crying, stamping my feet, and calling to mother Catharine and Bastien. (To tell the truth, Jerome and Matthieu were two big lubbers [*rougeots*], very peevish and coarse-mannered, which I could not endure.)

Madame put a book into my hands and wished to have me repeat after her; I threw the book at her head. Then, rightly enough, in despair she placed me where I could see the cottage in the midst of the garden and told me that when the lesson was ended I might go and see my mother Catharine and play with my brothers. I promptly consented, and that is how I learned to read.

This Mme. Levicq was most certainly a woman of good sense. She had a kind heart and much ability. She taught me nearly all I know—first of all, French; the harp, the guitar, drawing, embroidery; in short, I say again, all that I know.

I was fourteen years old when my mother came, and this time not alone. My cousin Abner was with her. My mother had me called into her chamber, closely examined my shoulder, loosed my hair, looked at my teeth, made me read, sing, play the harp, and when all this was ended smiled and said:

"You are beautiful, my daughter; you have profited by the training of your governess; the defect of your shoulder has not increased. I am satisfied—well satisfied; and I am going to tell you that I have brought the Viscomte Abner de Morainville because I have chosen him for your future husband. Go, join him in the avenue."

I was a little dismayed at first, but when I had seen my intended my dismay took flight—he was such a handsome fellow, dressed with so much taste, and wore his sword with so much grace and spirit. At the end of two days he loved me to distraction and I doted on him. I brought him to my nurse's cabin and told her all our plans of marriage and all my happiness, not observing the despair of poor Joseph, who had always worshiped me and who had not doubted he would have me to love. But who would have thought it—a laboring gardener lover of his lord's daughter? Ah, I would have laughed heartily then if I had known it!

On the evening before my departure—I had to leave with my mother this time—I went to say adieu to mother Catharine. She asked me if I loved Abner.

"Oh, yes, mother!" I replied, "I love him with all my soul"; and she said she was happy to hear it. Then I directed Joseph to go and request Monsieur the curé, in my name, to give him lessons in reading and writing, in order to be able to read the letters that I should write to my nurse-mother and to answer them. This order was carried out to the letter, and six months later Joseph was the correspondent of the family and read to them my letters. That was his whole happiness.

I had been quite content to leave for Paris:

first, because Abner went with me, and then because I hoped to see a little of all those beautiful things of which he had spoken to me with so much charm; but how was I disappointed! My mother kept me but one day at her house, and did not even allow Abner to come to see me. During that day I must, she said, collect my thoughts preparatory to entering the convent. For it was actually to the convent of the Ursulines, of which my father's sister was the superior, that she conducted me next day.

Think of it, dear girls! I was fourteen, but not bigger than a lass of ten, used to the open air and to the caresses of mother Catharine and my brothers. It seemed to me as if I were a poor little bird shut in a great dark cage.

My aunt, the abbess, Agnes de Morainville, took me to her room, gave me bonbons and pictures, told me stories, kissed and caressed me, but her black gown and her bonnet appalled me, and I cried with all my might:

"I want mother Catharine! I want Joseph! I want Bastien!"

My aunt, in despair, sent for three or four little pupils to amuse me; but this was labor lost, and I continued to utter the same outcries. At last, utterly spent, I fell asleep, and my aunt bore me to my little room and put me to bed, and then slowly withdrew, leaving the door ajar.

On the second floor of the convent there were large dormitories, where some hundreds of children slept; but on the first there were a number of small chambers, the sole furniture of each being a folding bed, a washstand, and a chair, and you had to pay its weight in gold for the privilege of occupying one of these cells, in order not to be mixed with the daughters of the bourgeoisie, of lawyers and merchants. My mother, who was very proud, had exacted absolutely that they give me one of these select cells.

Hardly had my aunt left me when I awoke, and fear joined itself to grief. Fancy it! I had never lain down in a room alone, and here I awoke in a corner of a room half lighted by a lamp hung from the ceiling. You can guess I began again my writhings and cries. Thereupon appeared before me in the open door the most beautiful creature imaginable. I took her for a fairy, and fell to gazing at her with my eyes full of amazement and admiration. You have seen Madelaine, and you can judge of her beauty in her early youth. It was a fabulous beauty joined to a manner fair, regal, and good.

She took me in her arms, dried my tears, and at last, at the extremity of her resources, carried me to her bed; and when I awoke the next day I found myself still in the arms

of Madelaine de Livilier. From that moment began between us that great and good friendship which was everything for me during the time that I passed in the convent. I should have died of loneliness and grief without Madelaine. I had neither brothers nor sisters; she was both these to me: she was older than I, and protected me while she loved me.

She was the niece of the rich Cardinal de Ségur, who had sent and brought her from Louisiana. This is why Madelaine had such large privileges at the convent. She told me she was engaged to the young Count Louis le Pelletier de la Houssaye, and I, with some change of color, told her of Abner.

One day Madelaine's aunt, the Countess de Ségur, came to take her to spend the day at her palace. My dear friend besought her aunt with such graciousness that she obtained permission to take me with her, and for the first time I saw the Count Louis, Madelaine's *fiancé*. He was a very handsome young man, of majestic and distinguished air. He had hair and eyes as black as ink, red lips, and a fine mustache. He wore in his buttonhole the cross of the royal order of St. Louis, and on his shoulders the epaulettes of a major. He had lately come from San Domingo, where he had been fighting the insurgents at the head of his regiment. Yes, he was a handsome young man, a bold cavalier; and Madelaine idolized him. After that day I often accompanied my friend in her visits to the home of her aunt. Count Louis was always there to wait upon his betrothed, and Abner, apprised by him, came to join us. Ah! that was a happy time, very happy.

At the end of a year my dear Madelaine quitted the convent to be married. Ah, how I wept to see her go! I loved her so! I had neither brothers nor sisters, and Madelaine was my heart's own sister. I was very young, scarcely fifteen; yet, despite my extreme youth, Madelaine desired me to be her bridesmaid, and her aunt, the Countess de Ségur, and the Baroness de Chevigné, Count Louis's aunt, went together to find my mother and ask her to permit me to fill that office. My mother made many objections, saying that I was too young; but—between you and me—she could refuse nothing to ladies of such high station. She consented, therefore, and proceeded at once to order my costume at the dressmaker's.

It was a mass of white silk and lace with intermingled pearls. For the occasion my mother lent me her pearls, which were of great magnificence. But, finest of all, the queen, Marie Antoinette, saw me at the church of Notre Dame, whither all the court had gathered for the occasion,—for Count Louis de la Houssaye was a great favorite,—and now the queen

sent one of her lords to apprise my mother that she wished to see me, and commanded that I be presented at court — *grande rumeur!*

Mamma consented to let me remain the whole week out of the convent. Every day there was a grand dinner or breakfast and every evening a dance or a grand ball. Always it was Abner who accompanied me. I wrote of all my pleasures to my mother Catharine. Joseph read my letters to her, and, as he told me in later days, they gave him mortal pain. For the presentation my mother ordered a suit all of gold and velvet. Madelaine and I were presented the same day. The Countess de Ségur was my escort [marraine] and took me by the hand, while Mme. de Cheigné rendered the same office to Madelaine. Abner told me that day I was as pretty as an angel. If I was so to him, it was because he loved me. I knew, myself, I was too small, too pale, and ever so different from Madelaine. It was she you should have seen.

I went back to the convent, and during the year that I passed there I was lonely enough to have died. It was decided that I should be married immediately on leaving the convent, and my mother ordered for me the most beautiful wedding outfit imaginable. My father bought me jewels of every sort, and Abner did not spare of beautiful presents.

I had been about fifteen days out of the convent when terrible news caused me many tears. My dear Madelaine was about to leave me forever and return to America. The reason was this: there was much disorder in the colony of Louisiana, and the king deciding to send thither a man capable of restoring order, his choice fell upon Count Louis de la Houssaye, whose noble character he had recognized. Count Louis would have refused, for he had a great liking for France; but he had lately witnessed the atrocities committed by the negroes of San Domingo, and something — a presentiment — warned him that the Revolution was near at hand. He was glad to bear his dear wife far from the scenes of horror that were approaching with rapid strides.

Madelaine undoubtedly experienced pleasure in thinking that she was again going to see her parents and her native land, but she regretted to leave France, where she had found so much amusement and where I must remain behind her without hope of our ever seeing each other again. She wept, oh, so much!

She had bidden me good-bye and we had wept long, and her last evening, the eve of the day when she was to take the diligence for Havre, where the vessel awaited them, was to be passed in family group at the residence of the Baroness de Cheigné. Here were present,

first the young couple; the Cardinal, the Count and Countess de Ségur; then Barthelemy de la Houssaye, brother of the Count, and the old Count de Maurepas, only a few months returned from exile and now at the pinnacle of royal favor. He had said when he came that he could stay but a few hours and had ordered his coach to await him below. He was the most lovable old man in the world. All at once Madelaine said:

"Ah! if I could see Alix once more — only once more!"

The old count without a word slipped away, entered his carriage, and had himself driven to the Morainville hotel, where there was that evening a grand ball. Tarrying in the ante-chamber, he had my mother called. She came with alacrity, and when she knew the object of the count's visit she sent me to get a great white burnoose, enveloped me in it, and putting my hand into the count's said to me:

"You have but to show yourself to secure the carriage." But the count promised to bring me back himself.

Oh, how glad my dear Madelaine was to see me! With what joy she kissed me! But she has recounted this little scene to you, as you, Françoise, have told me.

A month after the departure of the De la Houssayes my wedding was celebrated at Notre Dame. It was a grand occasion. The king was present with all the court. As my husband was in the king's service, the queen wished me to become one of her ladies of honor.

Directly after my marriage I had Bastien come to me. I made him my confidential servant. He rode behind my carriage, waited upon me at table, and, in short, was my man of all work.

I was married the 16th of March, 1789, at the age of sixteen. Already the rumbling murmurs of the Revolution were making themselves heard like distant thunder. On the 13th of July the Bastille was taken and the head of the governor De Launay [was] carried through the streets.¹ My mother was frightened and proposed to leave the country. She came to find me and implored me to go with her to England, and asked Abner to accompany us. My husband refused with indignation, declaring that his place was near his king.

"And mine near my husband," said I, throwing my arms around Abner's neck.

My father, like my husband, had refused positively to leave the king, and it was decided that mamma should go alone. She began by visiting the shops, and bought stuffs, ribbons, and laces. It was I who helped her pack

¹ Alix makes a mistake here of one day. The Bastille fell on the 14th. — TRANSLATOR.

her trunks, which she sent in advance to Morainville. She did not dare go to get her diamonds, which were locked up in the Bank of France; that would excite suspicion, and she had to content herself with such jewelry as she had at her residence. She left in a coach with my father, saying as she embraced me that her absence would be brief, for it would be easy enough to crush the vile mob. She went down to Morainville, and there, thanks to the devotion of Guillaume Carpentier and of his sons, she was carried to England in a contrabandist vessel. As she was accustomed to luxury, she put into her trunks the plate of the château and also several valuable pictures. My father had given her sixty thousand francs and charged her to be economical.

Soon I found myself in the midst of terrible scenes that I have not the courage, my dear girls, to recount. The memory of them makes me even to-day tremble and turn pale. I will only tell you that one evening a furious populace entered our palace. I saw my husband dragged far from me by those wretches, and just as two of the monsters were about to seize me Bastien took me into his arms, and holding me tightly against his bosom leaped from a window and took to flight with all his speed.

Happy for us that it was night and that the monsters were busy pillaging the house. They did not pursue us at all, and my faithful Bastien took me to the home of his cousin Claudine Leroy. She was a worker in lace, whom, with my consent, he was to have married within the next fortnight. I had lost consciousness, but Claudine and Bastien cared for me so well that they brought me back to life, and I came to myself to learn that my father and my husband had been arrested and conveyed to the Conciergerie.

My despair was great, as you may well think. Claudine arranged a bed for me in a closet [cloisette] adjoining her chamber, and there I remained hidden, dying of fear and grief, as you may well suppose.

At the end of four days I heard some one come into Claudine's room, and then a deep male voice. My heart ceased to beat and I was about to faint away, when I recognized the voice of my faithful Joseph. I opened the door and threw myself upon his breast, crying over and over:

"O Joseph! dear Joseph!"

He pressed me to his bosom, giving me every sort of endearing name, and at length revealed to me the plan he had formed, to take me at once to Morainville under the name of Claudine Leroy. He went out with Claudine to obtain a passport. Thanks to God and good

angels Claudine was small like me, had black hair and eyes like mine, and there was no trouble in arranging the passport. We took the diligence, and as I was clothed in peasant dress, a suit of Claudine's, I easily passed for her.

Joseph had the diligence stop beside the park gate, of which he had brought the key. He wished to avoid the village. We entered therefore by the park, and soon I was installed in the cottage of my adopted parents, and Joseph and his brothers said to every one that Claudine Leroy, appalled by the horrors being committed in Paris, had come for refuge to Morainville.

Then Joseph went back to Paris to try to save my father and my husband. Bastien had already got himself engaged as an assistant in the prison. But alas! all their efforts could effect nothing, and the only consolation that Joseph brought back to Morainville was that he had seen its lords on the fatal cart and had received my father's last smile. These frightful tidings failed to kill me; I lay a month between life and death, and Joseph, not to expose me to the recognition of the Morainville physician, went and brought one from Rouen. The good care of mother Catharine was the best medicine for me, and I was cured to weep over my fate and my cruel losses.

It was at this juncture that for the first time I suspected that Joseph loved me. His eyes followed me with a most touching expression; he paled and blushed when I spoke to him, and I divined the love which the poor fellow could not conceal. It gave me pain to see how he loved me, and increased my wish to join my mother in England. I knew she had need of me, and I had need of her.

Meanwhile a letter came to the address of father Guillaume. It was a contrabandist vessel that brought it and of the first evening other to the address recognized the writing set me to sobbing all, my heart I began demanded of my father of saying that country well

(Torn off and gone.)

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added that Abner and I must come also, and that it was nonsense to wish to remain faithful to a lost cause. She begged my father to go and draw her diamonds from the bank and to send them to her with at least a hundred thousand francs. Oh! how I wept after seeing

letter! Mother Catharine
to console me but
then to make. Then
and said to me, Will
to make you
(*Torn off and gone.*) England, Madame
Oh! yes, Joseph
would beso well pleased
poor fellow
the money of
family. I

From the way in which the cabin was built, one could see any one coming who had business there. But one day—God knows how it happened—a child of the village all at once entered the chamber where I was and knew me.

"Madame Alix!" he cried, took to his heels and went down the terrace pell-mell [*quatre à quatre*] to give the alarm. Ten minutes later Matthieu came at a full run and covered with sweat, to tell us that all the village was in commotion and that those people to whom I had always been so good were about to come and arrest me, to deliver me to the executioners. I ran to Joseph, beside myself with affright.

"Save me, Joseph! save me!" I cried.

"I will use all my efforts for that, Mme. la Viscomtesse," he replied.

At that moment Jerome appeared. He came to say that a representative of the people was at hand and that I was lost beyond a doubt.

"Not yet," responded Joseph. "I have foreseen this and have prepared everything to save you, Mme. la Viscomtesse, if you will but let me make myself well understood."

"Oh, all, all! Do *thou* understand, Joseph, I will do everything thou desirest."

"Then," he said, regarding me fixedly and halting at each word—"then it is necessary that you consent to take Joseph Carpentier for your spouse."

I thought I had [been] misunderstood and drew back haughtily.

"My son!" cried mother Catharine.

"Oh, you see," replied Joseph, "my mother herself accuses me, and you—you, madame, have no greater confidence in me. But that is nothing; I must save you at any price. We will go from here together; we will descend to the village; we will present ourselves at the mayoralty—"

In spite of myself I made a gesture.

"Let me speak, madame," he said. "We have not a moment to lose. Yes, we will present ourselves at the mayoralty, and there I will espouse you, not as Claudine Leroy, but as Alix de Morainville. Once my wife you have nothing to fear. Having become one of the people, the people will protect you. After

the ceremony, madame, I will hand you the certificate of our marriage, and you will tear it up the moment we shall have touched the soil of England. Keep it precious till then; it is your only safeguard. Nothing prevents me from going to England to find employment, and necessarily my wife will go with me. Are you ready, madame?"

For my only response I put my hand in his; I was too deeply moved to speak. Mother Catharine threw both her arms about her son's neck and cried, "My noble child!" and we issued from the cottage guarded by Guillaume and his three other sons, armed to the teeth.

When the mayor heard the names and surnames of the wedding pair he turned to Joseph, saying:

"You are not lowering yourself, my boy."

At the door of the mayoralty we found ourselves face to face with an immense crowd. I trembled violently and pressed against Joseph. He, never losing his presence of mind [*san perdre la carte*], turned, saying:

"Allow me, my friends, to present to you my wife. The Viscomtesse de Morainville no longer exists; hurrah for the Citoyenne Carpentier." And the hurrahs and cries of triumph were enough to deafen one. Those who the moment before were ready to tear me in to pieces now wanted to carry me in triumph. Arrived at the house, Joseph handed me our act of marriage.

"Keep it, madame," said he; "you can destroy it on your arrival in England."

At length one day, three weeks after our marriage, Joseph came to tell me that he had secured passage on a vessel, and that we must sail together under the name of Citoyen and Citoyenne Carpentier. I was truly sorry to leave my adopted parents and foster-brother, yet at the bottom of my heart I was rejoiced that I was going to find my mother.

But alas! when I arrived in London, at the address that she had given me, I found there only her old friend the Chevalier d'Ivoy, who told me that my mother was dead, and that what was left of her money, with her jewels and chests, was deposited in the Bank of England. I was more dead than alive; all these things paralyzed me. But my good Joseph took upon himself to do everything for me. He went and drew what had been deposited in the bank. Indeed of money there remained but twelve thousand francs; but there were plate, jewels, pictures, and many vanities in the form of gowns and every sort of attire.

Joseph rented a little house in a suburb of London, engaged an old Frenchwoman to attend me, and he, after all my husband, made himself my servant, my gardener, my factotum.

He ate in the kitchen with the maid, waited upon me at table, and slept in the garret on a pallet.

"Am I not very wicked?" said I to myself every day, especially when I saw his pallor and profound sadness. They had taught me in the convent that the ties of marriage were a sacred thing and that one could not break them, no matter how they might have been made; and when my patrician pride revolted at the thought of this union with the son of my nurse my heart pleaded

and pleaded
hard the cause
of poor J

Joseph. His care, his presence, became more and more

necessary. I knew not how to do anything myself, but made him my all in all, avoiding myself every shadow of care or trouble. I must say, moreover, that since he had married me I had a kind of fear of him and was afraid that I should hear him speak to me of love; but he scarcely thought of it, poor fellow: reverence closed his lips. Thus matters stood when

one evening Joseph entered the room where I was reading, and standing upright before me, his hat in his hand, said

to me that he had something to tell me. His expression was so unhappy that I felt the tears mount to my eyes.

"What is it, dear Joseph?" I asked; and when he could answer nothing on account of his emotion, I rose, crying:

"More bad news? What has happened to my nurse-mother? Speak, speak, Joseph!"

"Nothing, Mme. la Viscomtesse," he replied. "My mother and Bastien, I hope, are well. It is of myself I wish to speak."

Then my heart made a sad commotion in my bosom, for I thought he was about to speak of love. But not at all. He began again, in a low voice:

"I am going to America, madame."

I sprung towards him. "You go away? You go away?" I cried. "And me, Joseph?"

"You, madame?" said he. "You have money. The Revolution will soon be over, and you can return to your country. There you will find again your friends, your titles, your fortune."

"Stop!" I cried. "What shall I be in France? You well know my château, my

palace, are pillaged and burned, my parents are dead."

"My mother and Bastien are in France," he responded.

"But thou—thou, Joseph; what can I do without thee? Why have you accustomed me to your tenderness, to your protection, and now come threatening to leave me? Hear me plainly. If you go I go with you."

He uttered a smothered cry and staggered like a drunken man.

"Alix—madame—"

"I have guessed your secret," continued I. "You seek to go because you love me—because you fear you may forget that respect which you fancy you owe me. But after all I am your wife, Joseph. I have the right to follow thee, and I am going with thee." And slowly I drew from my dressing-case the act of our marriage.

He looked at me, oh! in such a funny way, and—extended his arms. I threw myself into them, and for half an hour it was tears and kisses and words of love. For after all I loved Joseph, not as I had loved Abner, but altogether more profoundly.

The next day a Catholic priest blessed our marriage. A month later we left for Louisiana, where Joseph hoped to make a fortune for me. But alas! he was despairing of success, when he met Mr. Carlo, and—you know, dear girls, the rest.

ROLL again and slip into its ancient silken case the small, square manuscript sewed at the back with worsted of the pale tint known as "baby-blue." Blessed little word! Time justified the color. If you doubt it go to the Teche; ask any of the De la Houssayes—or count, yourself, the Carpentiers and Carpentiers. You will be more apt to quit because you are tired than because you have finished.

And while there ask, over on the Attakapas side, for any trace that any one may be able to give of Dorothea Müller. She too was from France: at least, not from Normandy or Paris, like Alix, but, like Françoise's young aunt with the white hair, a German of Alsace, from a village near Strasbourg; like her, an emigrant, and, like Françoise, a voyager with father and sister by flatboat from old New Orleans up the Mississippi, down the Atchafalaya, and into the land of Attakapas. You may ask, you may seek; but if you find the faintest trace you will have done what no one else has succeeded in doing. No, we shall never know her fate. Her sister's we can tell; and we shall now see how different from the stories of Alix and Françoise is that of poor Salome Müller, even in the same land and almost in the same times.

George W. Cable.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

TEN years ago the terms "amateur theatricals" and "private theatricals" were synonymous. Since then, while private theatricals have remained amateur, amateur theatricals have by no means always been private. Indeed, this form of amusement, one of the great charms of which should lie in the atmosphere of refinement pervading its environments, a charm which vanishes at the merest suggestion of publicity, has become almost as public as professional dramatic representations. The stage now forms more frequently than the drawing-room the frame for amateur theatricals. A change so at variance with all social precedent could not have been effected without protests from some quarters, and it is not surprising that a large conservative element looks upon it with undisguised disapproval. The amateurs who have become prominent since the first notable public amateur dramatic performance—the production of "A Wonderful Woman," at the Madison Square Theater, New York, in April, 1881—have been criticised severely as seeking notoriety rather than the advancement of dramatic art, laughed at for their pretensions to rival professionals, and adjudged guilty of transgressing the proprieties of society in at all exposing themselves to criticism or ridicule. Fortunately we have nothing to do with this phase of the subject.

The present status and influence of the amateur stage are worthy of serious consideration. The evolution of this class of theatricals from a mere drawing-room entertainment, gotten up in a happy-go-lucky way for an evening's diversion, to a production carefully prepared in every detail, under professional supervision, engrossing all the spare time of those engaged in it and intended to be a permanent addition to the repertoire of a thoroughly organized club or company, forms an important chapter in the history of American society. The consequent *rapprochement* between society and a profession whose members were once socially ostracized is alone a phenomenon worth considering, and we shall find as we investigate the subject that it has other phases of great interest, which heretofore have been neglected for frippery gossip concerning the social standing of the amateurs or descriptions of their costumes, and for indiscriminate praise, which last has been responsible for much misdirected effort. The facts that for some years past the stage has

been effecting through the medium of amateur theatricals a revolution in society, and that, *vice versa*, society has through the same medium had a great influence upon the professional stage, have, with several other important aspects of the question, been overlooked. The subject can, however, be more readily discussed and understood after a brief reference to the status of amateur theatricals in New York, which in these matters has given the cue to the country at large.

I believe the first recorded performance of amateur theatricals was that of "Pyramus and Thisbe" by Bottom, Quince, and their associates, who played not only the title rôles but also the lion, the wall, and the moon. This scene in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" always "takes" with an audience. Shakspeare's satire is as pointed to-day as when the comedy was first given. The public feels instinctively that behind even the well-organized amateur companies of the present there are others whose proceedings are of the Bottom-Quince order. But ten years ago one met Bottoms and Quinces among amateurs far more frequently than nowadays. Costume was then the prime factor in private theatricals, and all the dramatic proprieties had to yield to it. A performance some ten years ago of that delightful skit "A Morning Call" is a case in point. The hero is supposed to have ridden across country, and hence appears in his riding-boots, corduroys, and sack coat, letting in with him the freshness of the morning air and the buoyancy of the turf. In this instance, however, the young lady who was to play the heroine had just received an elaborate evening toilet from Paris. *Voilà!* the title of the comedietta is changed to "An Evening Call." The heroine wears her Paris gown, the hero his dress suit, the references to the morning canter are eliminated. "What harm? The situations remained the same!" True; but the dialogue lost the swing and dash of the original. Yet the change encountered neither opposition nor criticism. Indeed, I think the complacency of the audience was as much evidence of the crudeness of amateur theatricals in those days as was the actress's supreme indifference to everything but her Paris gown. Her toilet was the great dramatic effect of the performance. If some one with managerial authority had been in charge of the rehearsals this calm disregard of the spirit of the play would probably not have been permitted. The slipshod

manner in which plays were gotten up for drawing-room representation was due to such lack of directing force. There was no discrimination in the casting, costuming, and staging of plays. The division of the personnel of a theater into leading man, leading lady, walking gentleman, soubrette, first old woman, etc., was apparently unknown, and a man who made a success in a low comedy part would as likely as not be next pressed into service for a tragic rôle. In the matter of costume there was an artless indifference to the laws of harmony and contrast which would have been charming had its results been less melancholy. As for stage management there was none worthy the term. A change for the better began with the organization of the Amateur Dramatic Club in 1877, which went to work not only with an accomplished personnel, but with a method. Its chief successes were in "A Scrap of Paper," "The Cricket on the Hearth," and "New Men and Old Acres." This club was never formally disbanded, but it did not survive the marriage and almost total withdrawal from amateur theatricals in 1883 of its leading lady, whose dramatic gifts are so apparent and whose technique is so finely developed that, did she not shrink from the publicity which connection with what I may call the professional amateur stage entails, she would easily be the leading lady of that. The Amateur Dramatic Club was organized on the plan of the well-known Mendelssohn Glee Club, with active and subscribing members, the former taking part in the performances, the latter defraying the expenses and in return receiving each a certain number of tickets. Thus the public could never gain admission to the performances of the club, the audiences being composed of members and their friends; and while the scope of amateur theatricals was being extended the idea of privacy was retained.

About 1880, while the Amateur Dramatic Club was still flourishing, a lady from the South, who has since gone on the professional stage, began to guide the destinies of amateur theatricals in New York. She was ambitious and enthusiastic. Her ambition prompted her to enlarge the boundaries within which amateurs could gain reputation for histrionic talent; and her enthusiasm being communicative, it caused a sudden burst of dramatic energy in society. The result was, about a year later,—April 26, 1881,—the performance at the Madison Square Theater to which I have already referred. Rehearsals for "A Wonderful Woman" began weeks beforehand, and were conducted under the stage management of a professional actress, at first in private houses and afterwards on the stage of the theater in which the per-

formance took place. Some of the rôles were notably successful, and the whole play, owing to the thoroughness with which it had been rehearsed, went smoothly. It was a public performance, and its social and dramatic features were reported at length in the newspapers the next day. It started amateur theatricals on their career of publicity until in a short time the doings of the amateurs were as fully reported as those of professionals. And, indeed, after this performance any one attempting to make a success on the amateur stage was obliged so fully to devote his attention to studying and rehearsing that he might well be called a professional amateur. Take, for example, the leading actor on the non-professional stage. He has a repertoire of over ninety plays, and has acted one part, *Sang Froid*, in "Delicate Ground," nineteen times.

Until the winter of 1887, when she went on the professional stage, the lady of whom I have written was the central figure in amateur theatricals. She was virtually the manager of the most complete company of amateurs which has acted here. With a few changes of personnel it remained intact for five years, achieving its main successes in "The Romance of a Poor Young Man" and "The Russian Honeymoon," plays it would act many times each season. This lady's methods were those of a professional manager. She had a list of all who acted with her, with their addresses and notes regarding the line of parts in which they were especially successful. In this book she also entered the names and addresses of the people, many in number, who applied for a chance to act with her. She made each applicant recite or act, and noted her opinion of the effort opposite the name. When, therefore, some member dropped out of her company or in any way disappointed her, she had a large number of people to choose from in filling the vacancy. Her company was organized according to the regular theatrical divisions of leading lady, etc., and with under-studies. For every performance given under her management a professional "coach" was engaged, and his word was law. The result was a discipline to which amateurs had never before been willing to submit. They had become quasi-public characters, they knew they were to play before large audiences, and they felt that failure would not be overlooked as in the case of strictly private theatricals. Therefore they worked with an energy which could not fail to place amateur theatricals upon a higher plane; and however much the publicity attained by this form of amusement is to be regretted for certain reasons, there is no doubt that this very publicity put the actors on their mettle and caused them to

approach their tasks in a spirit of artistic seriousness. Moreover, so far as the question of publicity is concerned, I think amateur theatricals have reached their turning-point, and that a reaction towards the more refined environments of the social circle will soon set in, while the discipline which in these years has been obtained at the expense of privacy will remain as a distinct gain. One of the most conspicuous signs of this reaction is the popularity of the Amateur Comedy Club, which is modeled somewhat after the old Amateur Dramatic Club and never takes part in performances for which tickets are sold. This club was founded in 1881, but fell into desuetude when public amateur theatricals became popular. From the time, however, when it began to seem as if notoriety were inseparable from the amateur stage, this club began to "pick up," and now it has regained its former prestige. The Junior Comedy, a club recently organized on the same plan, is also exerting a good influence over the non-professional stage.

As indicated in the above résumé of the history of amateur theatricals in New York during the last ten years, the publicity given to this form of amusement has caused a decided departure from methods formerly in vogue; so that there are now two classes of amateurs—amateurs and professional amateurs. The effect of this publicity has, however, been felt equally in other directions. It has certainly brought "society" more into public view. Society news was an almost unknown factor in the make-up of the daily newspapers before the amateurs gave public performances. Only social happenings of extraordinary interest were, as a rule, considered of sufficient importance to be admitted to the news columns. But now we find balls, dances, weddings, dinners, receptions, teas, duly announced beforehand, and the day after their happening served up along with politics, murders, scandals, and the other delicacies of the journalistic menu.

It is significant, in connection with this phase of the subject, that society reporters and not dramatic critics are usually assigned to "do" amateur theatrical performances. It goes to show that the publicity these representations have obtained is not of that legitimate kind which is valued by an artist. The length of the reports does not depend upon the merit of the performance but upon the social prominence of the performers. Productions of far greater merit than those reported at length will be passed over entirely because those who participate in them do not move in the highest circles of society. It is the fictitious value thus assigned to a certain line of amateur representations which has proved harmful to the true

interests of the amateur and the professional stage alike. For, as there is no attempt at criticism in these reports, the actors are apt to conceive an exaggerated idea of their abilities, and are led to attempt plays which are not within the legitimate scope of the amateur stage.

Amateur theatricals have had another and different influence upon society than that just referred to. They have made it less exclusive. The jealousy with which it formerly guarded its privacy caused publicity to seem incompatible with good breeding, and naturally created a prejudice against the profession whose members, through the very character of their work, necessarily come conspicuously before the public. When the old slipshod methods were abandoned for a thoroughness of preparation almost if not quite equal to that which prevails on the professional stage, the amateurs became cognizant of the many sterling qualities which an actor of the first rank must possess in addition to natural dramatic gifts. They recognized the great artistic value of a successful portrayal of character, and naturally the actor and his work grew in honor among them. There was, of course, a touch of vanity withal. Were they not emulating professional actors? How could they then afford to look down upon those like whom they were striving to be? Then, too, as soon as the amateurs began to rehearse and play in public theaters, they gained a nearer view of professional dramatic matters. They saw theatrical life no longer under the glamor of the footlights. They were brought face to face with the stern reality behind the scenes and learned that the actor's life is one of loyal devotion to his art, often under conditions of hardship which no other profession imposes. There they found also a wealth of generous, self-sacrificing natures which they could not but honor. Nor could they fail to discover that in theatrical circles, as in others, there are various degrees of culture, and that among the members of the profession are men and women who would be ornaments in the most refined society. And so it is that the stage has been brought into closer relations with society; and from this more intimate relationship a new kind of amateur theatricals has in turn sprung up, called mixed theatricals, consisting of performances in which both professionals and amateurs take part. The first representation of this kind which attracted general attention was the production, early in 1888, of "Contrast" at the Lyceum Theater, New York, in which the leading man was a professional and the leading lady an amateur, while the minor rôles were similarly distributed.

There is an audaciousness in this new departure which at first blush seems somewhat

taking. But on consideration it is found open to criticism. Does it not, in the first place, transcend the legitimate bounds of amateur theatricals? The element of social exclusiveness, as well as that of privacy, has been eliminated. In the second place, the amateurs must usually be at a disadvantage in these performances. For the professionals are always chosen from among the leading actors, and a professional of the first rank is almost certain to outshine an amateur of the first rank, if only because the former has acquired a more finished technique through his wider experience and greater practice, even if the amateur's natural gifts are equal. Hence the performance is apt to be of uneven merit. These mixed representations seem to me such an utter perversion of the legitimate character of amateur theatricals that I can hardly believe them other than the result of a merely temporary aberration of taste, due to the American tendency to go to extremes. This new class of theatricals is so palpably an exaggeration that it seems impossible it should not turn upon itself. Indeed, I do not know but when the amateurs awaken to a sense of the preposterous character of these mixed performances a reaction may ensue all along the line, and amateur theatricals gradually be withdrawn from those public surroundings so incompatible with the charm of that subtle, indefinable quality we call refinement back into their proper environments. The primal indications of such a reaction are, as I have hinted, not lacking. Some of the most talented amateurs now refuse to appear in performances for which tickets are sold; and, as already pointed out, the clubs whose rules forbid their participation in any but private representations, charitable entertainments not excepted, were never so prosperous as now.

When amateur theatricals first attracted public notice they were viewed with some disfavor by the dramatic profession. Managers apprehended that as society was so much interested in amateur theatricals it would be proportionately less interested in regular theatrical amusements. They further dreaded a general irruption upon the professional stage of ambitious amateurs who would lower the standard of dramatic art by achieving success by playing upon the curiosity of the public. But I do not believe there is a theatrical manager in this country to-day who will not acknowledge that, all things considered, the stage has been benefited by the widespread interest taken in amateur theatricals. To quote one of our prominent managers, it brings social interest to the theater. As one result the average social standing of those who now enter theatrical life is higher. At the same time there

has not been the irruption of society amateurs upon the stage which the profession at first dreaded. The result of the only instance of this kind directly attributable to the amateur theatrical excitement has hardly been so encouraging as to cause a general stampede of women from society to the stage—and from the men no danger was ever apprehended. A man has to win his way on his merits. But to return to the point under consideration. In former years many people the bent of whose disposition was towards a dramatic career hesitated to go on the stage because of the baneful influences which were supposed to surround theatrical life. This notion once had wide prevalence. But opinions have changed, and a wholesale denunciation of the stage defeats itself because its exaggeration is patent to the vast number of people who, through interest in the amateurs and their doings, have learned that the actor's career is not a round of glory and dissipation, but that the woman or man who goes on the stage a lady or a gentleman can remain such if she or he chooses to. No doubt the prejudice which formerly existed worked greatly to the actual injury of the dramatic profession. But from the time amateur theatricals became a controlling factor in the society world—I speak on the authority of the manager of one of our leading theaters—applications to go on the stage from women and men of refinement, as well as of talent, have been steadily increasing in number. It is not impossible that the amateurs and their friends influenced the stage towards that better life which so surprised them when they discovered it—a suggestion I throw out with much hesitation, because I believe that even in the days when the stage was most completely under a social ban its tendency was to elevate rather than to lower those who trod its boards.

The effect of the more intimate relations now existing between society and the stage is also observable in the American dramatic literature of the day. Under the fostering care of the amateur stage the American society drama has obtained a foothold on the professional boards. Not so very long ago society plays were almost exclusively of French origin. But as the interest of society in matters dramatic increased, managers naturally began to consider the interests of society. The result has been a number of well-constructed, well-written plays dealing with American society—a class of dramas far superior in tone and influence to the French pieces formerly in vogue, and happily quite as successful.

Considering that the publicity given to amateur theatricals in New York has given an impetus to this form of amusement all over the



A SCENE FROM "KATHARINE," A TRAVESTY BY J. K. BANGS.
(DRAMATIC CLUB, CO. I, 7TH REGIMENT.)

country, so that nearly every community, however small, boasts its amateur company, it seems well to point out certain mistakes that amateurs are apt to make in choosing and preparing a play for performance. The choice of the play is of first importance, a phase of the subject which leads to a consideration of the legitimate scope of amateur theatricals. I have never seen a thoroughly successful amateur performance of anything but burlesque and light comedy. Even in the performances of the "Romance of a Poor Young Man" and in those of the "Russian Honeymoon" there were crude elements due largely to want of technique on the part of some members of the cast. It is impossible for an amateur, until he has been acting for many years, to acquire the technique of a professional. For experience is to the actor what the five-finger exercises are to the pianist. It gives him a certain flexibility of touch which enables him to create at least the lineaments of the part even if the subtler characteristics are lacking. His technique saves him from total failure. In a company of amateurs there is always more or less want of such flexibility. They should especially beware of tragedy. The more inspired the tragic play the more it will bore the audience when played by non-professionals. For of all classes of dramas tragedy demands the most finished technique. It is a significant fact that many eminent tragedians began their careers in parts quite different from those in which they afterwards succeeded—even as actors of comedy and eccentric character. The spirit of tragedy was rampant within them, but they were unable to give physical expression to it. They lacked the necessary finish of technique which in time they acquired in humbler rôles.

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The most thoroughly successful amateur performances I have seen—thoroughly successful because every part was well done—have been the college burlesques given from time to time in New York by the Harvard Hasty Pudding Club and the Columbia College Dramatic Club. Most notable among the performances of the Harvard men was a burlesque entitled "Dido and Æneas,"—the *Æneas* has since become a prominent amateur,—and among those given by the Columbians the skit "Captain Kidd." Both were cleverly written, the work of undergraduates, and were played with the wild freedom and hilarious abandon of exuberant youth. The female parts in these college burlesques, even those of the *corps de ballet*, are taken by men who make themselves up so that they are fair to look upon. I have also seen some capital productions by amateurs of farces and light society comedies. The latter were especially successful because of an element of good breeding which pervaded them. It may therefore be laid down as a rule that the pieces to which amateurs should confine their efforts are burlesques, farces, or society comedies of the present day. In the last they are among their familiar surroundings and are required to portray only such characters as their every-day life has given them insight into. The moment amateurs get into any other than the costumes to which they are accustomed their lack of flexibility or want of adaptability becomes apparent. Therefore a costume play is



SCENE FROM "THE LADY OF THE LAKE" (HARVARD
HASTY PUDDING CLUB).



THE CHORUS FROM "DIDO AND AENEAS" (HARVARD HASTY PUDDING CLUB).

always to be avoided by amateurs. For in such plays they cannot merge their personality into the past age. The nineteenth century rushes about in the ruffles and gold lace of the slower and more pompous eighteenth, and the twang of Uncle Sam rasps through the gentle inflections of the speech of Louis XIV. In short, amateurs are as a rule ill at ease in any play not of their own day and dress. Of course there are some non-professionals who, being exceptionally gifted and having acted almost continuously for a considerable period of time, have acquired a *savoir-faire* almost professional, and easily cast off their identity. Among these is the lady who, in the company which gave the "Romance of a Poor Young Man," played the part of the *Governess*, and was also seen as the *Baroness* in the "Russian Honeymoon." She is, to go to the gist of the matter, at home on the stage. So are two other ladies, one of them a Hungarian, who in the work she has done has shown herself a true daughter of her emotional and picturesque race; the other an actress of eccentric parts, who also appeared in the "Romance." Another young lady is devoting herself with much success to old comedy parts, such as *Lady Teazle*, and *Helen* in "The Hunchback." In these old comedies she has the coöperation of a veteran amateur who was the *Doctor* in Feuillet's drama, and of a gentleman preëminent among the younger men. The latter is the "leading man" of the non-professional stage. His greatest successes lie in parts which call for a good deal of nervous action and a few delicate touches of the eccentric. He is the one of whose extensive repertoire I spoke. The most prominent actor of purely eccentric parts is the gentleman who has

really distinguished himself by his *Kester* in the "Sheep in Wolf's Clothing," and his *Diggery* in the "Specter Bridegroom." It must not be supposed that those whom I have just referred to have the monopoly of the dramatic talent on the non-professional stage. I have stated that the most accomplished of the amateur actresses clings faithfully to the idea of private as distinguished from amateur theatricals, and I may add that one of the most gifted among the amateur actors, a lawyer who has held a minor judicial office in the city of New York and has been honored with the nomination for a judgeship in one of the higher

courts, has never emerged from strictly social environments.

But amateurs in general should bear in mind that those whom I have just cited are exceptionally gifted, and that even they do better work within the line of lighter plays than in those in which they challenge comparison with professionals. And, by the way, one of the great advantages to amateurs of acting in short burlesques, farces, and comedies is that in this country they have these branches all to themselves, and do not therefore trespass on professional domain. I have often noticed that when amateurs attempt plays of greater scope, while one of the leading parts and the minor rôles may be well taken, the others in the cast are overweighted. The successful leading part happens to be played by an exceptionally gifted amateur, like the lady who acted *Susanne* in "A Scrap of Paper" with so much vivacity and artistic discrimination with the Amateur Comedy Club in April, 1888; the minor parts are within the limits of amateur accomplishment. Between these extremes all is ridiculous or melancholy. A star performance is bad enough on the professional stage; on the amateur stage it breeds a combination of pity and wrath.

After the selection of the play come the important tasks of casting, studying, and rehearsing; and now it is of first importance to introduce system into the proceedings. To this end a "coach" or a stage-manager should be at once appointed, with full powers. There should be absolutely no appeal from his decisions. If possible, he should be a professional. After he has cast the play those who are to take part in it should meet and read it

through, each taking his own rôle, in the presence of the coach, who should correct any mistakes of emphasis, etc. When the play has been learned by heart the rehearsals begin, and at these implicit obedience to the stage-manager is absolutely necessary to success. Actors often think they are making a gesture in a certain way when they are not at all carrying out their intentions, and so convinced are they that they are giving physical expression to their dramatic conceptions that they are apt to lose their tempers when corrected by the stage-manager. Of course the coach must in his turn exercise a certain amount of persuasive tact. It is most advisable to produce amateur theatricals under the auspices of a club modeled upon the Amateur Comedy Club, with subscribing and active members, and

a stage committee which casts the plays and superintends their production.

Amateur theatricals have gained system and method from the very publicity which has robbed them of the charm of privacy. But there is little doubt, as I have stated, that there is a reaction towards their legitimate scope and surroundings. At the same time there is every reason to believe that this reaction does not mean a return to the old slipshod methods. The advantages attained through publicity will survive that undesirable attribute, and amateur theatricals will be on a sounder basis than ever before. Amateur theatricals, within their legitimate scope and surroundings, are an intellectual lever that our society could ill afford to lose.

Gustav Kobbé.



CAVE SCENE IN DIDO AND AENEAS.

DUTCH PAINTERS AT HOME.



DEVOTEE of the modern school of Dutch art never paints to paint a "picture," but endeavors to portray some simple phase of nature or some quiet sentiment of every-day life. The work of the school is chiefly remarkable for its purity of color, its decided individuality, and its originality of conception. Their subjects, taken from the life around them,—the picturesque people, old cities, flat fields, winding canals, windmills, and clumsy boats,—must of necessity be simple and quaint. They combine the delicate perception of nature peculiar to the best French landscape painters with a sense of something higher and greater than purity of color and beauty of form—something that must come from the heart of man. In short, their work is first simple, then vigorous; as a consequence fresh, and always unacademic.

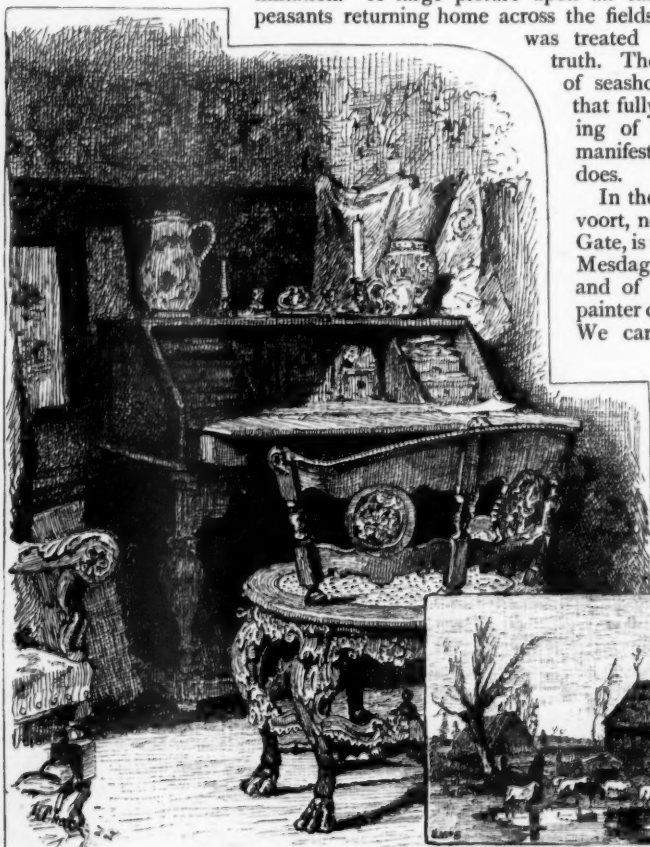
It was on a lovely morning at the Hague that we set out to call upon Mr. Josef Israels, the founder of the present school of Dutch figure-painters. There is a delightful little

garden separating his studio from his house, and it was through this little Eden, flooded with sunshine, that we passed as we approached the studio door. He smilingly ushered us into the spacious, well-lighted, and handsomely furnished room. Being assured by our host that we were "as at home," we noticed the sketches here and there on the quiet gray wall with the high walnut wainscoting; the fine cabinets; the small but choice library of French, English, and Dutch authors; the little book-case, which he laughingly tells us is his shrine where he keeps his own etchings; and the elegant portfolios characterized by that same simplicity which makes the rest of the furniture interesting. "The English people," he said, noticing that we were scrutinizing the appointments of the room with some interest—"the English people have paid for all these pretty things; in fact, England furnishes a market for all my work. I suppose you have heard how I struggled along in my painting for years until I happened to send a picture to England and had the pleasure of waking up one morning to find myself famous. In a short time after that picture was sold I had n't a picture left, not a sketch or a piece of scribbled paper; and from that time to this I have scarcely been able to paint enough to satisfy my patrons." "What a sudden success!" we involuntarily said. "And right alongside my recollection of success," added Mr. Israels, "is a most vivid picture of how I once painted a portrait for fifteen guilders and then left the town for fear the purchaser might become dissatisfied."

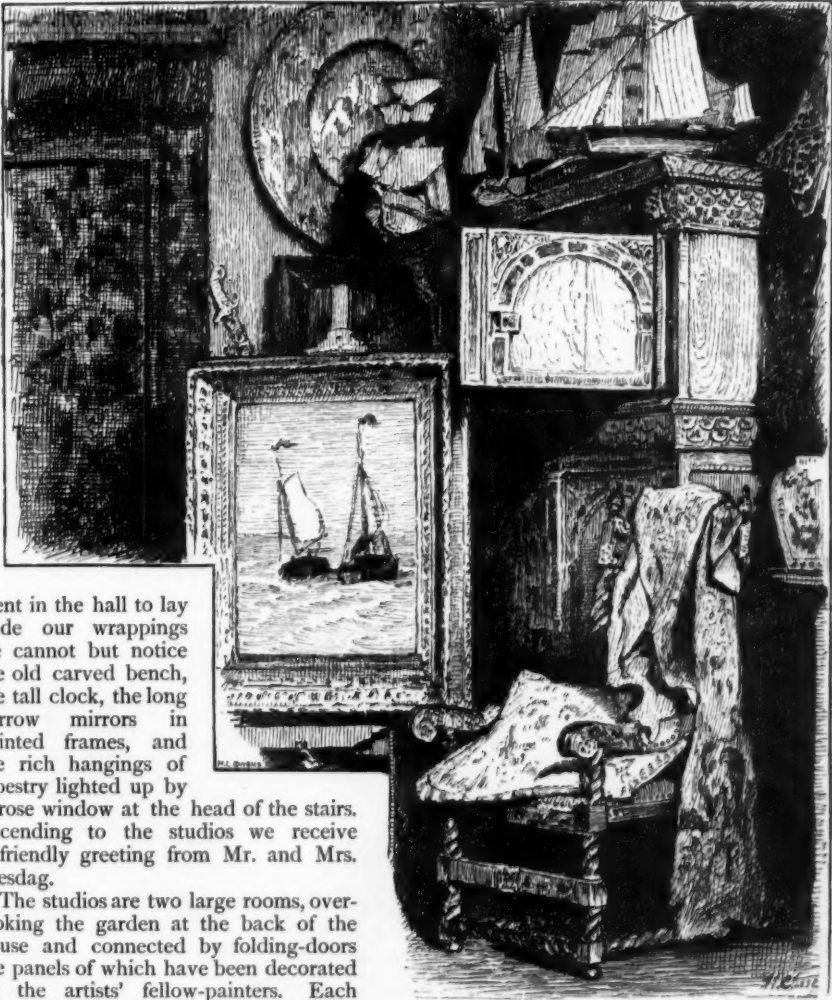
The picture of a mother standing outside the cottage door watching her baby with outstretched arms trying to toddle away without assistance is one he has been especially happy in painting. As he brought it out from the corner and set it before us he turned and remarked, "Now this is a true Israels." We feel in this, as in all his work, that charm and delicate sentiment, that pure simplicity, which reminds one strongly of Millet, though without imitation. A large picture upon an easel, representing some

peasants returning home across the fields under a twilight sky, was treated with tenderness and truth. Then there were sketches of seashore life and fisherfolk that fully carried out the feeling of nature and simplicity manifested in everything he does.

In the Laan Van Meerdeervoort, near the Scheveningen Gate, is the house of Mr. H. W. Mesdag, the marine painter, and of his wife, a landscape painter of almost equal renown. We can hardly tell whether it was the artistic beauty of all the house within or the companionship of the enthusiastic master and his talented wife that made the anticipation of a visit there so delightful. As we pause a mo-



IN THE STUDIO OF MRS. MESDAG.



CORNER AT MESDAG'S.

ment in the hall to lay aside our wrappings we cannot but notice the old carved bench, the tall clock, the long narrow mirrors in painted frames, and the rich hangings of tapestry lighted up by a rose window at the head of the stairs. Ascending to the studios we receive a friendly greeting from Mr. and Mrs. Mesdag.

The studios are two large rooms, overlooking the garden at the back of the house and connected by folding-doors the panels of which have been decorated by the artists' fellow-painters. Each room is lighted by a large sheet of plate glass, which furnishes a pure out-of-door light, and the harmonious and luxurious warmth of color surrounding us is a constant source of pleasure. A few choice pictures by various masters, ancient and modern, mirrors in quaint old frames, and beautiful tapestries, cover the walls. Two fine oaken cabinets are covered with models of every variety of Dutch craft, and others are filled with costly bric-à-brac. The Smyrna carpet, the carved chairs and tables, and the oddities of costume peculiar to the peasant people of the Old World, combine to make every corner and bit of wall a fine still-life, and yet form a broad and simple background for the numerous pictures on easels about the room.

Adjoining the studios is a large well-lighted room arranged as library and picture gallery. The walls are hung with a collection of modern pictures, including many by Dutch painters, with excellent examples of other schools, particularly French landscape, to which Mr. and Mrs. Mesdag are partial. Finely carved cabinets are on each side of the room, and there are chairs of walnut, rich and dark with age, made comfortable by cushions of embroidered satin and velvet. In the center of the room stands a large table covered with all the latest art journals, albums of photographs, and an unfinished aquarelle. Near one window

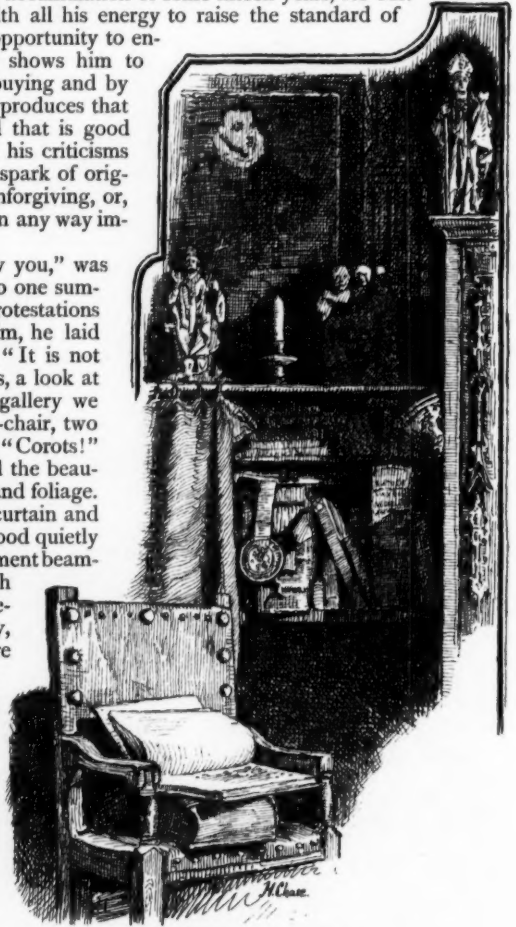
is a portfolio filled with a collection of water-colors. Mr. Mesdag buys many water-color works, "because," he says, "I can keep such a large number of them. Just take them out of their frames, mount them on a simple cardboard, and stow them in a portfolio." The reader will understand the value of the remark when he is told that the studio and house, even to the attic, are filled with pictures — the accumulation of some fifteen years, for Mr. Mesdag is a great buyer. Laboring with all his energy to raise the standard of modern Dutch painting, he loses no opportunity to encourage a young painter whose work shows him to be working in the right direction, by buying and by encouraging others to buy whatever he produces that is meritorious. Quick to recognize all that is good and true in a picture, he is unsparing in his criticisms of what is false: feeling instantly any spark of originality or individuality, he is wholly unforgiving, or, worse, indifferent, when he sees a man in any way imitating another.

"I have some new pictures to show you," was his greeting as we looked into his studio one summer morning, and in spite of our protestations that he must not let us interrupt him, he laid aside his brushes and palette, adding, "It is not good to work too steadily; and, besides, a look at the gallery will refresh me." In the gallery we found, resting upon the seat of an arm-chair, two small panels. My companion exclaimed, "Corots!" and bent eagerly forward to drink in all the beauties of those subtle grays of sky, water, and foliage. Meanwhile Mr. Mesdag drew up one curtain and lowered another, then came back and stood quietly studying them with such thorough enjoyment beaming in his face that we scarcely knew which to enjoy the more, the Corots or his delight. A magnificent head by Munkacsy, the original study for the principal figure in his picture "The Last Day of the Condemned," was then set up in a good light, and, after that, a fine sunset by Daubigny.

"They are good and true," he said, "because the men who painted them devoted their lives to an endeavor to depict Nature as they saw her through their own eyes—not as some one before them had seen her, not after changing and reconstructing her to conform to specific academic rules, but fresh and ever variable as they found her; and then not by a little dabbling in paint, but by an earnest and persevering application of such knowledge as is recognized to be legitimate in good art, by a wholesome devotion to Nature, and by a determination to be original."

"But is there much opportunity left to be original now?" we say. "It seems as though everything had been done, and that all which follows must more or less resemble the work of some man or school that has gone before."

"My dear friends," said the master, laying his hands upon our shoulders, "it is as easy to be original to-day as it ever was; for that lies in the man, and not in the time in which he happens to live. To be original it is best to avoid academies, which have set rules for things that are subject to no rule; where you are set to copy the work of other hands and brains, instead of teaching you the use of your own; and where all votaries of this beautiful art are put through the same mill, regardless of genius or taste, and with no reference to what their subsequent aims may be. Go to work for yourself, with the criticism of a good master, if possible; and if you can succeed in reproducing on canvas the effect



A BIT OF DUTCH HISTORY.

Nature produces upon you the result must be original, for Nature never looks at two people with precisely the same face."

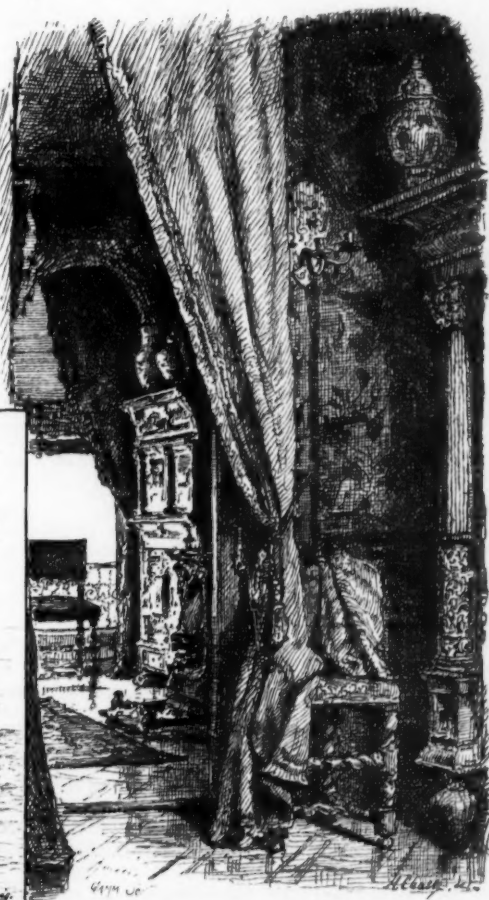
"But," interrupted Mrs. Mesdag, "you are too severe on the academies. You must acknowledge that they are the best places for one to learn the necessary technicalities." For although Mr. Mesdag has been her only master, and she and her husband agree perfectly in their opinions of artists' work, they always disagree as to the best means of acquiring the rudiments of art.

"The study of still-life, the living model, nature in any form, is quite sufficient for all purposes," he said, "and you never need study from the antique to produce true art; for there is no such thing in nature, although academies give this subject more attention than perhaps any other." Then leading us back into the studio he laughingly remarked that the antique furnished material for many a good-natured discussion between his wife and himself.

In the studio we find his Salon picture for 1879—a Dutch fishing-boat coming to anchor in the yellow, sandy surf of Scheveningen. The picture is full of light and motion, of the immensity and strength of the sea, and of the fierce March wind that is bringing the boat ashore. It illustrates perhaps better than we can describe the peculiar freshness of his work. "He has the genius of the Japanese for putting things where we least expect to find them; and yet, having found them, nothing seems more natural than that they should be so placed." So spoke one of his pupils.

"At last I think I have what I was working for," he remarked, turning to another canvas whereon is painted a pale moonlight, strong, yet so full of sentiment that we find a great poem in it.

"He never gives up his original idea of a picture after it is once begun," said Mrs. Mesdag, "however fine an effect he may secure by accident. He is not satisfied if it be not the identical effect for which he was striving, and he will work a year or more upon one idea; but succeed he will. And when the picture has given him much trouble he at last contracts such an affection for it that nothing will induce him to part with it. It becomes more to him than it could ever be to any one else."



IN THE STUDIO OF MARIS.

We learn that it is his custom to keep one or two pictures from each year's work, that he may watch his own progress and be on guard against retrogression.

As we look around on all the art treasures with which he has surrounded himself, and study the many pictures he has painted, we find it difficult to realize that this man who gives his time, his influence, and his wealth to raise and advance the standard of Dutch art, was employed in mercantile pursuits until his thirtieth year, and did not until then begin the study of his profession. When he did begin, however, it was with characteristic earnestness, giving up all other business and going to Brussels, there to study under his cousin Alma-Tadema and a landscape painter named Roeloffs.

He enjoys telling now of the surprise and amusement his first studies caused among his friends, and of how day after day he made studies of the street pavement before his window ;

and among his reminiscences not the least interesting is his narration of how he visited Ostend by mere chance, and there discovered that marine and not landscape was his forte. Once decided to devote himself particularly to the sea, he moved his home to the Hague and built his present house at the edge of the city, within easy walking distance of the sea.

That he continues earnest and constant in the study of nature the improvement in each year's work conclusively proves. Already his work ranks with the first in all Europe ; and the admiration of France and England, as well as numerous medals and royal recognitions, serves to establish him in a most enviable position among contemporary painters.

Mrs. Mesdag is as earnest and enthusiastic in her work as is her husband. Her pictures show a vigorous, free handling, a fine perception of color, and a delicacy of feeling that place her among the first landscape painters of Holland. She is fond of choosing her subjects from the low, flat turf-lands of Drenthe and the rolling sand-dunes, although she is equally successful in wood-scenes and in still-life. Her water-colors show a richness



ISRAELS AT WORK.

and purity of tone that is really beautiful, while Mr. Mesdag's are exceedingly delicate and gray in tone, appearing to be almost in black and white.

THE name of Maris had become a very familiar sound to us through hearing frequent mention of the three gifted brothers who bear it, either one of whom would make it a name to be remembered in the world of art. The eldest, Matthew, a figure painter, lives a very retired life in London, caring for no companionship save his painting, which occupies him from dawn till dark and often far into the night. His works are peculiarly rich in color.

The work of William Maris, the youngest, who devotes himself to animal painting, is simple, vigorous, and true.

Of Mr. Jacob Maris the other painters always speak with peculiar respect, with a nod of the head that says more than words, expressive of their belief in a special genius which is not

bestowed upon all men. We entered his presence with awe, but were quickly set at ease by his hearty, pleasant manners.

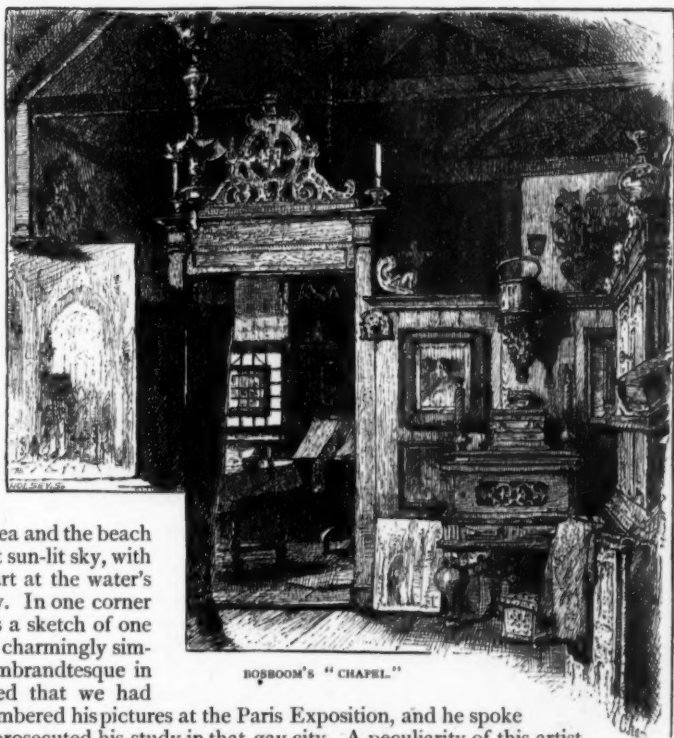
"I have scarcely anything to show you to-day," said he, looking about him, "except this picture on the easel, which is about finished. The critics have been complaining that I always paint in a very low key, and I have done this to show them that they are mistaken."

The large canvas before us showed the sea and the beach lying under a brilliant sun-lit sky, with only a man and a cart at the water's edge to cast a shadow. In one corner of the room there was a sketch of one of his children that is charmingly simple and rich, and Rembrandtesque in effect. He was pleased that we had noticed and still remembered his pictures at the Paris Exposition, and he spoke of the eight years he prosecuted his study in that gay city. A peculiarity of this artist is that he rarely carries pencil or paper when he goes out for a day's observation, but you may meet him almost any day sauntering across the fields, along the canal, or over the dunes, with one of his little ones running along at his side. Then if you should happen to call on him a few hours later you would find him at work on a sketch of something seen that morning, in which he seems to catch more of the true feeling and sentiment of the scene than would be possible in a sketch made on the spot through two or three hours of changing effect, and in his finished pictures he succeeds in preserving the strength and freshness that so charm you in his sketch.

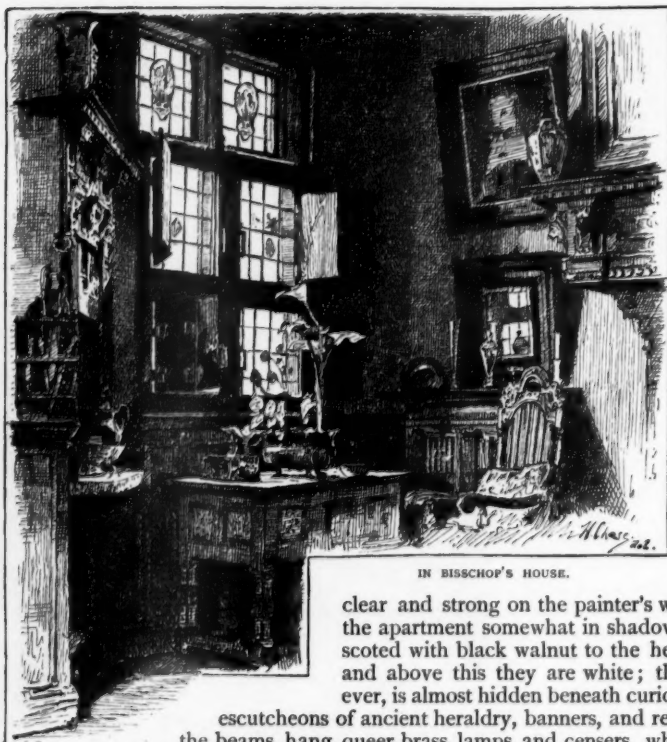
Thoroughly original and extremely clever, he makes us feel in his pictures something of the intensity with which he himself is impressed by nature. Said one of his brother painters, "Maris paints with a great deal of heart." We recall an aquarelle in Mesdag's collection that well illustrates how deep into reflection his pictures seem to lead, and exemplifies how intense are his conceptions of the subject. It represents an old fisherwoman sitting on the dunes in the twilight, with her back to the sea and the western sky, from which the light has nearly faded, leaving only a streak of deep yellow along the horizon. The tawny dunes are already full of the black shadows of night; the old hag, with her broad straw hat pushed back from her ugly face, glowers at you with eyes full of hate and anger. As we gaze, fascinated by its tragic weirdness, we do not wonder that it is called "The Night before the Murder." Mr. Maris is not partial to any class of subjects, and seems equally successful whether he chooses landscape, figure, or marine.

Perhaps one of the greatest charms of these Dutch studios is the marked individuality we find in each, and the perfect harmony of the surroundings with the tastes and works of the painter. Nowhere has this impressed us more vividly than in the beautiful studio of Mr. Johannes Bosboom, who is famous for his church-interiors.

Passing through the small garden at the back of his house we enter a vestibule divided from the studio proper by a screen of dark walnut. At the right, and overlooking the garden, is an old-fashioned Dutch window with tiny square panes, before which are suspended frames filled with bits of old stained glass. Beside the window are an old oak table and an easy-chair, and in the opposite corner a stand of flowers is placed where the sunlight visits them every



BOSBOOM'S "CHAPEL."



IN BISSCHOP'S HOUSE.

clear and strong on the painter's work, leaves the rest of the apartment somewhat in shadow. The walls are wainscoted with black walnut to the height of about six feet, and above this they are white; the upper portion, however, is almost hidden beneath curious bits of carved wood, escutcheons of ancient heraldry, banners, and religious pictures. From the beams hang queer brass lamps and censers, while on all sides quaint candelabra hold waxen tapers. From carved brackets and the tops of oaken chests singular little wooden figures of angels, saints, popes, and bishops, that by some happy chance escaped the rage of the image-breakers long ago, now look calmly down on us. Carved chairs, desks, tables, and screens, with a thousand odds and ends, most of them relics, telling of the former glory of the Netherland churches, are collected here.

Mr. Bosboom possesses a very valuable collection of rare books, illuminated parchments, and official ancestral documents bearing great waxen seals. These occupy shelves at one end of the studio in the shadow of a fine old cabinet.

From this churchly studio come fine interiors of cathedral, chapel, or convent, in depicting the solemn majesty of which the pencil of Bosboom is unequalled. His work is noted for richness and quality of color, masterly management of architectural details, and simple and imposing grandeur of composition.

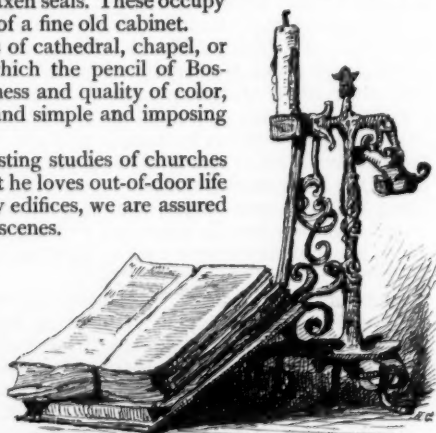
His portfolio of aquarelles is filled with interesting studies of churches and other buildings in all parts of Holland. That he loves out-of-door life and sunshine, as well as gloomy aisles of ghostly edifices, we are assured in looking at his sketches of cottage and street scenes.

In the best modern collections in Europe his pictures are frequently found, and at the principal exhibitions of the world he has received high recognition and numerous medals. He is one of the oldest of the group of painters at the Hague, and with his wife, who is an authoress of talent and of wide reputation in her own country, is held in high esteem.

In a quaint old house on the opposite side of the city live Mr. and Mrs. C. Bisschop, both of whom are popular and clever painters.

morning, keeping them bright and smiling. On one side is a small altar surmounted by a carved crucifix set between two candles. A lectern stands near, upon which a book of parchment lies open, disclosing curious illuminated letters in red, blue, and gold.

Drawing aside the tapestry portière, we disclose a large room with pointed roof and naked beams, which gives one the impression of a chapel in use as a studio. This effect is heightened by the arrangement of light, which, falling



SOME RELICS.

The place, like a little castle, is surrounded on the two approachable sides by moat-like canals. Crossing the smaller one by a drawbridge, we rang at a gate in the high brick wall, over which we read the legend, "Ons Genvegen" ("Our Delight"). A round-faced maid swings open the gate, and passing under the gnarled branches of an old mulberry tree we approach the house through the garden. Under the vine-covered portico we enter and find ourselves half bewildered by our surroundings.

The parlors in which we are sitting have each a large south light, and the broad window-shelf is filled with bright flowers and plants. Through the small square panes of old stained glass we catch a glimpse of loaded barges slowly gliding along the canal.

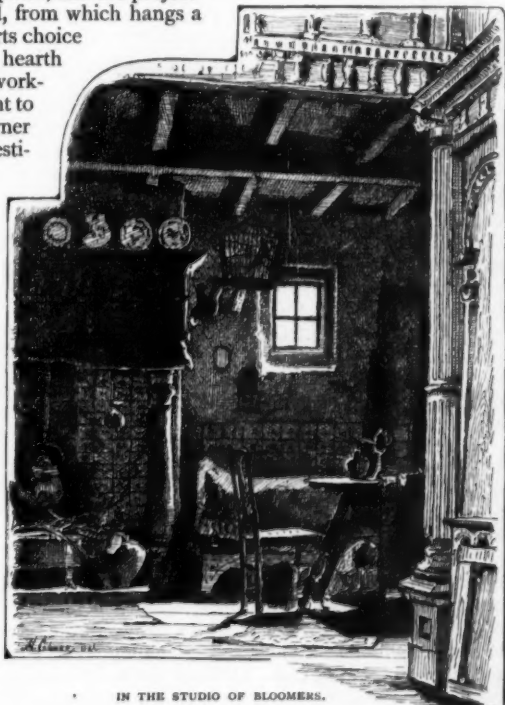
The white walls with wainscoting of oak are graced by old pictures, among them a Quentin Matsys and a Holbein; the unplastered ceiling shows the dark wood of the beams and the floor above. Old Delft tiles line the great fireplace, and the projecting chimneypiece of finely carved wood, from which hangs a beautifully embroidered valance, supports choice specimens of old blue ware. On the hearth below glitters a brazen stand of curious workmanship, on which dames of old were wont to brew their tea; while in a neighboring corner a graceful antique silver tea set bears testimony to the friendship of the late Queen of Holland, and is a reminder of her frequent visits.

Candelabra, rich in design and highly ornamental, with great reflectors of polished brass, and tiles suspended in narrow walnut frames, form other graceful decorations. Another piece of fine carving is an old pew, which, before the Reformation stripped the Netherland churches of such vanities, occupied a place in the cathedral at the Hague. Above it hangs a curious piece of tapestry illustrating the parable of the wise and the foolish virgins.

Mrs. Bisschop takes us into the dining-room, a lofty and spacious room, with quaint windows, corner cupboard, and massive furniture. The long narrow hall leading to the studios, with little oval windows, antique clock, tiles, pictures, shining candelabra, and flowers, is exceedingly picturesque. Even the kitchen is artistically arranged with tiles and old blue plates, glittering copper and brass utensils. A motto in old German text covers the projecting chimneypiece, above which hangs a fine still-life painting by Mr. Bisschop.

During the past twenty years the artist has taken great delight in collecting rare and beautiful objects for the furnishing of his house, until now it forms a perfect model of a Dutch manor-house of the seventeenth century, and many objects that elsewhere are simply bric-à-brac here acquire a new charm from their appropriate surroundings.

We reach Mr. Bisschop's studio by a winding-stair tucked away in one corner of the hall, with a tempting window half-way up that gives a glimpse of the sunny garden below. A large still-life on which he is at work is intended for his own dining-room, and represents a table decoration much used at old-time banquets. An enormous pasty, surmounted by a large stuffed swan decked out in jeweled necklace, gold crown, and other trinkets, is surrounded by great crystal goblets, and set up behind them is a brightly polished brass salver. The rendering of the different substances, the feathers, glass, and metal, is particularly fine. The vigorous original sketch for the portrait of the late Prince Henry, painted for the yacht club of Rotterdam, stands in one corner, and near it is the full-length portrait of a golden-haired American boy dressed as a page.



IN THE STUDIO OF BLOOMERS.

Mr. Bisschop's work always shows careful study and clever handling. While in composition and color it resembles more nearly the English school of to-day, the painter is in complete sympathy with those who are striving to advance the national art.

A new surprise awaited us in the studio of B. J. Bloomers, for we had not expected to find still another so original in design.

Mr. Bloomers finds his pictures in the every-day life of the fisher and peasant folk of this part of Holland, and is particularly happy in depicting children and babies. No one ever succeeded better than he in rendering the erratic action and the bland, wondering expression peculiar to babies. His work, good in drawing and fine and true in color, is conscientious, and his subjects are full of the charm and poetry of child-life.

Mr. Bloomers's studio consists of two large apartments, and is at once interesting and practical. The first we enter is a lofty room lighted from the north by a large plate-glass window; the wall opposite is paneled with oak almost to the ceiling, and at one end of the room are tables, chests, and corner shelves filled with bric-à-brac. The opposite end is entirely open, and admits us into a low room that is a fac-simile of a fisherman's cottage, with an open fireplace lined with tiles, a heap of fagots on the hearth, and the inevitable shining brass tea-kettle suspended on an iron crane. Old Dutch ware decorates the chimneypiece, and the wainscoting is of blue tiles, which, like all the furniture, were collected by the painter from peasant homes. Here Mr. Bloomers poses his models, using the other room simply as an atelier. An open door and a low window light the "cottage" from the north, but quite another effect may be obtained by closing these and opening a small high east window. Again, the entire feeling of the place may be changed by admitting the light from the south only. On that side there is a large window of old Flemish design, with diminutive panes, complicated oaken shutters, and finely wrought latches and hinges, which admits of great variety in the amount and direction of light. Various screens and a green baize curtain on a swinging bracket beside the studio window are so arranged as to prevent the light of one room interfering with that of the other. Our sketch was taken from the studio, just showing the dividing line between it and the cottage, with a view of the chimney and the east window.

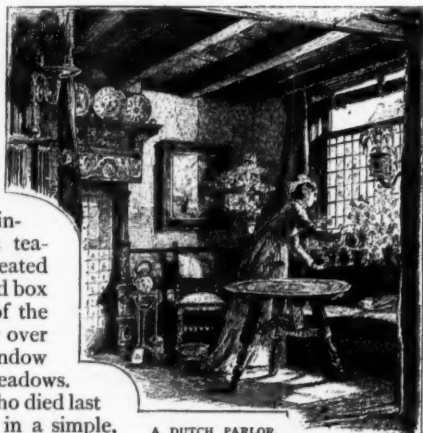
Another young man of talents is Gerke Henkes. He has chosen to portray the everyday life of the middle class in Holland, especially such incidents and customs as are peculiarly national. One of his subjects is a charming interior of that peculiarly Dutch institution, a tea-house. Three old ladies with their knitting are seated around a table on which the pretty tea-service and box of sweet-cakes are arranged, while beside one of the ladies the shining brass kettle is steaming away over a bucket of glowing turf. Through the open window behind them a glimpse is caught of the sunlit meadows.

A. Mauve, the landscape and animal painter, who died last spring, had talents and individuality. Painting in a simple, artistic manner, he sought the quiet tones of gray days on the fields and dunes of Holland. Approaching more nearly the French landscape-painters than those of any other school, with a fine perception of color and a quick sympathy for nature, he imparted his own healthy enthusiasm to all his work. Some of his best efforts were in water-color, with which he produced fine effects of atmosphere and distance.

Of the great number of painters residing at the Hague there are many besides those already mentioned whose work and reputation stand so high that we regret the necessity which allows only the mention of such names as Artz, Sadée, the brothers Albert and Joseph Neuhuys, and others.

The Dutch school of water-color is fast becoming famous, and the annual exhibition at the Hague is perhaps unequalled. The painters all seem to be as expert in the use of water-color as of oil, employing it frequently in their sketches from nature.

The Painters' Club, of which they are all members, affords opportunities for social intercourse, amusement, and study. The club-house, formerly a chapel, is an ancient building situated on a quiet street at the end of a long court-yard. The janitor conducted us up the broad oaken stairway and admitted us into the spacious, well-lighted hall with high-arched wooden



A DUTCH PARLOR.



IN HENKES'S STUDIO.

ceiling. The open fireplace, lined with ornamental tiles, and the great chimneypiece, carved and gilded, are the principal features of the room. Set in the mantel is a fine copy from Paul Veronese by Jacob Maris. The walls are hung with engravings, etchings, and with numerous sketches by the members. A bare oaken floor and oaken furniture, upholstered in dark olive stuff with embroidered dragons and curious figures, add to the somber and antique appearance of the room. On the long center-table are the principal art journals of the day and many finely illustrated works: a fine old cabinet contains still others, with portfolios of etchings by different masters. Two billiard-tables and a piano offer other amusement, and in one room is posed every evening a model in costume for those who may wish to make a study. Occasional exhibitions of these drawings and sketches take place, to which the public are invited.

One of the most agreeable incidents in our intercourse with the painters of the Hague has been meeting them at one another's studios. The kindly interest one takes in the work and progress of another, the pleasant manner in which criticism is given and received, the frankness and openness manifested among them, the universal recognition given to the individual talent of each, show plainly an absence of that petty jealousy which too often mars the intercourse of such men.

Emma Eames Chase.

[This account was prepared a few years ago with the kind consent of the artists.—EDITOR.]

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

A BIRD, he could not choose but soar to greet
The sun. What wing upon such flight can dwell?
So fine the atmosphere, his pinions beat
In vain that ether; then, heart-broke, he fell.

Herbert D. Ward.

EXTRACTS FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF MR. MILES GROGAN.

BY GEORGE H. JESSOP,

Author of "An Old Man from the Old Country," etc.

To Miss Mary Dooly, Boston, Mass.

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,
NEW YORK, April 17.

MY DEAR MISS DOOLY: Sore an' sorry was I indade to hear of yer poor father's death, but sure it's the way of the world an' ye must n't take it too hard. He was a good man if ever there was wan, an' he's got a better berth now nor if he had got into the Custom House itself, which, betwane you an' me, was never sartin at the best of times, politix being onreliable an' life not to be depindend on, which he proved himself the day he lift it. If it was n't that I was tied here hand an' fut I 'd ha' been up to the funeral, which was a dacent wan of coorse, an' a comfort to him that's gone as well as a credit to them that's lift behind. I thrust he med an idifying ind, an' kep' his policy ped up to the day of his death. When the grafe 'll let ye, I 'll take it kind if ye 'll drop me a line, fer I always had a great wish fer ye an' all yer family. If ye get the Five thousand dollars from the insurance I think ye c'u'd n't do better nor furnish a house an' take boorders. It's all yer mother's fit fer, God help her; an' sure you 'd be a credit to enny table, if it was the Prsidint an' all his family was boordin' wid ye. Wid grate respect, an' the hoight of sympathy, I am

Yours to Command,

MILES GROGAN.

*To Mr. Cornelius Rooney, Counsellor at Law,
Boston, Mass.*

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,
NEW YORK, April 19.

MY DEAR CON: It's time fer me to acknowledge yours of last wake wid the news of ould Jack Dooly's death. I sent a line of rispictful condolence to Miss Mary the other day, but betwane you an' me, it's the best thing he c'u'd ha' done. He had n't the janius fer politix, an' yet he never c'u'd keep his nose out of them. I had to laugh when he was talkin' Custom House. Ye need n't put in that note fer collection. They 'll need all the bit of money they can git from the insurance, an' sure \$250.00 is a small matther betwane fri'nds.

Tear it up, Con, an' say nothin' to the ladies about it. I 'm doin' purty well, an' am hopin' to do better soon, by the blessin' of God an' a good conscience. Ye 'll see by the date of this that I 've got the saloon at last — on an illegant corner, Con, an' a first-class political thrade. D' ye mind the time when we were a couple of bare-legged gossoons together, back in the ould dart, weedin' out Squire Skinner's garden an' st'alain' apples whin the gardener's back was turned? We 've done well since that an' no mistake — you a counsellor at law, divil a less, wid a good eddication at the back of ye; an' me wid just enough eddication to fool them that has n't any, an' a good corner saloon, which same's a betther dipindince nor all the l'arnin' in college. I think I 'll make money here, Con, wanst I have the debts ped off, an' I 've worked the ward fer all it's worth. I think I stand a show fer the nomination of alderman; an' the nomination's all I ax, fer it's as much as any one's life is worth to bould the ticket here. I 'll tell ye more about that again. Now I want you to take a look round at the Doolys, accordin' as ye 've the time, fer I would n't like to see anythin' happen to them, fer they're innocent, the crathurs. If there's any delay or thrubble about their money, ye can dhrav on me — but dhrav aisy, Con, avick, fer money's powerful scarce, an' workin' this alderman racket's goin' to cost like fun. But see that they're fixed right, an' tell me how they're doin'; likewise yersilf, fer I 'm as glad to hear of yer gettin' along as if it was me own brother.

Yer Fri'nd,

MILES GROGAN.

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,
NEW YORK, July 24.

DEAR CON: Ye 're a witch, an' I always sed it. May I niver ate another bit if I thought anythin' about her except as she was Jack Dooly's little girl, an' a tasty slip enough; an' now comes yer letther sayin' ye belave I 'm in love wid her. Whin I re'd that I laughed, an' sez I — Con's dhrunk, sez I, an' niver gave it another thought till I come to what ye sez about Hans Butter. Hans Butter! That's a swate name to go to church wid! The Dutch Sardine! — fer I take it he's a Dutchman be his name — is it the likes of him to be makin'



"SHE WAS LOOKIN' BEAUTIFUL—MARY, I MANE."

up to Mary Dooly? Sooner nor that I 'll spake fer her meself, sez I; an' the minnit I sed it, that mortal minnit I knew I wanted her, an' I looked at the first of yer letther an' sez I—Con's a witch, sez I, an' I always sed it. Well, here's the way of it. I 'd marry Mary to-morrow, an' would n't ask better sport, but how am I goin' to l'ave here to see her? I 'm up to me eyes in politix, an' have n't drawn what ye might call a right sober breath in two wakes. I 'll deserve the nomination if I get it, fer I 've worked hard fer it. An', whisper, Con, avick; there 's talk of an underground railway, an' that 's goin' to mane grate pickens fer the next batch of aldermen. I 'm only waitin' fer a sate at the table to cut into that pie. But I can't l'ave, an' the thought of that Dutchman shinin' up to Mary! I dunno whether the girl cares tuppence about me either—at laste, of coorse I always knew she had a fri'ndly rigard fer me—but girls is quare; ye know what I mane. Naterally she 'd liefer have me nor a Dutchman! but sure he 's there an' I 'm here, an' that 's the divil of it, an' I 'm bothered entirely. I dunno but what the best thing I c'u'd do w'u'd be to sit down an' write her a letther—but that 's a poor way of coortin', say what ye like about it. C'u'd n't ye pick a quarrel wid Butter—he ought to be a soft fellow by his name—an'

break his neck, or somethin' thriflin' that 'u'd kape him in bed fer a wake? Ye see all I ax is time to turn round. Just do what ye can fer me, an' accept the blessin' of

Yer Fri'nd,

MILES GROGAN.

To Miss Mary Dooly, Boston, Mass.

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,
NEW YORK, July 24.

MY DEAR MARY: I 'm takin' the pin in me hand to say somethin' I 'd liefer say right out lookin' into yer two blue eyes an' axin' them the question that stares mortal cowl'd in black an' white. Ye 're alone in the world, Mary, fer yer mother niver was much account; an' havin' regard to her an' yer father, I dunno how the likes of yerself was bred—but niver mind that. Yer mother has the kindest heart in the world, an' sure you 've inherited that anyhow. I 'm not gettin' on very quick, I 'm afraid, but I 'm doin' me best, an' sure angels c'u'd n't do more nor that. I hear tell about wan Mr. Hans Butter that does be callin' on ye; but sure ye 've no use fer a Dutchman, have ye, Mary? Tell him to go along wid him, fer it 's not dacent fer a man to be hintin' at the like to ye, an' yer poor father hardly cowl'd

in his grave. An' that brings me to what I want to say mesilf. D' ye think ye c'u'd fancy a fellow like me, Mary?—four and thirty years ould, come Michaelmas, widout a blimish or a scar on me barrin' the big hole yer own two purty eyes have put in me heart, an' sure that it rests wid yersilf to cure. Will ye marry me, Mary, an' will ye fergive me that I'm not kneelin' at yer little feet whin I'm axin' ye the like? I'm bothered entirely, fer I'm goin' to run fer alderman, an' love an' politix play the divil wid wan another. But if ye 'll only say yes: jist write yes on a postal card and send it to me — or telegraft it me, fer if I'm goin' to be happy I might as well know it wan

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,
NEW YORK, July 26.

MY DARLINT MOLLY: Yer swate letther come this mornin', an' I 'll say nothin' about the slapeless night ye give me by not telegraftin'. I'm two inches taller since the mail come in. What do I care fer Hans Butter—by the bye, it seems it's Britter his name is; but Con Rooney niver c'u'd make a right loop to an "r," bad cess to him. I knew it was n't in ye to throw yersilf away on a Dutchman. O Molsheen! I'm that happy I can't kape from singin', an' I've thrated ivery bummer that's come into the saloon this blessed mornin'. But maybe that's only bread thrown



"I HAVE TO SPIND MONEY LIKE WATHER."

day sooner. But if it's no, avick, a post card will do, fer I'm in no hurry to give ye up—even the thought of ye, an' that's all I've got. I'll come up to Boston an' see ye ennyhow; maybe it 'u'd ha' bin the best of my play to wait till then, but I c'u'd n't an' that's the troth, an' that rapparee of a Dutchman hangin' round ye. But if ye 'll only have me, Mary, ye 'll make me the happiest man in the ward to-day, an' if I don't make yersilf the happiest girl, it 'll be because I don't know how. Be good to me, Mary, fer I can't live widout ye—in troth I can't.

MILES GROGAN.

on the wather ennyway, an' it 'll come back to me on election day. Molly, I've that much to say to ye that I'd wear me pin down to the butt before I c'u'd write the half of it. I'll see ye Sunday, plaz Providence, fer I 'll take the last thrain Saturday night an' be wid ye bright an' early Sunday mornin'. I meant no disrispect to yer mother, ma cushla, by what I sed in my letther. Sure, how c'u'd I? If it was n't fer her you w'u'd n't be in it, an' if it was n't fer you I w'u'd n't give a traúneen fer the nomination if they brought it me to-morrow on a clane plate. I 'll not thry an' write enny more, darlint, fer I can't. I 'll only thank

ye fer yer kind thought in sindin' me the pottygraft. It's the raal breathin' image of yer own swate silf, wid yer own blue eyes an' soft brown hair an' purty mouth, an' the blush on yer cheeks that I 'm only waitin' to see rise there whin I kiss ye. Och, Molly, how can I iver wait till Sunday?

Yer Lovin' Own, MILES GROGAN.

To Cornelius Rooney, Esqr., Boston, Mass.

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,
NEW YORK, July 30.

MY DEAR CON: I got homesafe, an' by'r'ason of the thrain bein' so airly I cot the boy not openin' the saloon at the right time, an' sacked him accordin'. I'll have to get a raal smart bartender, fer there'll be a terrible sight of work to be done from now till election. I 'm wan of the sort that belaves in beginnin' airly. I 'm as happy as a bird ennyway, an' I found Mary as lovin' as heart c'u'd wish, an' ould Mrs. Dooly mighty considerate in the way of droppin' off to slape an' steppin' out in the kitchen wanst in a while to see if the kittle was b'ilin'. She was lookin' beautiful—Mary, I mane; but what's the use of talkin' of that when ye seen her yersilf? It was too bad ye had to l'ave direct afther dinner, fer I 'd a power to say to ye, though God knows if I 'd iver ha' sed it, or ennythin' else, except to Mary. Love plays the divil wid business. I c'u'd n't make head nor tail, though, of what ye sed about the bribery. A body 'u'd think it was pickin' pockets ye were talkin' about. D' ye mane to tell me that there's enny crime in takin' a man's money that he offers ye to do him a good turn? Maybe I'll never be an alldherman, an' there's no sinse in crossin' the bridge till ye come to it; but if I iver get there, I go bail I take what comes, an' them that wants yours truly's infloocene has got to pay yours truly fer it. What the divil else does politix mane, an' how 's a man goin' to make money out of it enny other way? If that's what eddication has done fer ye, Con, I can only be thankful that mine stopped where it did. Let me hear enny news of the Doolys whin ye write. Mary promised to write regular, but sure I can't hear too much about her. I had a call to-day from Mike Finnerty, no less. I tell ye I 'm gettin' a howlt on the ward, an' the nomination 's lookin' up.

Yer Fri'nd, MILES GROGAN.

To Mr. Edward Halloran, The Emerald Sample-Room, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,
NEW YORK, Sept. 4.

DEAR NED: It's sorry I am to hear of the
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thrubble ye're in, but sure what can I do? I owe fer ivery bit of stock in the saloon, an' I 'm in politix an' I have to spind money like wather, let alone that I 'm a-goin' to be married afore long, an' more expinse waitin' fer me there. I'd help ye an' welcome, Ned, but I have n't the money, an' that's a fact. Thry some one else, an' good luck to ye. If I had it I'd lend ye the thousand dollars wid a heart an' a half; but I have n't, an' sure there's no more to be sed. My best rispicts to the mis-thress an' the childher.

Yours truly, MILES GROGAN.

To Cornelius Rooney, Esqr., Boston, Mass.

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,
NEW YORK, Sept. 6.

MY DEAR CON: Yours to hand, an' I take it mighty kind of ye takin' Mary to the theater. The girl wrote me about it, tickled to death. I had a letter from Ned Halloran the day before yisterday. He's in a bad way. His whole stock an' fixtures's to be sowld by the sheriff, fer want of a thousand dollars, an' he wid a wife an' eleven childher, the crathures. I feel bad about him, fer who knows how long it may be afore Mary an' me's in the same fix? So ye're back at the bribery again. Ye say whin a man's elected to an office he's put in a position of thrust, an' is bound to work it fer the best good of the people that puts him there, an' not fer his own. I agree wid ye in all but wan word, Con. He's bound to work it fer the best good of the people an' fer his own. A smart man can do both, an' no wan else has enny business in politix. There's scriptur' fer it too. "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that threadeth out the corn." Now I don't want to see no finer cornfield than this ward'll be when it's worked right, an' if I don't pick a bit while I 'm thrampin' through it, I've it there. Ye'll notice it says, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox." D' ye know why that is? Beca'se the ass will muzzle himsilf, an' more fool he. Well, enny wan that plays Miles Grogan fer an ass is goin' to get lift, an' I ax no better warrant than scriptur' fer what I 'm goin' to do if I get the chance.

Yer Fri'nd, MILES GROGAN.

To Mr. Edward Halloran, The Emerald Sample-Room, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,
NEW YORK, Sept. 7.

MY DEAR NED: It's a hard case sartainly, an' I think ould Morris might ha' helped ye; but since he won't, an' the wife an' childher are goin' to be turned out, I suppose we must thry an' do somethin'. I can't bear to think of

that, ennyway. It's the truth I'm tellin' ye when I say I have n't the money, but I'll do what I can. Send me yer note fer wan thousand dollars an' I'll clap me fist to it, an' I think I can raise the money fer ye that way. I sind ye wid this a check fer wan hundred an' thirty-five dollars, which is all I can spare. Use it careful an' stop the sheriff's mouth wid it, so as to give me a day or two while I'm raisin' the coppers. If ye were in politix ye'd know what I mane. No man wid a hundred in ready cash can get lift in politix. My regards to the misthress an' the colleens.

Yours Truly, MILES GROGAN.

To Miss Mary Dooly, Boston, Mass.

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,
NEW YORK, Sept. 7.

MY DARLINT LITTLE GIRL: I was hopin' to come up an' see ye over Sunday, but I can't get away ennyhow. Don't be disappointin', ma cushla machree, fer I'll be up the nixt wake sure, an' it's not me heart that hinders me bein' wid ye all the time. Give me love to yer mother, an' save up all them kisses fer me that I ought to be havin' the day afther to-morrow.

Yours Always,
MILES GROGAN.

To Cornelius Rooney, Esqr., Boston, Mass.

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,
NEW YORK, Sept. 12.

MY DEAR CON: I'm afraid the little girl felt bad that I did n't come up Sunday, but faith I c'u'd n't help it. I'd a sudden call on me that tuk all me spare change, an' ye know even a tin-dollar bill looks big whin a man has n't got it. But it's not tin-dollar bills 'll be thrubblin' me long, fer I'm doin' grand, an' payin' off somethin' ivery day. Maybe it's as well I was here Sunday, fer the side-door thrade is n't the worst of the wake, an' who should come in but Mike Finnerty himself. He was talkin' alderman to me. I've got the Miles Grogan Coterie in workin' order. They're a thirsty crowd, an' it comes expinsive; but they're worth it, fer they're rustlers, ivery wan of them. I'll get there, Con, as sure as I'm alive. I'm glad ye think me lithrary style's improvin', fer I'm conscious of a wakeness in that respict; but I've been doin' a power of writin' lately, an' it's comin' aisier to me. I know an alderman has no call fer writin' nor spellin'; but wanst a man's in politix there's no knowin' where he'll land, an' a mayor's business is writin' letthers. No more at present from

Yours Truly, MILES GROGAN.

To the Hon. Mike Finnerty, Harlem, N. Y.

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,
NEW YORK, Sept. 20.

DEAR SIR: I gratefully acknowledge yer very handsome letter of the 19th. I will not disappoint ye, an' if ye do as ye say, ye may count on me to the last dollar in me pocket or the last drop of blood in me vanes. I fully acknowledge what ye say as to the necessity of assessments, an' I'm quite willin' to stand me share.

Your Obed. Servant,
MILES GROGAN.

To Messrs. Sharp, Shandy & Co., Vesey St., N. Y.

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,
NEW YORK, Sept. 25.

GENTS: I must ax yez to defer the prisint payment on acct. of what is due to yer honorable house fer the stockin' of this saloon. I am under heavy expinse just now, but will hope to be on time nixt month. Meanwhile, of course, I expect to pay interest fer the accomodation.

Yours, etc.,
MILES GROGAN.

To Cornelius Rooney, Esqr., Counsellor at Law, Boston, Mass.

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,
NEW YORK, Oct. 14.

MY DEAR CON: I've been so ate up wid business that I have n't had time to sind ye a line I dunno whin, an' this will be a short wan. I'm goin' to take the whole of the Miles Grogan Coterie, women, childher, an' all, fer a picnic to Jones's Woods in half an hour's time, an' I think that will clinch the business. I have Mike Finnerty solid on me side ennyhow, an' that's worth more nor all the rest put together. It'll all be fixed in a day or two wan way or the other, an' thin I'll slip on to Boston an' git married. I suppose Mary's towld ye the day's fixed fer the 24th. I'm fixin' up the place a bit to bring her home, but I've that much to do I'm fairly moidered. Mrs. Dooly thinks she's comin' to live wid us, but she's goin' to be fooled. She'll have to stay in Boston fer the prisint at enny rate. I'll see yez the 24th.

Yours in haste, MILES GROGAN.

To the — Committee.

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,
NEW YORK, Oct. 18.

GENTLEMEN: It is with a deep sense of my own unworthiness that I attempt to thank you for the honor you have done me in your com-

munication of even date. You offer me the nomination of alderman for this ward. This unexpected, unsolicited, and wholly unmerited compliment takes me completely by surprise. I am in no sense a politician or public man, but I trust I am one whom the voice of duty will never appeal to in vain. I will not sit down in slothful ease when my fellow-citizens call me to take up their banner and march with it to the front. Gentlemen, I accept your nomination, and trust to prove myself worthy of the confidence you have reposed in me. You will find in me none of the arts of the professional politician. I seek no personal gain; and if I am fortunate enough to please you, I ask no reward save that of an approving conscience. Gentlemen, I am an Irishman by birth, an American citizen by choice, and a ——— by conviction. Can I say more? With deep respect and humble gratitude I subscribe myself, gentlemen,

Your obliged and obedient servant,
MILES GROGAN.

To Cornelius Rooney, Esqr., Boston, Mass.

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,
NEW YORK, Oct. 18.

By the powers, Con, I've got it! Nomination unanimous, an' nothin' to do but to stip in an' take it. I accepted in a nate letther, a copy of which I enclose. I doubt if ye c'u'd ha' done better yerself. I had it written fer me by a littlerary bummer of me acquaintance, and divil a cint it cost me but his skin full of whisky an' the price of the hack to take him home, an' that last was me own fault, fer the dock-a-doorish was too much fer the crathur, an' his legs give out. But I don't begrudge it, fer he done it raal tasty an' hit off me simintints to a hare.

Yours Truly,
MILES GROGAN.

To Miss Mary Dooly, Boston, Mass.

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,
NEW YORK, Oct. 22.

MY DARLINT MOLLY: This is the last letther I'll iver sind to Miss Mary Dooly. Nixt time I write to ye—if I can iver let ye out of me sight, which I doubt—it'll be to Mrs. Miles Grogan. How do ye think it looks in writin', machree? Tell yer mother not to be in two big a hurry sellin' her furnitur'. Sure life's full of chances an' changes, an' Boston's a raal healthy town fer an owld lady. Con will ha' towld ye I've got the nomination. Ye'll be an ornament to the Boord of alder-

min, Mary; there is n't wan of thim from Harlem to the Batthery has a wife that c'u'd howld a candle to ye. Good-bye to ye till the day afther to-morrow.

Yer Lovin' Husband (soon),
MILES GROGAN.

To Mr. Edward Halloran, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,
NEW YORK, Dec. 9.

MY DEAR NED: Of coorse ye can't take up the note. I never expicted ye c'u'd. I'll attind to it in good time. Ye'd better drop over an' see me some day nixt wake. Ye're doin' no good in Brooklyn, an' I've a proposition to make to ye that may suit ye. Ye might bring over the misthress an' wan of the girls, whin ye come, to take a cup of tay wid Mrs. Grogan. Yours Truly,

MILES GROGAN.

To Cornelius Rooney, Esqr., Counsellor at Law, Boston, Mass.

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,
NEW YORK, Jan. 18.

MY DEAR CON: I was lookin' fer some such a letther from ye, an' faith ye have n't disapp'inted me. Of coorse ye seen that the franchise was granted, an' that alldherman Miles Grogan voted wid the majority. May I niver be in worse company! An' now ye want to know if I sowld me vote. Well, Con, I'm not tellin'. What a man says he'll do before he's elected an' what he does afther is two mighty different things, as ivery politician knows. At the same time, if ye've ere a wan of thim ould foolish letthers of mine by ye, burn thim, an' burn this wan too whin ye've rid it, an' on that condition I'll consint to argy the p'int wid ye wanst more. Of coorse I did n't take a pinny fer me vote. Why would I? Sure that's a statootable offince. But if I did, I'll say this: divil an inch w'u'd I hang my head by r'ason of it. The railway's a good thing. Ye can't find a sowl in New York to say different, barrin' a few who want to run the world their own way. Now, Con, I see ye were definidin' Barney the Bloke in coort the other day, an' ye were ped fer doin' it, I'll take me oath. If you can take a burglar's money to argy him out of a crime, can't I take an honest man's money to argy me brother alldhermen into a good action? Faith, if I had as tinder conscience as ye, I'd be afraid of sittin' down hard fer fear I'd jar it, an' I'd giv up bein' a lawyer an' meddlin' wid wickedness, an' go into some honest thrade like poli-

tix. I'll tell ye what, Con, if ye 're afeard fer me. When I go to confission I own up to ivery sin that I can twist round so as to see it's a sin—an' I 've niver confissed yet to givin' nor takin' a bribe. Now ye 've known me since I was knee high to a grasshopper, an' I don't think ye iver heard of me goin' back on a fri'nd or takin' a pinny that don't belong to me—so put that in yer pipe an' smoke it.

Yer Fri'nd,

MILES GROGAN.

THE SHAMROCK, NINTH AVE.,
NEW YORK, Feb. 6.

MY DEAR CON: I don't understand wan word in tin in yer letther. What the devil does "Arrested moral development" mane? I niver was arristed, an' I 'd like to see the cop 'u'd dare to lay a finger on me! There's some ugly talk got around about that franchise, an' I dunno but some of the boys may get in thrubble. Mary's none too well, an' I 'm thinkin' she 'd be the better of a change of air. She needs a bracin' climate, the doctor says. Maybe I'll take her up to Montreal to see the carnivell.

Yer Fri'nd,

MILES GROGAN.

To the Cashier of the Bank of British North America, Montreal.

NINTH AVE., NEW YORK, Feb. 6.

DEAR SIR: Enclosed please find draft for \$40,000, which place to my credit on deposit, subject to my order, and oblige

MILES GROGAN.

To Cornelius Rooney, Esqr., Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

WINDSOR HOTEL, MONTREAL, Feb. 8.

DEAR CON: I got here safely last night. It's an illegant town an' suits me fine. Mary's better already. If I see enny good business chances I may stay awhile. Let me hear from ye.

Yours,

MILES GROGAN.

To Messrs. Sharp, Shandy & Co., Vesey St., New York, U. S. A.

WINDSOR HOTEL, MONTREAL, Feb. 9.

GENTS: Enclosed find my account wid yer house, showin' ballance due of \$182.50 fer goods supplied to Shamrock saloon. I sind yez draft on N. Y. fer that amount, which plaze acknowledge, an' oblige

MILES GROGAN.

To Mr. Edward Halloran, The Shamrock, Ninth Ave., New York, U. S. A.

WINDSOR HOTEL, MONTREAL, Feb. 10.

MY DEAR NED: I may be away some time, so if ye choose to keep on the business ye can do this: ye'll pay me 25 per cint. of the profits till ye 've ped me \$10,000. Thin the business is yer own. That's better nor Brooklyn. Ye need n't sind me enny New York papers. I can get them here, an' I don't value it a kippeen what they do be sayin' about me. It's thimsilves 'u'd be glad of the chance. I've the laugh on me side an' a few dollars in bank, an' I've done nothin' I've enny call to be ashamed of; so what need I care? I do have a gallus time standin' off the reporters that come to interview me. I like this town well, an' have my eye on a good saloon I think I c'u'd make pay if I had it. I have n't got the hang of their politix here yet, but sure that 'll come whin a man has the janius fer it. Mary is well and likes it here. I've bot a fine slay an' team an' take her out ivery day. I suppose I 'll be havin' a sarmon from Con Rooney by nixt mail as long as from here to the cove of Cork. He's got the tindherest conscience about another man's business iver I seen, but I hear he's makin' out well wid the law, so it can't be very troublesome in his own. Mary sinds her love to Mrs. Halloran an' the childher. We're lookin' out fer a house, an' whin we're settled we'd be glad to see a couple of the girls fer a wake or two. It'll be a change fer them, the crathurs. Think over me offer about the saloon an' let me know. The thousand-dollar note is ped, so ye need n't worry.

Yer Sincere Fri'nd,

MILES GROGAN.

THE RIVER-GOD.

A GIANT docile to obey your will,
A comrade,—a companion,—a refrain
Threading a dream; yet, laughing like a rill,
He'll bear your drowned body to the main.

Charles Henry Lüders.

THE LAST ASSEMBLY BALL:¹

A PSEUDO-ROMANCE OF THE FAR WEST.

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE,

Author of "The Led-Horse Claim," "John Bodewin's Testimony," etc.

INTRODUCTORY.



HE East generalizes the West much as England has the habit of generalizing America; taking note of picturesque outward differences, easily perceived across a breadth of continent. Among other unsafe assumptions, the East has decided that nothing can be freer and simpler than the social life of the far West, exemplified by the flannel shirt and the flowing necktie, the absence of polish on boots and manners.

As a matter of experience, no society is so puzzling in its relations, so exacting in its demands upon self-restraint, as one which has no methods, which is yet in the stage of fermentation. Middle age has decided, or has learned to dispense with, many things which youth continues to fash itself about; and the older societies, with all their perpetuated grooves and deep-rooted complexities, are freer and more cheerful than the new.

In constructing a pioneer community one must add to the native, Western-born element the "tenderfoot" element, so called, self-conscious, new to surrounding standards, warped by disappointment or excited by success, torn, femininely speaking, between a past not yet abandoned and a present reluctantly accepted. Add, generally, the want of homogeneity in a population hastily recruited from divers States, cities, nationalities, with a surplus of youth, energy, incapacity, or misfortune to dispose of; add the melancholy of a land oppressed by too much nature,—not mother nature of the Christian poets, but nature of the dark old mythologies,—the spectacle of a creation indeed scarcely more than six days old. When Adam's celestial visitor (in the seventh book of "Paradise Lost") condescends to relate how the world was first created, he gives an astonishing picture of the sixth and last great act; when the earth brought forth the living creature after its kind regardless of zones and habits, crawling, wriggling, pawing from the sod, rent to favor the transmission. Life on the surface could not have been simple, for a

few days at least, after that violent and promiscuous birth.

The life of the West historically, like the story of Man, is an epic, a song tale of grand meanings. Socially, it is a genesis, a formless record of beginnings, tragic, grotesque, sorrowful, unrelated, except as illustrations of a tendency towards confusion and failure, with contrasting lights of character and high personal achievement. The only successful characterizations of it in literature have treated it in this episodic manner.

But looking forward to the story in periods the West has a future, socially, of enormous promise. It has all the elements of greatness, when it shall have passed the period of uncouth strivings and that later stage of material satisfaction which is the sequel to the age of force. The East denies it modesty, but there is a humility which apes pride as well as a pride which apes humility. It has never been denied generosity, charity, devotedness, humor of a peculiarly effective quality, a desire for self-improvement, unconquerable, often pathetic, courage, and enthusiasm. It has that admixture of contrasting national types which gives us the golden thread of genius. Finally, the New South is seeking its future there—not a future of conquest, but of patience and hard work.

The West is not to be measured by homesick tales from an Eastern point of view. The true note will be struck when the alien touch no longer blunts the chord, groping for futile harmonies through morbid minor strains; when we have our novelist of the Pacific slope, cosmopolite by blood, acclimated through more than one generation to the heavy air of the plains, bred in the traditions of an older civilization—or, better still, with a wild note as frank as that which comes to us from the sad northern steppe.

THE SITUATION.

I.

THE overland train which took westward, in the fall of 1879, Francis Embury, aged twenty-four, swung along to the rhythm of certain well-strummed stanzas that sang in the young man's head with as genuine, passionate iteration as

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once they must have beat in the brain of the poet.

O my cousin, shallow-hearted ! O my Amy, mine no more !

We, whose pretty girl cousins are getting to be middle-aged ladies, and who have ceased to shiver at the sounding meters of "Locksley Hall," may smile at these words, but they had tingling meanings for the cousin of Miss Catherine Mason of Mamaroneck, in the county of Westchester.

O the dreary, dreary moorland ! O the barren, barren shore !

We know there are no moorlands about Mamaroneck ; but moorlands or marsh-lands, Amy or Catherine, the train clanked on indifferent to the new burden or the old, and as to the dreariness and the barrenness and the shallow-heartedness, nothing need be conceded on the score of youthful wretchedness.

But it would have been going too far, even for the sake of putting her more in the wrong, to have insisted that Catherine Mason was to be "mated with a clown." The clown of Westchester County, whatever may be the nature of him, has no attractions that we know of for the parents of pretty cousins, nor were Mr. and Mrs. Ennis Mason at all likely to bestir themselves in the matter of a marriage connection for their daughter. It was only in a negative way that they concerned themselves, and, as their disaffected young relative bitterly reflected, where the claimant was of their own blood.

The difficulty itself was a despairingly simple one. Eleanor Mason, Catherine's elder sister, had married her first cousin, after a good deal of quiet but exceedingly earnest discussion, which had gone on over the heads of the younger members of the family. Francis Embury was not a first cousin, but when his turn came Mrs. Mason had declared, without any discussion, that she desired no more cousins in her family, whether once or twice removed, in the capacity of sons-in-law. Her husband was effectually of the same mind, and the Emburys, father and mother, were not behind with their objections.

It might have been urged that Eleanor's marriage, having proved a happy one with all the usual blessings—and some that were unusual—upon it, should have supplied a family precedent, but the parents on both sides illogically refused to consider it as such. They talked with their children apart, and in these conferences strange lights were thrown upon the family history, a branch of research young people are usually indifferent to until they become heads of families themselves, and begin

to look for tendencies in their children, or excuses for the same when found. Old seals of silence were broken ; records, which the elders of the family keep, like sibylline books, closed against the day of doubt and confusion, were consulted, and the sky of youth, painted with rosy dreams, showed portents which the fathers and mothers spared not to interpret with prophetic plainness.

The young man was wild—against his parents, against her parents, against the girl herself, who faltered and sickened and gave up her hope.

She swept up the bangs from her fair forehead, which was overhigh for such strenuous treatment, and clung more than ever to the mother who, with pain scarcely less than her own, had dealt her the blow. It is the nature of some girls to be "servile" in this way, as it is the nature of the young men who suffer from their want of spirit to call them cold, characterless, shallow-hearted—"puppets," in short.

Catherine's conduct was not in the spirit of her time and of her country ; she would not declare for happiness and her lover. The family verdict prevailed, and Frank Embury hurled himself across the continent by the first train westward.

The great mining boom of 1879-80 was then in the ascendant. No doubt many of the young men who joined the stampede for Leadville at this time went, like Frank, under conviction of the worthlessness of all that remained to them of life, especially the feminine portion of it, and were the more inclined to be reckless in their bids for that ironical species of fortune which is said to perch upon the banner of love at half-mast.

A concussion of the heart, at a time when the circulation is restoratively active, has pitched many a good husband and useful citizen safely into the midst of a prosperous career ; but an average result in these cases must be difficult to arrive at so long as the publicity of the experiment depends upon its success. The failures go down upon private records, not easily traced or verified. In the case of Frank Embury nothing worse seemed likely to come of his mishap, his parents flattered themselves, than a little timely attention to business in a direction hitherto distasteful to the young man. He remembered that he had a profession—adopted to please his family and coquetted with since, on various pretexts satisfactory to no one but himself. He did not know, perhaps, that there were already in the camp upwards of twenty graduates of the Columbia School of Mines alone, besides representatives of every other institution in the country which has the honor of producing a yearly crop of civil or mining engineers. But if he had known

it, it is not probable the fact would have deterred him from projecting himself upon his fate. The malcontents of all kinds inevitably go West if they are young and not well provided with this world's goods.

Frank lighted upon his feet in one of those communities which are proverbially engaged in burning the candle at both ends. Here were no fathers and mothers of an age to balk youth of the courage of its impulses. Men not much older than himself gave the tone in society and in business; rushed into alliances, offensive and defensive; declared war and laughed in each other's faces over their shot-guns. Life and death were lightly held compared with questions affecting the egoism of youth, its rights and privileges, its haughty immunities. Social knots, which have been patiently picked at for generations, these jaunty civic fathers disposed of at a blow.

Across the continent clans and families looked on aghast as the spindle whirled and the thread of these tense young lives was swiftly spun, and the shears, which in older communities are wont to creak a little and give a poor moment's warning, were ready with their work.

Embury arrived in time to dispute with an older graduate of his own college the ominous distinction of thirteenth assayer in the camp. The young men concluded to divide the objectionable number between them, and each became the twelfth and a half. The sign of Williams and Embury invited patronage as assayers of metals or as experts in the examination of mines; though it may be assumed that in the latter capacity the experience of both young partners put together could have been but an expensive sort of guesswork for those who employed it.

The town was in a state of chaotic expansion, with throes of laughter at its own un-wieldiness. It was difficult to get enough to eat, impossible to find a decent place to eat it in. Ancient deplorable jokes about the "Forty-niners," who slept in barrels at five dollars a night with their feet outside, were revived with childish appreciation of their humor. Soft-handed youths, fresh from Eastern colleges and ball-rooms, found themselves twirling frying-pans as familiarly as if they had been pretty girls' fans or favors in a german, and better than a rose in a button-hole was the button itself, when it could be relied upon not to come off.

The Clarendon Hotel was then building; the Windsor had not been projected. Ranks of men in triple file lined the counters in every eating-shop,—tables and chairs were as yet not thought of,—laughing, shoving, gesticulating, endeavoring by bribes and curses to influence the impartial tide of bad victuals steaming in

from the reeking kitchens. Much time as well as temper was lost in these periodic struggles, and the food when captured was execrable. Our two young men therefore adopted a mode of life then common in the camp, called "bach-ing it," in the two bare rooms they had striven for with several other applicants before the roof was over them.

Frank, who had no gift for cooking, was unable to dispute his manifest destiny as dishwasher. It was he, therefore, who first tired of the mutual housekeeping, and who roamed the town, every hour he could spare for research, in the hope of finding the coming woman. Chinese labor had been excluded from this camp of idealists; there was dearth of woman's cooking, and eke of woman's dishwashing, thought poor Frank.

About this time a gleam of hope came to him from the "Tent Bakery," as it was called, where, in the white photographic light of a canvas roof, bread and pastry could be bought which had the home-made flavor. He induced Williams to throw aside his skillets and sauce-pans, and the pair took home schoolboy meals in paper-bags, subsisting upon buns and canned meats and wearying for the taste of a hot broiled steak. They agreed that this state of things could not last, watching hungrily meanwhile the progress of the new hotel, which filled an entire block of Harrison avenue with ample promise of hospitality.

In the mean time there had come to the camp an intrepid little widow of—let us say Denver, not to be personal. She was a woman of a practical turn, which did not prevent her from being decidedly pretty. Mrs. Fanny Dansken had not been slow to perceive the advantages of the new camp as a place wherein to make a little money quickly in a way she had thought of, and to invest it—with what chances who could say? Her way of making money was a very simple one. For most women, and under the usual circumstances, there are few ways that are harder; but Mrs. Dansken purposed to reverse the usual anxious order of things in the business of taking boarders, and instead of seeking allow herself to be sought. In that homeless, hungry, distraught community of men she had reason to believe that her experiment would be unique.

She took a high tone from the beginning, a comically lofty one, considering her resources; but she was careful that no one but the author of the situation should see the fun of it. She trusted to be able to hold her own until she could afford, financially speaking, to ship her oars and spread her sails to the rising gale that was humming through the stock market, from Wall street to the Golden Gate. Then it would be time enough to share the joke.

She opened her house on Harrison avenue, on the west side, a few blocks above the skeleton stories of her formidable rival, the Clarendon. No. 9 had the usual square board front, thinly painted, the new pine showing with cold pinkness through a scumbling of white lead. To the original four-room cabin she caused to be added a long extension, running back into the lot in which the house stood alone. From the kitchen door a path led out upon some vague, parallel street, where the buildings as yet were too far apart to obstruct the prospect across such a haggard stretch of country as made the new tenant homesick to look at, though she was not an imaginative person and for many years had called no place in particular her home. Beyond were the mountains, giving perpetual emphasis to the human achievement; for every item of manufactured material that had gone to the building and plishing of this gaunt, growthy young settlement, every circumstance that contributed to its insatiate life, from the piano in its dance-halls to the shards and rags on its dust-heaps, had come over those sternly unimplicated mountains, by ways needless to describe to those who are familiar with such ways, and impossible to those who are not. The journey in itself constituted an understood bond among the citizens. Each knew how the others had got there, and could guess, within limits, why they had come. It was not for their health, they gayly admitted, looking about them at those bony foster-mothers, Breece and Freyer and Carbonate Hills.

Mrs. Dansken found, as she had anticipated, that in making up the tale of her guests she could take her pick of the town. The process of selection was necessarily a hasty one; but, considering the place, she made very few mistakes. It was understood that a seat at her table was to be well paid for, outside of the privilege itself. She was perhaps lucky in her first applicants; these implied others of the same sort. Very soon a company of sun-burned faces that would have been presentable anywhere met nightly in the light of the crimson silk-shaded lamp, the sun and center of Mrs. Dansken's dinner-table.

It is laughable, it is pitiful, to remember how little it took to create something like an environment in that home of the self-exiled. A lamp with a soft luster; a pretty little stranger woman at the head of a table spread with clear glass and spotless linen and the best an inchoate market could afford; chairs that stood upon four legs without wobbling; good health, youthful appetites, not too much knowledge of each other; distant homes and loves and friends in the background, to whom all this strangeness was tenderly referred. Outside, the shrill air

of the spring twilight at an altitude of eleven thousand feet above the level of the sea; six inches of snow on the broad sidewalks, mountains whiter than the clouds and black with patches of burnt forest; smoke of smelters languidly rising; voices and footsteps, all of strangers; over all an atmosphere of insensate gayety, of fantastic success.

II.

MRS. DANSKEN stood in the path behind her kitchen door one morning, watching across the street the funeral of a well-known "jumper," who had been shot in a quarrel over a piece of disputed land. The poor cabin could not contain the new-made widow's grief. She was crying, bare-headed, in the bleak noon sunlight, while her husband's confrères, in Masonic bibs and aprons, were shouldering the coffin into the plumed hearse. The children of the neighborhood had gathered to the spectacle, and followed as it moved down the street with throbbing of drums, wailing of fifes, and buzzing of brass. The widow and her brood were bundled into the carriage magnificently provided by charity, at a cost that would have fed them for a month. They sat in it charily, in their shabby weeds, eying its soiled upholstery with an awe which even the freshness of their grief could not blunt.

Mrs. Dansken buried her face in her apron and laughed hysterically. Looking up she saw a young man at the gate, studying the house as if to reassure himself of his locality. He beamed, hat in hand, at the sight of her brightly illumined figure in the sunny path; perhaps with relief that she had not, as he had at first supposed, been crying.

"Is this No. 9?" he inquired. "I seem to have come out on the wrong street."

"Yes, our front door is on Harrison avenue; but it does n't matter. Will you come in?"

"Is this Mrs. Dansken? I'm sure it is!" He smiled down at the shining brown head and white lawn apron, tied in a bow in front of a neat waist.

Mrs. Dansken laughed. "Then I need not say that it is, if you are sure." They were skirting the kitchen regions towards the front door.

"I hope you'll forgive me for insisting that you're Mrs. Dansken, but I'm so awfully anxious to know if you will have room for us, my partner and me."

"Yes, perhaps, when I know who you are. You know there are a great many of you."

"And only one of you, unfortunately."

This was the way Mrs. Dansken liked to be approached. She looked the new applicant

over in the shade of her doorway. He was extremely good-looking, so far as that went; but Mrs. Dansken did not choose her boarders for their bright eyes or for the number of inches they stood in their boots. She let this one produce his credentials, beginning with his name, Mr. Francis Embury, No. 174 of a respectable-sounding street, with New York added in pencil, on the card he gave her. His partner, Hugh Williams, she already knew something of; indeed, young Embury was not altogether a stranger to her, as she allowed him to suppose while she sat calmly considering his proposal. If she understood her part in the negotiation, it was plain to her that he was by no means unpracticed in his. But in this she was mistaken: Frank was simply one of those charming young fellows to whom the art of coaxing comes by nature, but who are found to be exceedingly obstinate when the same sort of pressure is applied to themselves.

She smiled at him out of her narrow, shining eyes, with merry little creases at the corners. He was gayly insistent. He proposed to present himself and his partner at dinner that same evening. They were famished, he declared. They had been living upon husks, and had done nothing to deserve it.

Mrs. Dansken could only promise them a very small portion of a fatted calf, she said, if they were resolved upon coming that night; and then she coyly mentioned sweetbreads, at which the young fellow howled with delight, so that it was impossible to help laughing. They laughed together, like old acquaintances, and the business was settled.

Mrs. Dansken was in the habit of sharing her news, if it was good news, with her silent partner in the kitchen, Ann Matthews, an old servant of her mother's whom she had imported at considerable expense, with a farsighted eye to the foundations of success in a camp without a cuisine.

Ann's excellent skill in cooking was a gift that had upheld its possessor in the darkest hours of a somewhat morose disposition. In these moods she could absorb flattery as a black garment gathers the rays of the sun, and Mrs. Dansken gave it to her in the universal belief in the efficacy of this simple remedy; though Ann, unlike the traveler in the fable, clung to her cloak long after she was warmed through and through. Ann would have been called a "far-downer" by her lively countrymen from Cork; but she gloried in having "come from the County Tyrone, among the green bushes," and if her lips had ever been intimate with the Blamey Stone the spell upon her caustic tongue had lost its power.

"Well, Ann, what do you think of our youngest?" the mistress demanded in her gayest

tone as she stepped into the kitchen. "I saw you on the lookout as we came by the window."

This was a deliberate tease, and no time was lost in taking up the challenge.

"Me on the lookout is it? Not fur the likes of him thin! I seen the two av yez comelaughin' up the walk an' the 'Dead March' playin' behind yez. Sure it's God's own wurld fur all the trouble that's in it, an' there's plinty to look at besides a giddy b'y like him."

"Well, I'm not so fond of funerals as you are, Ann. I'd much rather look at a 'giddy b'y' who wants to put forty dollars a week into my pocket."

"Forty dollars, is it?"

"There are two of them—Mr. Embury and Mr. Williams, partners."

"An' where will it all go to? Into thim prospects, like pourin' water down a rat-hole, an' that's the last ye'll see av it. Ye'd better put it in the crack av the flure. It'll be safe there, anyways." From which will be seen the direction Mrs. Dansken's investments were taking, and what encouragement she found in the bosom of her family.

Before many weeks it became necessary to add a second story to the main part of the cabin, and with this Mrs. Dansken declared she had reached her limit. She had a perfect company, more would be a mob. She now began in her own way, which was not a groping way, to materialize her ideal of domestic comfort and prettiness. It became one of the amusements of her guests to follow her processes. She did not attempt too much, and so she never failed in the discouraging and pitiable manner of more imaginative decorators. She had no artistic principles to bother her, she said; nor did she pretend to any superior light in a conventional way. She flattered her admiring constituency by appealing to their own later standards, presumably higher than her own. Was it thus, or so, at their mamma's table, or in her drawing-room?—not that one could hope to do more than suggest, but one's suggestions might as well take the right direction. She was nothing but an imitator, but she liked good models when she could get them.

Mrs. Dansken had a design in these cajoleries, perfectly creditable to more than the business side of her character. Her young men, she was pleased to observe, were getting in the way of rushing home after business hours, to be in time for tea in the much discussed little parlor, which had become the property of all, since each had contributed, by his advice at least, to its development. Many of them would gladly have contributed, out of their absurd young affluence, in more substan-

tial ways, but the landlady was resolute on the subject of gifts. She accepted the help of long arms and strong backs when pictures and curtains were to be hung, and of vociferous tongues on all occasions when her own was not the "dominant persistent," but she preserved her independence of their pockets, beyond the weekly stipend by which she held her own, with something over to put into prospect-holes.

No. 9 was getting a reputation as one of the show cabins of the camp. Nothing was expected of the outside of a Leadville cabin, but there was sharp rivalry as to the comparative merits of interiors. The young men boasted with caution, but it was matter for gossip that Mrs. Fanny Dansken was making her family comfortable in ways that were clever beyond those of the ordinary frontier housekeeper. The practical gifts, after all, are those which give a woman vogue among other women. Beauty or personal charm may do more with men, apparently, but women know and men discover that these triumphs are slight and temporal compared with the secret, possessed by the few, of an unobtrusive mastery of the means of modern living.

The ladies who were the pioneers of society in Leadville began to recognize Mrs. Dansken's "afternoons"—with the courage of an indifference that was a trifle insolent she had announced herself "at home" on Saturdays—as one of the institutions of the camp; the more readily perhaps that Mrs. Dansken's young gentlemen, all of them who could manage it, made a point of getting home early on their landlady's "day," not to miss the exciting privilege of carrying about cups of tea and plates of biscuits, which they subsequently emptied themselves, and chuckling over their performances afterwards with their hostess, in those too brief moments by the parlor fire between dusk and the summons to dinner.

They swore to each other that she was the best little woman in the world—the very woman for the place; and as they were the very men for the place, there could be no question as to mutual fitness. They knew by heart all the playful, mocking changes of her bright, untender face. It was not a remarkable face, taking its feature by feature, but it kept one interested. Mrs. Dansken had the sort of person, both as to face and figure, which suits the dress of the period, whatever the fashion of it may be; which is not to say she lacked individuality, but that her individuality had an alertness and a certain hardihood capable of withstanding casual effects of costume. She had exceedingly small hands, pretty in the way which is said to be American, and she used them with charming facility. They were, indeed, prettier to watch than her face; and the young men used

to tell her that a second cup of coffee at breakfast was desirable, for æsthetic reasons.

As a matter of course her name went East with extravagant praise of her virtues, celebrated in letters to mothers and sisters, who discussed this remarkable woman with a degree of skepticism not unnatural under the circumstances, and wondered if she had charms as well as virtues.

If Mrs. Dansken's experiment was a success it was because, in the language of the camp, she had put herself into it for all she was worth. The mothers had no cause for anxiety; it was not their precious sons she wanted, only a little of their sons' precious money.

This queen of landladies had no idea of entertaining herself or her boys, as she called them, in a way that would ultimately be bad for business. As for any folly more serious, Mrs. Dansken was a clever woman, thirty-four years old; marriage for its own sake had no illusions for her, and she would as soon have thought of sacrificing the remains of her complexion to a pink bonnet as of arranging herself for the rest of her life in trying conjunction with a husband obviously her junior. The ages of her boys were charming ages, but they were not the ages that were becoming to her own.

But all this does nothing like justice to her good sense and good faith. She knew she was in the land of inflated values, where pippins were as good as pineapples so long as the latter were not obtainable; but she had no desire to pass for anything more than the honest, shrewd little pippin she was, and a last year's pippin at that. Her young men, she saw, were of a stamp more likely to be endangered by the tragic delusions of the place than by its cheap temptations; and stoutly she resolved that, if the chance were given her, she would be as loyal to them as they had been to her. In the mean time she catered for them devotedly. She trotted all over the town in search of surprises for those brave appetites. Every marketman and purveyor in the place knew her and liked her, not only for her pleasant, praising ways, but for her keenness in detecting a substitute for a good bargain, even when offered with the best of excuses. The sweeter side of her nature was coming out in the sunshine of kind, admiring looks, and of the chivalrous appreciation she had won—and all in the way of business. It was just the success she had planned, only so much more gracious. Her boys had lifted her life out of its sordidness, and lent a touch of benignity to her bald little scheme.

When the ladies who were working for the new hospital came to her for assistance, she told them she was too busy to work and too

poor to pay, but she assured them that she was coöperating with them in her own way by keeping men out of the hospital and out of the places that led to it. It was fortunate for Mrs. Dansken, said the ladies to each other and subsequently to other ladies, that she was able to combine business and charity so conveniently. Her little boast was widely quoted and came at last to the ears of her boys, much to her chagrin. They did not push the joke too far, seeing that it troubled her; she was indeed far from priding herself upon anything she did for them. They were paying a proud price for more than the best she could give, and it ill became her to publish her satisfaction with her own part in the bargain. But there was one service she openly threatened them with if it came in her way. It was part of her duty, she declared, in the station to which she was called, to preserve them—in the absence of their female relatives and of legitimate objects for their affections—from the Western marriage, so often fatal to Eastern boys.

"I may say, always," she intoned. "Eastern women may be wanted in the West, but Western women are never wanted in the East. Why? Because there are women enough there already—women who are acclimated, body and soul. And how does it end? You forsake your East for the sake of your wife, or your wife for the sake of your East!"

"There seems to be a good deal of forsaking, whichever way you put it," Hugh Williams, the stout and calm bachelor of the company, observed in the silence that followed Mrs. Dansken's words.

"Behave yourselves, my dear boys, and go home and marry your own girls, to the happiness of all concerned. And I shall have earned the prayers of your anxious parents."

"How do you know but that some of us may have come out here just on account of our own girls? Are n't we to have any girls, East or West?" asked Williams.

"How many of you, I should like to know! Let the blighted ones hold up their hands."

An emulous brandishing of hands replied to this demand. Every pair in the room went up, amidst shouts of laughter—every pair but one. Frank Embury, with a face that was scarlet, was stooping and poking the fire.

"Oh, my poor boy!" thought Mrs. Dansken, seeing that it was her favorite the random shaft had pierced. "You are the one I shall have to look out for."

young matrons were at Mrs. Dansken's on one of her Saturdays, when the young men were at home, making the most of their simple privileges. One of them, a pretty little blonde man named Blashfield (a general favorite, chiefly on account of an artless way he had of exposing himself to general ridicule, and taking it angelically when it came), was trying dance-tunes on the banjo, while the ladies—of New York or Chicago or St. Louis, as the case might be—experimented fitfully with each other's steps in the round dances that were then in fashion. The young men looked on restlessly, protesting that this sort of thing would not do, and the ladies were finally separated, and divided, so far as they would go, among the superfluous sex.

Blashfield's performance was so ungratefully received that he presently put down his banjo and claimed a share in the dancing, to music furnished by his critics. One of the ladies then took off her gloves and played waltzes with verve and passionate precision on Mrs. Dansken's hired piano. The springs of rapture were touched. The merry matrons, blushing like school-girls in the heat of the room, were silently passed from hand to hand, while more and more dancing was the plea.

The late spring twilight, prolonged by snow reflections, stole away and left them circling round by the light of the fire, with a mimic rout of shadows gyrating on the walls above their heads. The ghost of joy was not yet laid when the ladies trooped homewards, with a husband apiece who had come to look them up, and Ann, putting her head in at the dining-room door, inquired, "Do yez want any dinner the night?"

This was the origin of a series of dances which called itself, with the touch of laughter inseparable from everything the camp did at this time, the "Assembly." Its meetings were fortnightly, in the dining-room of the new hotel; and here, on Assembly nights, the Cymons and Cœlebs of a crude generation—in flannel shirts, it must be confessed, and "wearing their own hair"—claimed the hands of the lively Jocastas and Pamelas, in dresses they could afford to sacrifice to the new pine floor of the Clarendon. The ladies were amused and flattered to find themselves again on the footing of girls of one season. It was one of the little insanities of the place that these modest and hitherto uncelebrated dames should find themselves temporarily representing the feminine idea. It was a pleasing responsibility while it lasted, and perhaps it was as well that it lasted no longer—for this phase of a new society, when married women frankly do duty for young girls, is one of the briefest.

Before autumn much of the simplicity had

III.

At this time, the spring of 1880, there were no girls to speak of, and not more than a dozen married ladies, in the camp. Four of these

departed. The day of competition and of preferences had begun. As the ladies progressed in splendor they were openly congratulated upon their costumes as so much contributed to the glory of the camp, and the first dress-coat made a paragraph in the daily paper. There were other changes, showing how in the newest society the old experiments are repeated in the sequence history has made us familiar with.

The camp was forming into crowds. There were the iron-mine crowd, the famous Chrysolite crowd, the Evening Star crowd, Chicago had its crowd, St. Louis, and New York; and the society of the camp, made up of these coalitions with their respective followings, revived the period of the oligarchy, under conditions, it must be owned, that made the Renaissance something of a burlesque.

This picturesque but belated tendency may have been assisted by the presence of the aristocratic element in unusual force. There were many young Southerners, recruited from families impoverished by the war, who brought with them the feudal feeling and the need for personal distinction; there were sons of Northern families, bred in the same exclusiveness, but with more practical adaptability. These young gentlemen, many of them, were incidentally engaged in chopping their own wood, cooking their dinners, and mending their trousers; but they did these things to their own astonishment and the admiration of their friends, not in the least identifying themselves with the part of the laboring-man.

None of the social expedients of the frontier will ever have the fascination of the "crowd." None of them so completely illustrates the boy and girl element so conspicuous in the life of the new West—the mining and engineering and military, not the rural West. It appeals to those fine romantic instincts, loyalty and personal leadership in men and faithfulness and concentration of feeling in women.

Woman, who, as the "Pilgrim's Scrip" says, "will probably be the last thing civilized by man," is notoriously happy in a crowd, and never more herself—for to lose herself with a woman is to find herself. When an Eastern woman goes West she parts at one wrench with family, clan, traditions, clique, cult, whatever it may be, and all that has hitherto enabled her to merge her outlines—the support, the explanation, the excuse, if she needs one, for her personality. Suddenly she finds herself "cut out," in the arid light of a new community, where there are no traditions and no backgrounds. Her angles are all discovered, but none of her affinities. A husband does not help her to be less conspicuous; he is another figure cut out beside her own, often another vantage

for attack. She hastens to lose herself in her husband's crowd. She will conform to any restrictions that will secure her in this immunity from general observation, which implies general criticism. And so restful is the sense of support, so emancipating the obscurity, so stimulating the intimacies and passionate partisanships of the inner circle, that it is not wonderful if these privileges are somewhat jealously extended, and only to those who can be relied upon to preserve as well as to enjoy.

For plainly it is not every one who can belong to a crowd. It is a matter of temperament, of breeding, of religion even, of progress in the lessons of humanity. The element that loves the chatter of the streets and does not mind being chattered about, the honest Samuel Pepys's element, will stay outside; so will the element that uses its friends for ulterior purposes; so will the element that yearns for popularity—the members of a crowd are never popular; so will most that is broadest, kindest, most human and democratic in our modern life. The crowd is the fortress on the hill, opposed to the noisy, sunny, gossipy streets of the great free city on the plain. It will exist yet for many years on the feudal frontier.

A Western crowd comes easily together on a basis of common interest or convenience, but some deeper sentiment than this is required to give it entity, to make it a force for good or evil. It must have a soul as well as a body. In this respect Mrs. Dansken's house was built upon sand. The only principles on which it rested were personal comfort and the making of money. All beyond was boyish gallantry and extravagance, and the sentiment any woman who is not unnatural can awaken in a generous and pure young heart. So far as moral support went Mrs. Dansken knew that she had reason to be content; but she had her little troubles of a sort the most devoted constituency cannot keep from the door. She had saved out of her experiment considerable money which she had promptly invested with a courage worthy of better success. Several of her young men had tried to give her points; but she did not see her way, she said, out of the camp that year or the next, and the young men were ungenerous enough to say they were very glad to hear it.

An internal difficulty had also arisen which threatened the foundation of her scheme. Without Ann Matthews the business of the house could not go on; and whether from the effect of the harsh mountain climate at that great altitude, or the pressure of her work, which was more miscellaneous than she had been used to, Ann's strength was visibly on the decline. Anything like sympathy or assistance from her mistress she fiercely repelled;

but by substituting her own steps for Ann's, whenever on one pretext or another it was possible to do so, Mrs. Dansken contrived to keep her house going, and to shield her testy old servant from the young men's criticisms.

"Why do you let her bully you so, and why do you do all her work?" they inquired, with that air of superior enlightenment as to methods which no housekeeper can be expected to tolerate.

"She does n't bully me. Do I look like a person to be bullied? She is nervous, poor old thing! It's the climate."

"Does the climate never make you nervous?"

"Ask Ann," said Mrs. Dansken. Ann would have said that if there were any nerves in that house they belonged to the mistress.

Mrs. Dansken herself had discovered that to be the center of a circle of magnetic young spirits, whose bodies one has agreed to maintain at a persistently high level of comfort in an essentially uncomfortable place, is not a restful position for a woman to hold. But she was determined to hold it, and to hide the cost. She could not hide the cost from Ann, who was convinced that her mistress was killing herself, and so spurred on in the race between the two, which should exert herself and spare the other the more; but a deliberate word of affection rarely passed between them. One Sunday morning when they were making beds together in the extension Ann was inveighing as usual against the young men and the claims they made, which the mistress allowed, upon her time and strength.

"The more ye do fur thim the more ye may do! Is n't it enough ye bed 'em an' board 'em, but ye must be feedin' 'em wid the words out av yer mouth an' the breath out av yer body? Don't I hear ye talkin' the flesh off yer bones below there nights?"

"You think I need my beauty sleep, Ann?"

"Indeed an' it's little beauty ye'll get in this place, nor anythin' else, forbye the money ye'll make wan day an' lose it the next."

"What we want in this house is somebody young," said Mrs. Dansken, decisively.

Ann looked up from under her brows. Her head was bent and her mouth distended with the effort to hold a pillow under her chin while she parted the folds of the case.

"In the place av ould Ann, is it?" she presently asked.

"You know very well that I want nobody in Ann's place but Ann," said the mistress. "So what is the use of talking foolishness? You are tired out, and you say that I am. Perhaps I am. Anyhow I intend to find somebody to wait upon us both; to give us a rest. There must be girls in the place by this time."

"There's girls iverywhere, if it's green sticks ye want, or maybe rotten. Ye'll get no rest, I'se be bound, out av anythin' ye'll pick up here."

"Well, there's no harm in trying," Mrs. Dansken sighed. "We must have more help this winter, with the fires, and the water to carry."

She sighed again that evening, inadvertently, in the midst of the circle lounging about the parlor in various attitudes of repletion, under the depressing effect of the Sunday custom of two meals a day and both at the wrong time. She laughed, and plucked herself out of her momentary abstraction, as the cause of her sighing was demanded.

"Oh, breakfast too late and dinner too early, and nothing in the house to give you for tea!"

"Come, you were n't sighing about our appetites," said Frank Embury. He looked at Mrs. Dansken with rather a tender expression in his long, soft eyes. "What is the matter, please?" he added, lowering his voice.

Mrs. Dansken raised her own, giving him a smile at the same time. "We need somebody young in the house," she repeated.

"Madam, are n't we young enough for you, on an average?" Williams demanded.

"It is a question of my youth, not of yours. I am young enough to be your landlady, perhaps, but not to be your landlady's servant."

"Ann's servant, you mean."

"Well, Ann's servant, then. I want to hear a young pair of feet—not in boots, if you please—go slip, slip, up the stairs in the morning before I'm out of bed, not pad, pad,—poor Ann!—and a groan at the top. I positively have to fly to keep her from doing things she knows she has no business to, with her lame knee, and the colds she gets."

"Why don't you let her go on, and be a martyr if she wants to?"

"Because she would make herself sick, and then I should be the martyr, and I don't enjoy it."

"Where is the need of so much work in a house, anyhow?" This unsleeping question was duly propounded, as it always will be in a domestic crisis, by the male members of the family. "All this sweeping, for instance; you only stir up a lot of dust to wipe away when you're done."

"And who is it fills the water-pitchers, by the way?" asked Embury. "I swear I saw the skirt of Mrs. Dansken's gown whipping round the stairhead this morning when I pulled in my pitcher."

Mrs. Dansken inquired if he was sure that he knew her gowns from Ann's.

"We'll introduce the fag system," said Williams, "and begin with the smallest. Blasshy,

you 'll please to hop out to-morrow morning when you hear 'Fag!'"

"Fagging is obsolete. We 'll go down in a democratic body —"

"In Blaschy's body —"

"You 'll stay upstairs, in your beds, where you belong," said Mrs. Dansken. "I don't purpose to have a procession of half-dressed young men promenading the house before breakfast. I do my own promenading then, and my crimping-pins are not becoming."

"Fill the pitchers overnight; nothing simpler, I 'm sure."

"Extremely simple, you will find, when the water freezes and breaks my two-dollar-and-a-half stone-china pitcher."

"Why do you have pitchers? Have pails. We had pails," said Williams out of the experience of the past.

"Pails are squalid," said Mrs. Dansken.

"Frank, were our pails squalid?"

"I should like to know," said Mrs. Dansken, "who the misguided creatures were who mobbed Chinamen out of this camp? Were they men with sisters dear; were they men with mothers and wives?"

• "Men with wives they call 'the old woman.' Wives can work cheaper than Chinamen, don't you know, and they don't interfere with the price of men's labor."

"And the rest of you let them have it all their own way, as usual."

"Some of us were n't here; and we did n't come out here to be mayors and city councilmen. And we claim that it is n't a mistake. The Chinese element —"

"Oh, I've heard all about the Chinese element since before any of you were born! It is a mistake from my little point of view; anyhow, mistake or not, I want you all to keep your eyes open and think of the water-pails—pitchers, I mean—if you see anybody of the female persuasion who looks young and strong and not too affluent."

IV.

It was Mrs. Dansken herself who first met with the person answering to these specifications. She was one day at Daniel & Fisher's, the great dry-goods store of the camp, looking at walking-jackets. The salesman had laid one across the padded shoulders of a female torso, clad in pink cambric. "It's an elegant shape," he said, referring to the jacket—"after an English model. Won't you try it on?"

Mrs. Dansken shook her head disparagingly, but kept her eyes upon the jacket, while she meditated whether, after all, it was worth while buying an intermediate garment so close upon winter.

The clerk, misunderstanding her hesitation,

opened the door of a back room, where carpets were being made and sewing-machines were clashing through breadths of coarse sheeting, scattering motes through the long beams of light that slanted from the high, uncurtained windows.

"Miss Robinson," he called, "will you step this way a moment?"

"Don't give yourself any more trouble," said Mrs. Dansken; "I shall not take the jacket." But she felt compelled to wait until Miss Robinson made her appearance, brushing threads from the front of her shabby black jersey.

The clerk held out the jacket; the girl slipped her arms into its sleeves without a word, and stood beside the absurd dummy, filling out with a faultless form the nicely adjusted curves of the jacket.

"You see, it is perfect," said the clerk, as Miss Robinson slowly rotated on the heels of her boots.

"I see that the young lady's figure is perfect," said Mrs. Dansken. The eyes of the two women coldly met.

"Not more so than yours, I am sure," said the clerk, with a glance at Miss Robinson.

Mrs. Dansken was aware that she was herself responsible for this affability. It was one of the days when she found life intensely objectionable in all its features; and now she included the girl and the jacket and the man who was trying to sell it.

"It would not suit me at all. Thank you," she added, with a curt little bow to Miss Robinson. The clerk smiled patiently as he refolded the jacket. He amused himself for some time afterwards, standing in the door of the workroom, staring at Miss Robinson, who was rushing a long seam through the jaws of her machine. He made a number of little jokes at which the other girls looked up and laughed, but the handsome one kept her head down and blushed with anger.

Mrs. Dansken had put an advertisement in the paper, carefully worded not to attract the wrong class of applicants. Two or three showy young women called,—chiefly out of curiosity, it would seem. She was becoming discouraged when, on the afternoon of the fourth day, she was surprised by a visit, evidently in good faith, from Miss Robinson. The girl looked very nice in her close, plain turban and black clothes. Mrs. Dansken noticed there was a poor suggestion of mourning in her dress. The short afternoon was falling dark, and she had walked fast, as her pure, deep color showed. She glanced about her, rather wistfully, at the pretty parlor in the firelight: Mrs. Dansken liked her the better for seeming not so much at her ease as she had with the English-modeled jacket on.

But the girl was tremendously handsome. Mrs. Dansken told her frankly she should expect her to give some account of herself, since, as she said, she had never lived out before, and could give no references. This Miss Robinson seemed to have expected. The two women had a long talk together in Mrs. Dansken's bedroom, where as the dinner hour approached they took refuge to escape interruption.

During dinner the mistress was preoccupied with the question, Will she do? It was her way to make the most of small domestic incidents for the amusement of the family. Everything was grist that came to her mill. It would not have occurred to her to have disposed of Miss Robinson, even had her case been less interesting, without first taking lively counsel upon it in the fireside conclave. She informed her household that she had found the "somebody young," and explained, upon being congratulated, that it must depend upon them whether she should venture upon her.

"She is n't a servant; she is just one of the chances of the place — and she is the prettiest girl I ever laid my eyes on, I think."

"Oh, think again, Mrs. Dansken," she was advised.

"You have no idea how pretty she is, unless you have seen her. Have you seen her?" There were conscious faces in the group.

Mrs. Dansken reddened. "Well, if you know my young lady you must know better than I can if she is possible."

"But who is the young lady, Mrs. Dansken?"

"Don't be evasive."

"Is she the girl with copper-colored hair who runs a machine at Daniel & Fisher's?" Hugh Williams asked, composedly.

"Why, yes, I suppose so," said Mrs. Dansken, vaguely relieved by his manner. "Her hair is rather on the metallic order. What do you know about her?"

"She made me some sample-bags once. She sewed 'em up good and strong, and I was pleased with the way she snubbed a young man who was giving her a good deal of his advice."

"A talent for snubbing will not improve her for my use," said Mrs. Dansken. She perceived from words that followed that there had been some harmless joking about the girl at Williams's expense; the others had perhaps coveted a share in it. She was "out of it" herself, and it did not please her to be "out" of anything that interested her crowd. "It is really very funny that I should set up to introduce you to my discovery. It seems she is your discovery."

"Not one of them ever spoke a word to her,

Mrs. Dansken," said Blashfield, in his good-natured, literal way, "except Williams about the bags. She is a very nice young lady. I know she will never look at a fellow on the street."

There was a laugh at Blashfield's modest confession.

"Oh, this will never do," said Mrs. Dansken. "She is n't a young lady. You don't expect to treat her like one, do you, when she comes here to wait upon Ann? How will you treat her, I should like to know?"

"Any way you like," said Williams, who was always obliging.

"No, it's no use. You've begun joking about her —"

"We can leave off, I suppose."

"It's too bad — and I want her so much! I can see by the creatures that came before her what my chances are if I don't take this one."

"Why don't you take her? I can't see for my life what the matter is."

"The matter is, excess of participation. You are on the *qui vive*, every one of you."

"Because you won't tell us anything about her. You excite our curiosity and leave us a prey to it. Has n't she a story?"

"Yes, she has a story — quite a pathetic one. I don't care for their stories as a general thing —"

"Whose stories, Mrs. Dansken?" Frank interrupted, rather impertinently, Mrs. Dansken thought. She answered with asperity:

"*Their* stories."

"I thought she was n't one of 'them.'"

"She will have to be if she comes here. She does n't come as a protégée of mine, or a young lady in distressed circumstances."

"But what is she now? What is her present status, besides running a machine at Daniel & Fisher's?"

"If you will listen you will find out—that is, if her story is true. Her name, to begin with, is Milly Robinson. She is a Canadian—English, not French. That accounts for her complexion, I suppose, and that indestructible look she has. She had a brother out here mining. He wrote to her that he was doing well and sent her money to come on with. She arrived last April, with about five dollars in her pocket, and those checks which she could n't put in her pocket. She seems to have expected her brother would be the first person to meet her as she stepped out of the stage, and that his mine would be across the street. The mine turned out to be a prospect-hole, fifty miles away, and nobody knew anything about the brother. She was completely upset by this turn of affairs, after her journey and all. She was sick nearly a month at the Sisters' Hospital

(I wonder if she is a Catholic). The Sisters were very good to her. I believe they took her to their house, and they wrote to the brother's address. His partner answered, after a while. The brother was dead, and the partner seems to have got all the money. His story was that the brother sold out his share and 'blew it all in' in about a week down at The Basin, and then started for the Gunnison early in the spring while the snows were deep. He started in a condition to miss almost anything he aimed for, and so he missed the trail, and dropped off, and his horse fell on him—"

"Lively narrative style Mrs. Dansken has," Hugh Williams observed.

Mrs. Dansken made a little face at him and continued: "After she left the Sisters she went to Daniel & Fisher's; but she says she cannot stand the machine work. I told her if she was out of health this would not be the place for her, but she said housework was just the change she needed, which is very true; but I doubt if she is leaving the store on account of her health. She seems to have a certain amount of sense. She is quite willing to take the place on my terms, hard work and good pay, and no question of what she has been used to. I told her she'd have to sleep with Ann and take her meals in the kitchen. She will be just like the little Irish girl in a cap and apron who sweeps down your mother's stairs. What I want to know is, can you treat her the same? Are you going to make a heroine of her?"

"We will if you insist upon it."

"I'm perfectly serious. It's a situation, I can tell you!"

"A very good one, I hope, for Miss Robinson."

"You may laugh, but it's not so simple."

"I should think it might be as simple for us as for her. Do you really want the girl, Mrs. Dansken?"

"I really do, Mr. Williams; or rather, to be honest, I don't want her, but I need her."

"You wish to engage the services of a young person and leave the young person out of the transaction?"

"Precisely. It does n't sound very amiable, does it?"

"It sounds a little difficult; but if she agrees, and if it is on her own account—"

"Oh, it is n't. It's on my account—and on yours."

"What is the matter with us?"

"Don't you see? I am letting the wolf into the fold. Here is a girl, beautiful, unprotected, as they always are, going about the house as if she were struck dumb; nobody knows what she is, or what she is thinking about. She is a mystery, while you are all in evidence. She serves and you accept her services. Don't you

see what a situation it is? Pretty girl-help in a land where there are no girls."

"Mrs. Dansken, you are a woman of imagination."

"Not at all. However, I believe I have impressed myself, if I have n't you. I shall not dare to have her!"

"Oh, you must! For the sake of the situation."

"Never! Unless you will agree to take a solemn oath—one that will hold water—a regular iron-clad—"

"Let us have it. We will take it as one man."

"I shall not give it to you that way. You are expected to take it solely and separately, on your individual and sacred honors. I have my conditions all ready for you. I intend to be explicit. First, you are not to call Milly 'Miss Robinson.' You are not to bandy her name about with all manner of jokes and teasing of one another about her. You are not to talk to her except in the way of her work; not to be trying to spare her, or furtively doing her work for her, or wondering if she is happy, or how she stands it, or concerning yourselves about her in any way, shape, or manner. Is that enough?" laughed Mrs. Dansken.

"It is enough to make me feel that I shall probably elope with Miss Robinson—I mean Milly—before she has been in the house a week," said Hugh Williams.

Lightness of touch was not one of Mrs. Dansken's social qualities. When she was gay she was aggressively gay, and when she was morbid she called the household to witness. But even in the enthusiasm of her bargain—she had a pathetic faith in bargains—she perceived that something had gone wrong.

Hugh Williams was fond of this little business woman, and thought it a pity for her, still more for her boys, that she should have given such a blow to her influence in the house. He tried to open for her a way of retreat while yet the lapse of taste might pass for a joke. But Mrs. Dansken refused his assistance. She had meant to be unselfish towards her household, and perhaps she was, so far as her thought went; she felt that injustice had been done both to her judgment and to her motives, and she permitted herself to sulk a little over her mistake. She insisted that she was perfectly serious about the promise she intended to exact from each of the young men before the anomalous Milly should come into the house. The pledge was giddily and derisively taken by all except Williams, who said it meant something or nothing, and he would have nothing to do with it either way. When he parted with Mrs. Dansken for the night, having outsat the others an hour or more by the fire, he was impelled to venture upon these words:

"My dear Mrs. Dansken, the charm of this house has been that we are all solid. There has n't been a leak in our mutual confidence. We are all solid for you, solid for one another, solid for old Ann. Do you suppose one of us would give the old girl away,—her cooking, supposing it was n't perfect, as it always is,—or permit an outsider to intimate that she had n't the temper of an angel?"

Mrs. Dansken laughed nervously. "And now you want to know if the future Milly is going to be included in the general solidity?"

"Yes."

"That depends. She may be solid already, in some other direction."

"Her story does n't sound like it."

"Well, don't you think we have had enough of Milly Robinson for one evening?"

"I think we have had more than was necessary. I am sorry you are going to have her."

"I must have her. It's impossible to keep on in this way, and there's no genuine help in the camp—thanks to your anti-Chinese patriots."

"Can't you import somebody who would n't be so—conspicuous?"

"She will not be conspicuous, if none of you make her so."

"But you have already made her so."

"I had my reasons. She is my girl, Mr. Williams. If you will mind your promises and let her alone, I can manage her."

"Will she be your girl? Are you going to make her so, and keep her so, as you do Ann? You know these boys—they are bound to see fair play."

"What in the world do you mean? Do you think I'm going to trample on the girl? I intend to treat her as other people treat their girls."

"How do people treat their girls in a place like this, where, as you say yourself, there are no girls? We both see the situation, but you see it only as it affects us. Consider one moment: would n't it be safer—for us—if you should look at it from the point of view of the young woman?"

"What do you wish me to do—have her in the parlor evenings to entertain the company? I think you are insane on the subject of Milly Robinson. However, it's not for you I concern myself."

V.

THE first evening of Milly Robinson's ordeal, when she appeared, blushing high above the soup-tureen, Mrs. Dansken thought the unconsciousness of her boarders somewhat overdone. It was not likely, however, that the girl would perceive it. Her excessive color was

the only sign of embarrassment she showed. She had a very good manner. Her long, silent step and precision of movement were restful, and showed that she was not going to be overcome by her new position. After all, was she so alarmingly pretty? Crimson cheeks and copper-colored hair, even with streaks of gold in it, did not go particularly well together. Large hands implied large feet. On the whole, Mrs. Dansken was rather ashamed of her oaths and conjurations. She had had no reason, however, to suppose that the young men were taking them much to heart. They were strolling about the parlor after dinner, lighting their cigars, as they were privileged to do; Embury was stooping to poke the fire, laughing, with his face to the room, when Mrs. Dansken saw his expression change.

Milly had put aside the portière, and stood, with the coffee-tray on her hand, looking about her for a table. There was something admirable in her controlled hesitation, in the presence of a roomful of strangers who had all turned to look at her, unprepared for her appearance in place of the familiar figure of old Ann. Her eyes sought those of her mistress, who silently directed her towards a low table, where she placed the tray. She then retreated, getting herself very nicely out of the room with one more look at her mistress, as if to ask if all were right.

The parlor lamps had not been lighted. The fire-light reddened her figure as she stood a moment, facing the room, in her black dress and wide, white apron, against the dull blues and greens and orange of the curtain. Amber lights floated in her full eyes under the soft shadow arched above them; all the color in the room, revealed in the dusky fire-glow, seemed to focus in her hair.

The latest arrival among Mrs. Dansken's guests was a young man, unaccounted for except by the name of Strode. Williams had not been thinking of Mr. Strode when he described the house as solid. Strode was tacitly held as an outsider, partly because he belonged distinctly to one of the crowds in the camp with which Mrs. Dansken's crowd had no affiliation.

As the curtain fell behind Milly this young man showed his teeth in a smile of appreciation, and noiselessly clapped his applause. Not another smile was to be seen in the room. Mrs. Dansken perceived this as she did many things, sometimes when it was too late.

"They are solid for Milly," she reflected, and she resented this championship of a stranger, on the part of her crowd, before the crowd's mistress had signified her consent.

"Did you ever see anything more perfect?" she exclaimed. "The room was all cluttered

up with you, every one of you staring at her, and she did n't see a singlesoul. And did you see her look at me?" She expatiated upon the girl's manner, which she explained was that of a perfect servant, provoking an argument as to whether the qualities which go to make this vaunted manner in the servant are not much the same as those which distinguish the perfect mistress, since to each belong self-control, tact, and carefulness for the wants of others, combined with an absence of fussiness. Mrs. Dansken was quite sure this was a subject heretofore of little interest to her young men; and the side she took in the discussion did not gain in popularity by the fact that Strode was her only ally.

Embury was at the piano, trying the accompaniment to a tune he was whistling, when Milly came back for the coffee-tray. "Go on!" Mrs. Dansken was obliged to whisper. The young man did not look particularly grateful for the hint.

"These are the preliminaries; we shall get used to our minion after a while," she said, as Milly left the room.

"How easily ladies call names!" Embury murmured, smiling.

"I suppose because when we were little girls we did n't get kicked for it, as little boys do," said Mrs. Dansken, with her usual frankness.

When the young men went to their rooms that night each found his candle lighted, the fire intelligently laid, window-shades drawn down, pillow-shams — one of the hostess's troublesome little household fopperies — neatly folded out of the way. Each occupant surveyed his arrangements with complacency, if with some amusement, at this latest step in the direction of their landlady's ideal for which the new maid must be responsible. Each man emptied his precious water-jug and set it outside of his door.

Smiles were exchanged across the passage.

"I shall leave my slippers in the wood-box to-morrow morning, just to see what becomes of 'em," said Blashfield to his next-door neighbor.

"Old Ann would heave 'em on the dust-heap."

"But Milly won't, you bet!"

"Blasshy, we 'll report you," said another voice.

"What for?"

"Taking the name of Milly in vain."

"Look here, boys; I shall have to tie a knot in my watch-chain if I've got to remember to —"

"I have struggled to forget," the voice sang out, "but the struggle was in vain!"

The young men came down to breakfast

next morning, each, with the exception of Williams, wearing a bit of blue ribbon in his buttonhole. Somebody, it was evident from the raveled edges, had sacrificed a necktie. Mrs. Dansken dared not ask the significance of this decoration; but when Milly was gone it transpired that they were Mrs. Dansken's good little boys, and had taken an oath which the blue ribbon would doubtless help to remind them of, since it was such a very slippery oath — Blashfield having already foresworn himself the very first night.

Mrs. Dansken confiscated the ribbons before the young men left the house, and made them into a breast-knot which she wore in her dress at dinner, to the intense delight of the boys, who forgave her the oath for the sake of the fun they intended to get out of it.

ANN, as a matter of course, was bitterly jealous; the more so that she could find no reasonable ground for objecting to the new favorite. She called her "The Duchess," and scouted the idea that she had never lived out before.

"Look at her hands!" said Ann.

"Well, look at mine! Look at everybody's hands in this place, with this water — and, suppose she has lived out, what difference does that make?"

A very great difference it made to Ann, whose experienced services were thrown quite in the shade by those of the alleged amateur. Her undisputed honors as cook failed to console her for the suspicion that, as a waitress, she had not been considered a success.

Mrs. Dansken was relieved to find that Milly took little notice of Ann's hostility. There was a cool self-sufficiency about the girl, or an apathy, which gave her an attitude of singular independence in the midst of the life of the house, from which on all sides she was excluded. Her fellow-servant had not made common cause with her; her mistress, she had understood from the beginning, was to be merely the other party to a bargain, by which, as Hugh Williams had put it, the services of a young woman were to be secured and the young woman left out of the question. Mrs. Dansken admired Milly's philosophy. "I should behave just so in her place," she assured herself; but she found herself thinking about the girl much more than she had intended, more indeed than was restful. Practically Milly had been left out, but she was there all the same. Her mistress fancied there was something uncanny about the girl, some hint of an experience beyond her years, which sustained her in the blank isolation of her life. For she had no outside support; her connection with the camp had ceased, apparently,

from the day she became one of the family at No. 9. But then Mrs. Dansken bethought herself how easily an older woman can make mistakes about a young girl; how apt she is to exaggerate meanings or the absence of meanings, to think her stolid or secret when she is merely shy.

Nothing could have been less sinister than the aspect of the household sphinx. She bloomed like a winter sunrise. The work which two women had found oppressive, divided among three went smoothly on, and Milly's share seemed no more than the exercise her vigorous youth required. She went about the house, with her look of intense life, seen of all but looking at no one, hearing all the household talk but never speaking, ministering to comforts in which she had no share. It is appalling to think how starved her importunate young egoism must have been; how few words were said to this young girl, during her first months of service, which had any personal value or reference to herself; how many were lightly tossed over her head, between the gay, privileged young men and the mistress, who was the providence of the house.

Did all this difference lie in the fact that one was employed and the others were employers?

The oath was kept with ironical ostentation. It was Mrs. Dansken who could never let the name of Milly rest. She eulogized the girl continually, but always in her menial capacity. Perhaps she insisted too much, for one evening when Milly's name was introduced, as usual in connection with her exquisite usefulness, Williams said in his moderate way that one might suppose, from the remarks that were made about her, that Milly Robinson had been born labeled "Mrs. Dansken's Second Girl."

"Now when Frank and I were baching it," he continued, "I used to cook the grub, but I did n't give myself out as a cook—not generally. I continued to retain a small portion of my individuality; enough to keep Frank up to his work, which was the dish-washing, you know."

"That is a perfectly childish argument. If you had come here and cooked my food, I should have given you out as my cook, and treated you accordingly, and not very bad treatment either: ask Ann."

"Illustration is n't argument, of course: I only wished to ask you if you think we are to be classed strictly according to our occupations," said Williams.

"It depends upon the occupation. The occupation of a servant makes a servant, for the time being, unless the occupation is neglected; in that case the servant is a bad servant, and had better try some other occupation."

"Then if I should elope with Milly,—as

I've been thinking of doing, you know, just as soon as you can find another girl,—and we should come back after a while, and ask you to make room for Mrs. Williams at the table, then the other girl would be the servant, and Mrs. Williams —"

"'Illustration is not argument,' Mr. Williams, and there is n't going to be any argument or any illustration, I hope. I captured the position to begin with because I knew just how it would be with you theorists. Wait till you get servants of your own and wives of your own to manage them. I think the wives will agree with me."

"Well, we have n't got to the wives yet. It's an abstract question with us so far."

"It's never an abstract question. It's always a question of a particular person when you come to live in the same house with them. In this case it's a question of a very pretty girl."

"It is just possible that even a pretty girl may be human," said Frank Embury.

"We're sure to hear from Frank when the pretty girl needs a champion," said Mrs. Dansken. "And what is there about Milly's position here—which is altogether voluntary, remember—that strikes you as inhuman?"

"I think I know one or two pretty girls who would n't care to change places with her."

"We cannot change places in this world, my dear boy. We have our little fitnesses and unfitnesses, and we'll find ourselves in the long run pretty much where we belong."

"I should say it had hardly come to the long run yet with Milly Robinson. How long is it since her fitness for this place was discovered, and what was the place she fitted before she came here?"

"Well, when I saw her first," laughed Mrs. Dansken, "she fitted a very nicely made walking-jacket they were trying to sell me at Daniel & Fisher's."

"What, Mrs. Dansken?"

"She was trying on jackets for customers at Daniel & Fisher's," said Mrs. Dansken, explicitly. "How would your pretty girl like that?" No one answered; and Mrs. Dansken, in a very good humor, asked them then if they had ever heard the story of the princess and the wishing-chair. "Ann used to tell it when I was a little girl. Could you listen to a story, supposing I can remember half of it, and make up the other half?"

"Well, once there was a king who had six beautiful daughters; and in one room of the palace stood the wishing-chair on a dais, with a curtain before it, and on her sixteenth birthday each of the princesses in turn was allowed to sit in the wishing-chair and wish the wish of a lifetime. The youngest princess was a mad-

cap. She made fun of the stupid old chair and of her sisters' wishes for jewels and castles and handsome young husbands, that would have come of themselves in due time. She said when her turn came she would wish a wish that would show what the old chair could do.

"There was a prince in that county of Ireland very wealthy and powerful, and he was bewitched so that he was obliged to spend half of his time roaming the country in the shape of a terrible wild roan bull, and he was called the Roan Bull of Orange. Now the youngest princess when she got into the chair at last turned rather pale, and she wished, while her father and mother and all the happy sisters wept and pleaded, that she might be the bride of the Roan Bull of Orange. And then she flew out of the chair and hugged them all round and said it was all nonsense — the chair was as deaf as a post, and the Roan Bull would never hear of her wish.

"However, he came that night, trampling and bellowing about the house, and demanded the princess. And the princess went and hid behind her mother's bed. They took the daughter of the hen-wife instead, and dressed her up in the princess's clothes and packed her off; and when the Bull had carried her on his back across the hills and the valleys to his castle he gave her an ivory wand and charged her, on her life, to tell him what she would do with it, and she sobbed out she would shoo her mother's hens to roost with it. So the Roan Bull took her on his back again, and over the mountains with her, and slammed her down at the door of the king's palace, 'fit to break every bone in her body,' and demanded his princess. After they had heard the hen-wife's daughter's story they took the daughter of the swineherd and charged her, if the Roan Bull gave her an ivory wand, she was to say she would guide her milk-white steeds with it; and so should she save the life of her dear little princess. But she thought as much of her own life, it seems, as she did of the princess's, or perhaps she was so frightened she could n't speak anything but the truth; for when the Roan Bull gave her the wand and glared at her with his awful eyes, she said nothing at all about milk-white steeds, but whispered she would drive her father's pigs with it. So back she went like the first one, and was slammed down at the door, and this time the Bull fairly raved for his princess. They had an awful night of it in the palace, for the princess had 'got her mad up,' and said she would have no more of these silly substitutes. She took the Bull by the horns, as it were, and off she went, in the clothes she had on; and when the wand was given to her she said without the least hesitation that it would

be very convenient to beat the maid with who did her hair, when she pulled the tangles in it. So the Roan Bull knew he had got the right one at last; and if you don't see the application —"

"But what became of the naughty little princess?"

"Oh, miracles were performed to save her from getting what she deserved—I don't remember that part; it never seemed real to me, like the other. But I want you to observe the Roan Bull's ingenious way of testing for metals. And there my illustration comes in, don't you see; for when dire necessity gets us in a tight place, and puts the wand of opportunity into our hands, we discover pretty suddenly that we are what we are, neither more nor less, and some of us turn out to be keepers of highly select boarding-houses, and some of us wait on the boarding-house table, and we do it much better than if we had been born princesses."

"And I hope you respect yourselves more than if you had gone and hid behind the bed, and let some one else face dire necessity in your place."

"Of course we do. I don't say we are not much better than princesses, only we are different. We could n't change places without being found out. Now I insist that Milly Robinson, who seems to be the text of all our sermons lately, has somehow got the sort of discipline that makes it possible for her to live in this house in the way you see. It's very strong, if you like, and very admirable, but I don't feel called upon to be a bit more sorry for her than I am for myself."

"I don't see why you should n't be sorry for yourself, if you want to. You were not born a Leadville landlady, were you, Mrs. Dansken?"

Mrs. Dansken blushed. "I don't know what I was born. I know that I am one *pro tem.*, and not so very *tem.* either. As you say, it's better than hiding behind the mother's bed, but I really do not feel there is any great virtue in it, so long as there is no mother's bed to hide behind. My point is simply this: your mothers could not be successful where I have been successful, thanks to you, my dear boys, and yet not all thanks to you. Your sisters, probably, would not suit me as well as Milly does, in Milly's place. But I hope you don't think it's anything against them. I don't; I could n't imagine one of your sisters trying on jackets at Daniel & Fisher's."

The young men considered this second reference to the jacket unfair; Mrs. Dansken herself knew that it was, since exhibiting jackets on her person had not been Milly's occupation. She forgave them, therefore, the heat of their reply. But the retorts on both sides were now

too hotly engaged for mutual consideration, much less strict justice to the cause of the fray.

"How do I know what she was, or is, for that matter? I have only her word for it. They make a great point of never having lived out when the most of them have never been so comfortable, or so cared for, in their lives before."

"'Them'—'they'! Who are 'they,' Mrs. Dansken?"

"Anybody who is n't us," said Mrs. Dansken.

A silence fell upon the room as the shutting of a drawer was heard, and the door leading from the dining-room into the kitchen closed quietly.

The combatants looked at each other rather sheepishly.

"You are safe, my dear boys. She could only have heard the voice of her natural enemy."

The voice of the "enemy" had the quality which carries.

(To be continued.)

Mary Hallock Foote.

A FULL-LENGTH PORTRAIT OF THE UNITED STATES.

JAMES BRYCE'S "THE AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH."¹



HERE have been hundreds upon hundreds of books written about the United States by foreigners, but in all this number there have been but two "real books," as Carlyle would say. One of these, De Tocqueville's

"Democracy in America," appeared more than half a century ago; the other is Professor James Bryce's "The American Commonwealth," the pages of which are at this writing yet wet from the press.

Experiments are always interesting, and the colonization of America by Europeans was from the first a many-sided experiment. The life of civilized men was sure to take on novel forms in new conditions. Even in the seventeenth century people in Europe read with avidity the booklets that described society in the English colonies and discussed the aspects of nature and the agricultural experiments so rife in a new soil and in an untried climate. The colonies were fruitful themes for papers before the Royal Society, and an ever-increasing number of curious travelers in the latter part of the seventeenth and in the whole of the eighteenth century braved the discomforts of a long voyage in the poor little snows, ketches, and schooners of that time and the hardships of new-country travel, to see for themselves how this New World fared. After the manner of that time many of these travelers wrote journals or letters to be passed from hand to hand for the amusement of a circle of friends at home. One may see a goodly number of such manuscripts in the British Museum and in the National Library at Paris. So many have been saved by drifting into these safe harbors that we may consider the less fortunate ones, wrecked in dust-carts and pa-

per-mills or stranded in family garrets, to have been very numerous.

But the most of these, as well as the greater part of the printed books of travel in America, were but the superficial observations of men who could not penetrate beyond the cuticle of the strange world in which they found themselves, and who were unable to divest themselves of the prejudices in which they had been cradled. Archdeacon Burnaby was as jauntily flippant in 1759 as the Abbé Robin was twenty years later. Anburey, an officer in Burgoyne's army, left a record of some value, considering the limited opportunity for observation of a prisoner of war. "Smyth the Tory," as he is called, wrote a book containing many things of importance to antiquaries, and one may find valuable facts in Chastellux, Tyrone Power, Brissot de Warville, Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, Weld, Chateaubriand, and the little-known rubbish of John Davis, a talented poor devil from England who seems to have been a paid emissary of Aaron Burr. In the thirty years following the Revolution books of travel in the United States appear to have been in the greatest request in Europe. All sorts of stuff were printed; traveling English showmen and men with woolen goods to introduce felt it incumbent on them to publish their journals.

Three of the books about America printed in the last century rise above the common level in the carefulness of their observations, and it is notable that all these were written by botanists from the European continent, and in three different languages. The botanist was preëminently the typical man of science in the eighteenth century, and the superiority of these three travelers to others of the same period is a curious evidence of the advantage which habits of scientific observation give. About the middle of the century Kalm, the Swedish

¹ London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

botanist, a friend of Linnæus, published an account of his journeys here which was rendered into English and still remains an important authority on social conditions in this country at that time. During the Revolution a surgeon to the German mercenaries who was also a botanist, and who had been made a prisoner with Cornwallis, was suffered to travel for scientific purposes. This German physician, Schoepf by name, wrote a book of real value, some extracts from which have been recently translated for the "Pennsylvania Magazine of History." Castiglioni, an Italian botanist, traveled in this country just after the Revolution and published a book of travels perhaps superior to all that had gone before. But it remains in the original Italian, and is unknown to most of our antiquaries and historians.

The books of American travel that have appeared in later times are sufficiently familiar, but they are for the most part mere books of travel. From the Duke of Saxe-Weimar to Sir Lepel Griffin, they tell us of the travelers' likes and dislikes, comforts and discomforts, with now and then an observation which would be valuable if one could be sure that it was accurate. Something may be learned from Chevalier, from Dickens, from Harriet Martineau, from Marryat, from Mrs. Trollope, from Captain Hall, from Buckingham, and the rest. But we usually have to read much more about the personal adventures of the traveler and his prejudices than about American life. Out of this mass of entertaining egotism and tedious commonplace De Tocqueville's book rises solitary in its merit as at once a philosophical study and a work of literary art.

Professor Bryce's book, like De Tocqueville's, is not the ill-digested journal of a traveler. It is a careful and profound study of American institutions by a great constitutional lawyer, as well as a full and admirable account of the practical workings of these institutions by a statesman who has played a conspicuous part in the affairs of England. By his large acquaintance with institutional history in general, by his ample experience of public affairs, by his singular freedom from prejudices of nationality, and by a certain rare intellectual and even moral tolerance towards men of every sort, Professor Bryce is fitted beyond all other foreigners perhaps for forming broad and just judgments of our government in its theory and in its results. I think I need not say foreigner. For no American could ever separate himself from the partisanship of his time, or from predilections in favor of the government of his own land, so far as to describe in a purely scientific spirit the workings of our government, as Professor Bryce has done. The matter is too close to us. An American of the better

sort, for example, could not treat of a political "boss" without some prejudice, or at least some show of repulsion. The boss is the familiar enemy, and we detest him. But in Professor Bryce's work he appears as one of a species with a naturalist's pin thrust through him. He is examined, his specific traits are carefully noted; the cause and results of his existence as a boss are calculated—and when Professor Bryce has finished with him we know more of one of the unrecognized powers of our government than we could ever have learned from an observer less disinterested.

The favor which the book has met in America is certainly not because it is flattering, for while the treatment our institutions get is appreciative, no writer has ever laid bare the defects of our system of government and the abuses of its practical workings so amply and so unflinchingly. No task is usually more ungrateful than that of criticising a foreign country, no undertaking is so superfluous as that of reforming a nation not your own. Professor Bryce is exceedingly diffident on this score. He perpetually reminds himself of the danger of error in a stranger's judgment; he withholds recommendations for betterment. He contents himself with a modest but thorough diagnosis. But nothing could be a better corrective of the prevalent American optimism than these kindly but fearless observations by a disinterested expert, while nothing could be a more wholesome antidote to the pessimism of reformers in this country than Professor Bryce's hopeful tone and generous perception of the advantages that inhere even in some of the evils that he notes. Like all foreigners, he sees more danger in the quadrennial convulsion of a presidential election than Americans apprehend, but he points out also the advantage of this periodical agitation of the depths of the political conscience. He sees the evil of the acephalous conduct of business in Congress, but, while evidently preferring the English system, he is not blind to certain compensations in the method of making laws in committee-rooms.

In many cases Professor Bryce has seen farther into the problems of our government than native writers. In one or two he is misled by the authorities we have supplied him with, particularly in matters of history, for we hardly deserve the compliment he pays us in saying that Americans know their own history better than Englishmen do that of their country. This may be true respecting the diffusion of historical knowledge in America, and it may be true of the work of students upon certain periods of our history, such as the crisis of the Revolution. But the action of cause and effect and the continuity of institutions and usages have been little understood, because some of our

most patient and learned historians have been men tolerably incapable of penetration into that history which underlies history. Professor Bryce does not fall into Mr. Gladstone's error of speaking of the Federal Constitution as "struck out at a blow." Our own writers have just now learned to trace many traits of that remarkable instrument to the constitutions previously adopted by the several States, and Professor Bryce recognizes this paternity, which was first pointed out, so far as I know, by Professor Alexander Johnston. But the fact is that the several State constitutions had rarely departed more than was necessary from the colonial charters or the tolerably fixed and oft-repeated "royal instructions" under which the several colonies were governed. In speaking of the "novelty of written constitutions" Professor Bryce cites the speeches of James Wilson in the Pennsylvania Convention. But William Penn's "Frame of Government" was as truly a written constitution as that under which Pennsylvania is now governed. The charter granted to the Virginia colony by the London Company in 1618 was the first of the many colonial charters which were lineal ancestors of our State and Federal constitutions. In nearly all such documents the three departments of government with the negative of the governor (who when elected *ad interim* was sometimes called president) and the predominantly executive functions of the upper House (so strikingly analyzed in Professor Bryce's pages) were also existent. The upper House, as established by the charter of 1618, was more like the Privy Council than the House of Lords, but its name, "Council of Estate," points to the influence of certain liberal governments on the European continent. Professor Bryce supposes that it was in the brief experiment of State governments, after 1776, that the Americans had "learnt to work systems determined by the hard and fast lines of a single document having the full force of law." For more than a century and a half before 1787 the American colonies had been mostly worked within such prescribed lines. The American constitutions, notwithstanding brand-new declarations of human rights borrowed from French philosophy, were in their practical details the ripe outgrowth of colonial experience. This connection between the colonial and the United States system, which has also been indicated by Professor Johnston, throws into strong light Professor Bryce's admirable proposition that "the American Constitution is no exception to the rule that everything which has power to win the obedience and respect of men must have its roots in the past, and the more slowly every institution has grown, so much the more enduring is it likely to prove."

Like most foreign observers, Professor Bryce has a higher opinion of the relative value of the Senate than is held by most Americans. He probably underestimates the amount of corruption in elections to the Senate, and he is surely wrong in supposing that the choice of a Senate is generally foreseen by the voters in electing a legislature, or even that it can generally be fixed by wire-pullers in advance. Something is done in this way in our Eastern States, but many long and bitter struggles after the legislatures assemble, with the rise and fall of the prospects of the various candidates from day to day, go to prove that the legislatures are still as free in the election of senators as their lower Houses are in choosing a speaker. There would probably be less corruption if more demagogism, and in the long run we should possibly have more eminent men in the Senate and fewer "lumber barons," "silver kings," and creatures of railroad corporations if senators were chosen by a popular vote. The House of Representatives makes a bad impression on one familiar with the House of Commons, as the mode of procedure in the Commons in turn seems antiquated and arbitrary to an American. But the amount of ability in the lower House is certainly greater than Professor Bryce thinks. The proportion of eminence is greater in the smaller Senate, but the number of eminent leaders of public opinion in the House to-day is doubtless greater than in the Senate. Certainly in the recent debates on the tariff question the notable speeches on both sides have been made in the lower House. The accession of merely rich men to the Senate, by means not always laudable, has lowered its tone.

Professor Bryce's remark on the low esteem in which congressmen are held is founded on observation in our Eastern cities. It is a different thing in Illinois, in Tennessee, in Georgia, for example. In the South especially politics are held in much higher esteem than in the East, and the congressman is of the best in his community.

Nor is it quite correct to say that the *salon* plays no sensible part in American public life. No one who has seen venerable candidates for the presidency dragging their tired limbs from one Washington "reception" to another will accept this statement without some qualification. Some important public measures have lately been materially promoted by ladies who entertain in Washington. Professor Bryce is also in error in saying that each House committee has but two hours in which to report and pass its bills in a whole congress. Inaccuracies such as these are surprisingly few. The book is undoubtedly destined to remain in all time to come the standard authority regarding the actual condition and working of our institu-

tions at this moment, and it is therefore incumbent on a reviewer not to allow any defective statement of importance to pass without challenge.

I can only mention the striking chapter on the growth and development of the Constitution, the elaborate analysis of State and municipal governments, the account of political parties and their workings, the description of "the machine," and the account of "the war against bossdom." But perhaps the crowning part of Professor Bryce's work is his chapter on "How Public Opinion Rules in America," and the chapters connected with it. His account of American national characteristics is much the most acute and discerning that has ever been made.

What then are the traits which this accomplished observer credits us with? He sets it down at the outset that the Americans are a good-natured people, and adds, "Nowhere is cruelty more abhorred." Of our humor he says felicitously that Americans "are as conspicuously purveyors of humor to the nineteenth century as the French were purveyors of wit to the eighteenth." Professor Bryce is impressed with American hopefulness, and with the unanimity of our faith in a democratic system of government and our notion that the majority must in the long run be right. He ranks us as one of the most educated peoples in the world, but holds that the education of the masses is of necessity superficial. He says that the ordinary American voter is "like a sailor who knows the spars and ropes, but is ignorant of geography and navigation." He pronounces the Americans "a moral and well-conducted people," and also "a religious people." Under the last head he notes our philanthropic and reformatory zeal, which he thinks commendable but often indiscreet. "Religion apart," he says, "they are an unreverential people." Ridicule he finds to be a terrible power in this country. "In the indulgence of it even this humane race can be unfeeling."

He notes that we are a busy people, but he does not find this wholly to our advantage.

It results in an aversion to "steady and sustained thinking." We are a commercial people, shrewd, and hard to convince, and yet—he notes the paradox—an impressionable people on the side of imagination and the emotions, and "capable of an ideality surpassing that of Englishmen or Frenchmen." Professor Bryce almost overstates the fact that we are "an unsettled people." In many of our States the bulk of the population seems to him "almost nomadic." Notwithstanding our propensity to move, we are "an associative because a sympathetic people. Although the atoms are in constant motion they have a strong attraction for one another." To this he attributes "the immense strength of party" in America. He pronounces us a changeful people, not in opinions, but in moods. "They are liable to swift and vehement outbursts of feeling." "They seem all to take flame at once." And yet he finds us a conservative people, and here reconciles this apparent contradiction with great clearness and adds: "They are like a tree whose pendulous shoots quiver and rustle with the lightest breeze, while its roots enfold the rock with a grasp which storms cannot loosen."

Though Americans winced under the animadversions of the late Matthew Arnold, they will not hesitate to read with interest, and even with conviction, the severe strictures which are found in parts of Professor Bryce's book. This no doubt comes of a certain tact and intellectual good-breeding, if I may so speak, in Professor Bryce, which allays beforehand any exasperation of national vanity. This indeed is one of the most marked traits of his work. He is never more friendly and sympathetic than when propounding the most disagreeable truth.

Without forgetting many noble essays in this kind—Madame de Staël's Germany, Castelar's Italy, Taine's treatment of Italy and England, Emerson's English Traits, and others—I cannot forbear saying that I do not believe that the portrait of any nation was ever drawn at full length with so much fidelity and felicity as in these volumes.

Edward Eggleston.

RULES OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.



THE question of the transaction of business in the House of Representatives has become one of serious import to the country. For the last dozen years there has been a steady determination on the part of powerful men to reduce the business of that body to a minimum. Several men who have occu-

pied important positions, and who have at times received the applause of the injudicious under pretense that what has been called private business is but jobbery and knavery, have done all in their power to obstruct and block that kind of business. To such a pass has this obstructive policy come that all sensible men advise their constituents to do business with the United States with the same care that should be used with any individual whose

antecedents show him to be adverse to paying except under compulsion. These matters, however, concern individuals, and the sufferers are in comparison so few that what they endure has small chance of recognition.

But the blocking of the public business by a set of rules which can be wielded by two or three men has aroused and interested the country; for the rights of all are immediately concerned. To gratify the natural curiosity of those who desire to know how 325 men, each the flower of a flock of 30,000 voters, could make regulations to deprive themselves of power and could year after year submit to such deprivation is one object of this article. Another object is to help induce the people of the United States to insist upon the restoration of republican government in the House of Representatives.

Ever since the slavery question came to trouble the peace of the country the rules of the House have been framed with the view of rendering legislation difficult. The South was anxious that there should be ample means at its disposal to stop any measure detrimental to its cherished institution. Hence when the revision of rules by the 46th Congress was made, the foundation was sufficiently bad, and experience has shown the superstructure to be still worse. Several causes contributed to this result. The situation of the Republican party was such that all power given to minorities seemed to inure to its advantage. Mr. Randall, then as at all times the strong figure in whatever transaction he participates, was the real governing force. He had passed his life in the minority trying to prevent things from being done, and was therefore more anxious that the new machine should have perfect back action than that it should have forward movement. The old system which Mr. Blaine surrendered to him after the fatal campaign of 1874 was by no means perfect, but it had a certain liberty of action and was not a perpetual invitation to blockade and filibuster. In those days there used to be what was called a "morning hour," wherein committees reported bills and put them on their passage. Each committee had this hour for two days, and could continue until finished any measure pending when the second hour closed. This hour was flexible—not merely a literal hour of sixty minutes, but one which might continue the whole day, if the House so desired. Hence there was no chance to clog business; for whatever business was entered upon must be finished, and there were eager committees waiting for their turn.

When Mr. Randall came into the chair he changed all this by ruling that the "morning hour" was sixty minutes, and sixty minutes only. This changed a flexible conduit for busi-

ness which could not be crowded to a cast-iron tube which could be packed to stoppage by sixty minutes' work a day. Under the new revision in 1878 even this tube was plugged up and no bills could be passed during this hour. They could be reported, but not acted upon. For action the new system provided three calendars—one for public bills appropriating money, one for public bills not appropriating money, and the third for private bills. It was intended that each calendar should be taken up at a proper time, and the bills disposed of each in its turn. This was apparently a clear and beautiful system, logical and practical, but the trouble with it was that it refused to march. It did not work. It had one fatal defect: it was based on the idea that the House did all its work—that the ten thousand bills were all passed upon—before the body adjourned. If, like the legislature of Maine, the Congress of the United States said yea or nay to every bill and every petitioner, the plan would have been a good one, for the question when a bill shall be considered is of small consequence if it is sure to be considered. But, unfortunately for the plan, the business of the United States is rather more varied and abundant than the business of Maine, and Congress says yea or nay to only eight per cent.—or one in sixteen—of its bills and practically to none of its petitioners. Hence only the first two or three pages of each calendar could in practice be reached; and as those bills were the first that got there,—trivial matters very often, which required little investigation, while the important matters requiring study were beyond reach, being too low down on the list,—the House had no incentive to go to the public calendars, and never did. The only method of picking out important public measures was by suspension of the rules, and that required a two-thirds vote. Thus by the rules of 1880 the majority were robbed of their power, and "two to one" was required for action. The only other course was by unanimous consent. As this could be refused by one man it followed that the veto power, which in its essence is only the power to demand "two to one," was conferred on each member of the House. In addition there was a curious restriction as to appropriation bills whereby no amendment could be made except one which decreased the sum appropriated. The House could order less spent, but never more. In other words, in a growing country, the House, representing the people directly, refuses itself the power of meeting the growth of the country, and devolves it upon the Senate, and for the sole purpose of saying on the stump, "Look how economical the House is, and how the Senate spends!" This restriction has been

carried still farther in the present rules, and is a species of strait-jacket which, though voluntarily imposed, is as great a proof of unsound mind as if some asylum had ordered it.

In 1885 an attempt was made to give the House some relief by establishing a second "morning hour" in which bills could be passed, but it has resulted in worse than nothing. One hour is wasted in presenting bills which might just as well be put into a box. Another hour is wasted in attempting to pass bills which if resisted for two successive days one hour a day, thereupon go to the unfinished calendar, which is the tomb of the Capulets. When one considers that a single roll-call takes half an hour, he can easily see what chance a bill has in the second morning hour, even with four to one in its favor. When rules are planned to waste two hours out of five the nation can easily see that the art of "how not to do it" is by no means confined to the Circumlocution Office.

In addition to this deliberate and intentional waste of two hours, one rule puts into the hands of every member the power of stopping the proceedings altogether. The achievements of Mr. Anderson and of Mr. Weaver are fresh in the recollection of all. Each one could and did stop the action of the House. It so happened that the proceedings of Mr. Weaver, solitary and alone, stopped the House in the midst of its constitutional duty of determining its own membership. The rules therefore have abrogated the Constitution. Mr. Weaver was not in the least to blame for so acting, for he was only using the rules to recover for a bill in which he was interested the status which it had lost by the same improper use of power, which the House, under dictation of party caucus, had impliedly sanctioned. This was done under the fifth clause of Rule XVI., which says that the motion to adjourn, the motion to fix a day when the House shall adjourn, and a motion for a recess, shall always be in order. Under this rule one or other of these motions can always be before the House, and when they are before the House nothing else ever can be.

The system of avoiding action on important measures by means of these clogging rules has done much to demoralize the House. No man or set of men can often indulge in indirections without acquiring timid habits. Whether the House has timid habits or not it is not proper to say, for I have no desire to draw a railing indictment against so respectable a body. But there are times just prior to elections when the House seems to be but little inspired by the example of the Spartans at Thermopylae. Not only does courage seem to fail, but the sense of responsibility also. If the minority can dictate, the majority have no longer the

responsibility for action, and become infirm of purpose.

Why is this system maintained? How can it have lasted so long? At first sight it would seem as if the picture drawn of the rules of the House could not be true. It is certainly very improbable to an outsider. To understand this apparent contradiction you must again recur to the fact that the House does but eight per cent. of its business, hence to a conservative man, a natural objector, the power to say what measures shall not come up is much greater than the right shared with the majority to determine that a particular measure shall or shall not be presented for action. In addition this negative power also arises from knowledge of the rules and is the especial perquisite of the old member, who thereby possesses inordinate relative control.

To add still more to the confusion as to legislation there have been for years no joint rules to govern the mutual action of the two houses. The tendency of all sound parliamentary law is to further the business which is most nearly finished. For example, a conference report has priority over even a motion to adjourn; hence under any sound system a House bill which has been to the Senate and there passed with amendments ought to be more easily reached than a bill which has been merely introduced by a member. But under the present system the reverse is the fact, and, except by unanimous consent, the bill must take its dreary round of committee and calendar, where it has pot-luck with the rest.

Any description of the difficulties which the House of Representatives has to encounter would be incomplete without reference to the physical surroundings. A hall which measures on the floor 90 feet by 140 and has outside of these limits galleries seating 1500 people; which requires, if a speaker intends to be heard, the energies of the entire body to keep the vocal chords in vibration; which has 333 desks in constant use and 400 men in constant motion—is necessarily the despair alike of speaker and of member. Whether this can ever be changed and a more sensible place selected has never yet been under serious discussion; but when the next apportionment adds to the number of members the subject will be forced upon the notice of the House and the country.

The important question, however, is what should be the remedy for this evil, the extent of which is not half appreciated by the people of the nation. There is only one way, and that is to return to the first principles of democracy and republicanism alike. Our government is founded on the doctrine that if 100 citizens think one way and 101 think the other, the 101 are right. It is the old doctrine that

the majority must govern. Indeed, you have no choice. If the majority do not govern, the minority will; and if the tyranny of the majority is hard, the tyranny of the minority is simply unendurable. The rules, then, ought to be so arranged as to facilitate the action of the majority. This proposition is so simple that it is a wonder that there could be any discussion about it, and yet recently in the House there was much said in debate about the "rights of the minority" and that the rules of the House, instead of being merely business regulations, a mere systematization of labor, were a charter of privileges for those whose arguments were too weak to convince the House.

This indicates confusion of thought. There is only one charter of the rights of minorities, and that is the Constitution of the United States. That defines the power of Congress and implies that Congress shall act by its majority. Under that Constitution and within its scope whatever a majority does is right. Regulations and rules, then, are not made to protect those who are wrong, but to facilitate the proceedings of those whose action when it takes place becomes the law of the land. Of course such rules ought to provide for debate and for due and careful consideration. But after debate and after due and careful consideration there ought to be no hinderance to action except those checks and balances which our Constitution wisely provides. If the majority of the House of Representatives — each man selected from at least thirty thousand voters — cannot be trusted, who can? Nor is this the only safeguard. Each one of these men is watched by the people. He renders account at the end of each term. If such a man so situated must be held in leading-strings, representative democracy is a failure. It seems strange, under a republican government and speaking of the popular branch of the legislature of a republic, to be obliged to refer to principles so fundamental; but the longer one studies politics in this country the more he will long to see universally prevalent a wider understanding and a deeper-rooted belief in some of the principles advocated by Thomas Jefferson, whose memory to-day seems to be most vociferously cherished by those who never act on his opinions.

It is impossible, and perhaps would be indiscreet in advance of due popular discussion, to indicate the remedy for the evil which the foregoing simple narrative of facts discloses, but that some remedy should be applied admits of no doubt. The remedy ought not to be radical or wild in its character. Indeed, from the nature of things it could not be so. There need never be any fear lest an avalanche of legislation could burst upon the country. Do the best we can our parliament will be clogged, like every other similar assembly in the world of like scope and magnitude. Two and probably three changes ought to be made, and the effect should be faithfully tried. The morning hour, the length of which should be entirely under the control of the House, would, if restored to its full power and efficiency, afford means for the transaction of all business of a simple nature requiring little discussion. Then a provision enabling the majority of the House to select from the public calendars such measures as it prefers to act on, with due precedence for revenue and appropriation, would insure such freedom of action as would destroy the illegitimate power of the few and exalt the just power of the people acting through their own representatives.

To guard against the abuse of the motions to adjourn, to fix the day of adjournment, and for a recess, the simple amendment devised and read in the House recently by Mr. Cannon of Illinois would be ample and valuable. That amendment provides that those motions shall be confined to their legitimate and honest use and shall never be used as dilatory motions for simple delay. If it is objected that this places too much power in the hands of the Speaker, the answer is twofold. No Speaker would pronounce motions legitimate on their face dilatory and intended for delay until that fact was apparent to the whole world, and if he did unjustifiably exercise that power reposed in him as the organ of the House an appeal to the House would easily rectify the abuse. The danger in a free country is not that power will be exercised too freely, but that it will be exercised too sparingly; for it so happens that the noise made by a small but loud minority in the wrong is too often mistaken for the voice of the people and the voice of God.

Thomas B. Reed.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Election Laws for Congressmen.

THE experience of Great Britain and of the United States, in the matter of the election of members of the highest legislative body, has been very similar. Every step in the transfer of control of these elections

to judicial or neutral agencies has been warmly resisted by the constituencies and accepted only under protest, but its results have invariably tended to purify the election. British advance in this direction has been radical, thorough, and satisfactory; and parliamentary elections are now models, so far as bribery, corruption,

and coercion are concerned. American legislation has availed itself very little of British experience, and congressional elections are as unsatisfactory as ever. It seems now as if the time had come for the transfer of the decision of disputed election cases from the two Houses, or at any rate from the House of Representatives, to the Federal courts, the reason being that this self-denying ordinance is an essential prerequisite to every other reform in congressional elections.

It must be understood, of course, that no law could *bind* either House to maintain such action. The Constitution gives each House absolute power over its own organization and election cases; and even though it should in form of law resign its power of deciding disputed elections to the Federal courts, there would be nothing to prevent a partisan majority from resuming the power at some future time, if it should be determined to do so. But such a state of things is in no wise unprecedented. Territorial delegates sit in the House by virtue of a vote of the House, which a hostile majority might repeal at any moment; but no one apprehends any such action. The seating of the Cabinet in Congress would be a parallel case. The Pendleton Civil Service Act is another example of this permissive legislation, which could not *bind* the President but that he permits it to do so. A reckless majority in the House of Commons might no doubt insist on resuming the decision of election petitions, which was transferred to the judges in 1868, and it would be impossible to deny a similar power to the House of Representatives; but if the results of the transfer were to give as universal satisfaction in the United States as they have done in Great Britain, the practical exercise of the power would be as unlikely in one case as it is in the other.

At present one branch of our government, the House of Representatives, disappears on the fourth day of March of the odd years. For a period longer or shorter there is no such body, and one of the law-making factors of our system is represented only by a blank. Indeed, there are political dangers in the process of giving practical life to the new House. The only connecting link between old and new is the clerk of the old House. He is ordered by statute to make a list of such members-elect of the new House as come with certificates under the laws of their States or of the United States, and the clerk's list is the new House. In so far the new House has already surrendered a great measure of its authority over disputed elections, and that not to impartial judges, but to the governors of States or to the politician whom the partisan majority of the previous House had happened to choose as clerk.

The surrender of its authority by the new House may be final, for the first effort of the smallest *prima facie* majority is to make itself a safe majority. If the clerk's list makes out a majority of but a single vote, the first business of that majority is to decide in favor of the contestants of its own party a number of election cases sufficient to raise its majority to ten or a dozen. When party interests have thus been made safe, considerations of equity do have their influence, greater

or less, on the decision of the remaining cases. But up to that point the spirit in which disputed elections are decided is well put in an old story of two congressmen of the same party. Says one: "What are we at work on now?" "An election case," says the other; "but both the contestants are rascals." "Yes?" says the other; "which is *our* rascal?"

Such being the principles on which disputed election cases are commonly decided, is it any wonder that Congress has never seen its way clear to framing and passing an election law which shall really hedge around congressional elections with effective safeguards? What respect could be paid to such a law when it is notorious that the power which is to decide disputes under it will be governed in its decisions by questions of party necessity and not of the violation of the election law? The election of many congressmen in the South is impeached for one set of reasons, and the election of many congressmen in the North is impeached for a different set of reasons, but no act of Congress has yet done anything effective to meet either class of objections. Indeed, the more perfect and minute we imagine a proposed election law to be, the more absurd would it be to pass it so long as disputes about its execution are to be decided on partisan, not on judicial grounds.

But, if what has been said has been well taken, the special difficulty would seem to disappear on the application of a single remedy: give the *final* decision of all disputed congressional election cases to the Federal courts, and let their certificates, not those of the governors, constitute a list which shall be considered binding, not only by the clerk, but by the new House itself. When the enforcement of the election law is thus given to the Federal courts, for decision on judicial not on partisan grounds, it becomes for the first time possible to couch a congressional election law in the most sweeping, complete, and minute terms. It may require registration in every congressional district of the country, and make the expenses of registration and election, including the printing of ballots, an exclusive charge on the Federal treasury; it may make the Australian system the essential rule of the election, even in the remotest parts of the country; it may make bribery and coercion not only criminal offenses but reasons for the judge to refuse a certificate and order a new election; it may provide for the sworn publication of the expenses of all candidates and agents, with like penalties for violation or evasion; but it is patently unreasonable to attempt to impose any such safeguards until all disputes under the law are to be finally decided by a judicial application of the law to the facts and not by party needs — by Federal judges in office during good behavior, and not by an interested majority of the House.

Of course the difficulties in the way of such a change are great. Some Representatives would consider the proposal of it as almost an insult to their House; others would take it as another attempt to develop a centralized tyranny over congressional elections; ¹ others

¹ There is no ground for this accusation, provided only that the House is willing to yield its constitutional power over election cases in the interest of the purity of elections, as the House of Commons did in 1868. The Constitution, Article I, Section 5, makes each House the judge "of the elections, returns, and qualifications of its own members." Let the House of Representatives yield this, and the general power of an act of Congress to "make or alter" the regulations of the "manner" of the congressional

elections by State legislatures becomes very sweeping — fully sweeping enough to justify the proposed transfer of judicial powers to the Federal courts. This fundamental question was fully debated in Congress by Senator Thurman, on the passage of the Enforcement Act of 1870, and his most serious objection was that there were not Federal judges enough to decide disputed State elections, as that law proposed to do, and as this article does not.

would insist that the same rule be applied to the Senate, as well as to the House. But is not the remedy worth considering, in spite of its difficulties? Indeed, in the midst of the loud and various cries for reform in congressional elections both South and North, will their advocates stop for a moment to tell us how any of their schemes are feasible as laws so long as disputes under them are still to be decided as party questions by a majority of the House, and not as questions of law by judges?

The English Language in America.

THERE is now only one important point in which our right as a nation to be individual, or the great significance of the individuality we possess, is seriously questioned by our English cousins, and that is our use of our mother tongue. If "the great American language" and "Americanisms" of every shade are accepted by them as facts, they are certainly still accepted under protest. And it may be confessed that most Americans feel that this protest is, on the whole, justifiable. We are disposed to admit that we have been forced into an unfavorable position by the questionable character, as regards literary quality, of a large part of our special contributions to the development of English speech. The American freeman is not readily restrained by considerations of taste or style, or by linguistic laws; but from the merely literary point of view, which is that of the purist and often even of the more broad-minded scholar, these considerations are all-important.

It will not do for us, however, to concede too much to our transatlantic critics. It is very possible that their objections to details, however justifiable they may be, may blind both them and us to what is really essential in the matter. First of all both need to realize the fact that we have a proprietary right in the great common heritage of the English-speaking world. There is no divine right in matters verbal vested in English-speakers on the other side of the sea. Our language is not lent us by them on the condition that it shall not be tampered with, but is our own to mold or forge to all the purposes of our multifarious and peculiar practical and intellectual life.

Furthermore, whether we approve it or not, some real divergence of American from British usage, the extent and character of which are not yet clear, and indeed can be guessed only after estimating the joint effect of all the disturbing and all the conservative forces at work, is inevitable. The great fact about language is that it is a tool—that it comes into existence solely for the sake of its utility. It may be, as Emerson says, "fossil poetry," or, as stylists and purists insist, a mine of glittering crystals suited chiefly to adorn the periods of the *littérature*; but it is poetry or gem only after it becomes fossil or crystallized. In its origin, in its generative and most vital stage, it is the veriest prose, the most amorphous and utilitarian of substances. But it cannot fulfill its end as a tool unless it can be adapted to all the changing conditions of the practical and mental life of those who use it; and as a matter of fact no language has ever been to any great extent restricted in its development by any other consideration. The only language that can satisfy the purist is a dead language: wherever there is life there is change, adaptation, neologism. The

usage which really in the long run governs speech is that which is best adapted to the true needs of actual life in all its phases; and that usage *must* be variable. To one who reflects upon the subject along this line, the theory that the usage of 35,000,000 people living under one set of conditions can by any possibility control, or by any rule of reason ought to control, the usage of 60,000,000—soon to be 200,000,000—living under another and quite different set of conditions must seem radically absurd. If in the evolution of the life of the former it becomes necessary, or for any reason advantageous, or simply customary, to use certain words with novel extensions or restrictions of meaning, or to invent new terms and modes of expression, or to vary the pronunciation of words, there is no reasoning, linguistic or moral, which can or should prevent it; and if the same thing happens to the latter, the situation in all its aspects is precisely the same. If the result in the latter case is an "Americanism," it is in the former a "Britishism," and the one is just as legitimate and valuable as the other, the conditions of utility and taste being equally fulfilled. Americanism in language (whatever it may turn out to be) has a right to exist, and must exist—a genuine product of the new soil.

Upon the comprehension of this fact follows the most important of all the problems connected with this subject—namely, what is the probable outcome as regards the English language and literature of the American branch of this divided stream of usage? As a rough answer, the statement may be ventured, with due modesty, that Americanism in our language has a better evolutionary chance of survival as the English of the future than has Britishism. The linguistic heritage of the past is common to both: in that neither has preëminence or advantage; the future, however, cannot well belong to both equally, but the lion's share must fall to the stronger, and that we shall be the stronger we can hardly be expected to question. If the forces which are to govern the result were identical with those which determine material preëminence there could be little doubt about it; but of course they are not. A thousand additional dollars in a man's pocket do not change his habitual enunciation of a single letter, or modify his use of a single word. Nor is mere increase of population, fast though it will here undoubtedly be, of much account. The augmentation of the number of Chinamen by a hundred millions would not have much effect on Chinese speech. Neither does mere practical activity and enterprise count for much by itself; for it may be counterbalanced by extreme conservatism in other equally important directions. In brief, in order that English-speaking men on this side of the Atlantic shall be able to make their use of their language the language itself rather than a dialect of it,—in comparison with its use by Englishmen on the other side,—they must possess not merely such advantages of position as regards material prosperity and energy as will give them a preëminence in material influence, but also masterful intellectual qualities which will enable them to impress themselves on the world as the dominant branch of the Anglo-Saxon race. To these must also be added a certain independence and originality in linguistic matters. If these conditions are fulfilled, whatever in language establishes itself in American common life will of a certainty establish itself in American literature,

and therefore as the English of the world. To what extent these favorable elements are present should perhaps be left for foreign eyes as unprejudiced and friendly as those, for instance, of Professor Bryce to discover. But Americans who see the enormously increasing population of their country, brought from all quarters of the globe into stimulating contact with new phases of nature and life, stirred by contagious, restless, New World activity, and amassing enormous wealth, and believe that throughout this mass of humanity there is a strenuous intelligence and an eagerness and capacity for mental growth paralleled nowhere else, may be pardoned for thinking that the elements demanded cannot be lacking. That we possess the last-mentioned requirement, readiness to adapt and change, certainly cannot be denied. Not the least notable evidence of it is, for example, our comparatively great openness to conviction in the direction of a scientific and practical simplification of our spelling. Thus one can hardly imagine that, as has happened on the other side, if our Philological Association were constructing a great English dictionary which from its nature must be quite independent of popular support, it would practically throw its influence in favor of the most conservative and certainly obsolescent orthography. It is also worth noting that our temper in this direction is precisely that which is needed to make English, what all who speak it hope it will be, the universal language of the future commercial, as French has been of the past political and social world. In a word, the hope that the English language as spoken by our descendants will be its dominant and most widely adopted form is entirely reasonable, and the determination that it shall be such is a worthy national ambition.

Lincoln's Disinterestedness.

THE very heart and substance of the authorized Life of Lincoln are to be found in the installments published in *THE CENTURY* for December, January, February, and March. No quality that helped to make Lincoln one of the ablest as well as one of the noblest of men fails of illustration in these thrilling chapters. We say thrilling, because we believe that no intelligent student of history — especially no patriotic American of any party or locality — can read these pages without emotion. Has the mental history of a single sublime and world-approved act ever before been so minutely and authoritatively described? The published and hitherto unpublished documents, letters, records of companions, and reported conversations are here gathered together by his private secretaries and displayed in orderly and lucid array. So interesting is every paragraph that one longs for even fuller information — but as it is, the data are full beyond precedent.

As is well known, there were, technically speaking, two Emancipation Proclamations, the preliminary one of September, 1862, and the final proclamation of January 1, 1863, which carried out in due course the programme of executive action laid down in the preceding document. As it was the January edict which actually gave freedom to the colored race in America, it is this

which is generally called the great "Emancipation Proclamation." But the two documents are really one act, and it was the September utterance that reverberated through the world and put forward the march of civilization. For this reason the present installment of the Life is illustrated with facsimiles of both documents — preceded by the original draft, which never appeared till given to the public by Messrs. Nicolay and Hay, in the December *CENTURY*. It was this original draft with which Lincoln surprised his Cabinet in July, 1862, and it has a peculiar interest as showing how the official utterance first shaped itself in his mind. In the present installment the authors give (on pp. 691 and 699) the first draft of the proclamation of January 1, 1863, as well as the facsimile of the document in its final shape.

One cannot but be impressed anew by the fact that one of the most effective equipments of Lincoln for the performance of difficult duties was a quality which he shared with Washington, and which each possessed to a conspicuous degree — the simple but tremendously powerful quality of disinterestedness. It was tact, *i. e.*, intelligence added to kindness, which helped make Washington a successful leader; it was tact which helped Lincoln to steer his Administration not only through the perils of war but between the rocks of selfishness and faction — but without purity of purpose, without absolute disinterestedness, neither could have done so well, so completely, the work assigned.

With the enormous and enormously increasing populations, the seething social movements, and the ever-threatening political dangers of the New World, there are not and never will be times of perfect peace and quiet. Every Administration, every Congress, State, community, every year, every day, has its emergency. In our uncertain and ever-shifting scheme of general and local governments good men, bad men, half-good and half-bad men, are continually pushing or being pushed to the front as leaders. Now and again an unscrupulous schemer attains a notable official or unofficial eminence; and his disgraceful and pestiferous "success" tends towards the imitation of his methods on the part of men of easy consciences. The example of Washington, the centennial of whose inauguration is so near at hand, and of Lincoln, who was with us only yesterday, and whose pure and devoted life is now being told for the first time — there will never be a moment when the example of these men will cease to be among the most saving forces of the nation.

It would be a poor investment of energy to talk to some busy and party-honored dispenser of corruption funds or political bargainer with liquor-dealers about the public virtues of Washington and Lincoln; but to the young, or to those who in public life still retain somewhat of the delicacy of innocence, it is always worth while to uphold our most prominent instances of political success, and to repeat continually that selfishness is weakness; that honesty is strength; that disinterestedness is a mighty weapon and often the only one wherewith a man may do what with his whole heart he desires to do.

OPEN LETTERS.

"What of the South?"

ARE we one people, or are we not? If we are, why this constantly recurring question, What of the South under the coming administration of the Republican party? If we are not one people, where are all the boasts of buried differences and the eloquent declarations of obliterated sectionalism that have in recent years been sounding throughout the land?

Political parties must always exist, and under our form of government they are certainly advantageous, if not positively necessary. They serve as checks on one another, and hinder that wholesale corruption in high places which sooner or later has always resulted in the total destruction of undisputed dynasties.

We have just gone through a great political contest—nothing more, nothing less. Such battles necessarily involve victory and defeat. Only one side can win. In this instance the Democrats were defeated. So were the Prohibitionists. But this last fact does not argue that we are all going to become drunkards immediately, nor does it demonstrate that the doctrines of prohibition are utterly unsound.

Now I cannot possibly see wherein the Democratic party has any better ground for serious apprehension with reference to the country's future welfare than the Prohibitionists. By way of remonstrating with the prophets of evil, we might remind them of the gloomy predictions that were so actively circulated by disappointed Republicans four years ago, when Mr. Cleveland led the Democratic hosts to victory.

Mr. Cleveland's term of office is about to expire, and during his administration the country has gone on in its development and increased in its prosperity. In a fair-minded contemplation of General Harrison's election to succeed Mr. Cleveland I cannot discover any ground for alarm. In saying this, too, I beg to add that I am an uncompromising Democrat, I have always been such, and never expect to be anything else. I am a Southerner by birth, rearing, and education. It is under the impulse of my devotion to the South and to the Southern people that I address this "open letter" especially to them.

The people are the guardians of their own welfare and safety, and if any political faction abuses the power given it by the people it will be stripped of that power. Four years from now the Republican party will be approved or condemned by the American people, who are the makers and unmakers of all political parties of this land. The South has no reason for overwhelming alarm or distressing apprehension in contemplating the administration of General Harrison. Neither has she any reasonable ground to expect political favors—

not because she is the South, but simply because she was not on the winning side. But let the South remember that the campaign was not based on the race problem, nor was it a contention for or against States rights. The Republican triumph is simply a defeat of the Democratic party in all the States. The fight was made on the tariff. That was the only vital issue of the campaign, and there were varying opinions at the South, as well as at the North, East, and West, as to the wisdom and expediency of the views held by the Democratic party on that question.

The South can lose nothing but those political offices now held by many of her worthy sons. She may not lose all of those. That will, of course, depend entirely on General Harrison's regard for or disregard of civil-service reform. But let us take the worst view of it, and suppose that every Southern Democrat now in office shall be removed promptly after March 4: the South will then be no worse off than she was for twenty years after the war, and surely she is better able now than she was then to bear the disadvantage.

The fields of the South are richer than ever with unfailing harvests; her mining interests are more extensively developed, and are greatly increasing their product of inexhaustible wealth; her manufacturing industries are thriving to-day to a marvelous extent and expanding constantly; her railroads are spreading over the entire expanse of available territory; her people are stronger and happier than they have ever been. Let Southerners turn their hands and hearts to the vast resources, infinite riches, and matchless beauty now revealed in the land which the Lord their God hath given them.

During the next four years there is no more danger of interruption to the material development, industrial progress, and financial prosperity of the New South than of any other part of the country, and I do not believe that the relations between the races in the South will be any more strained or unpacific under the administration of General Harrison than they have been during the presidency of Mr. Cleveland.

Marion J. Verdery.

"College Fraternities."

IN an article on "College Fraternities" in THE CENTURY for September, 1888, the name of President Garfield was placed in a list of prominent members of Alpha Delta Phi, Psi Upsilon, and Delta Kappa Epsilon. A correspondent writes that he was a member of neither of these societies, but of Delta Upsilon, a non-secret fraternity, of which he was an active and interested member up to the time of his death.



8m

BRIC-À-BRAC.

A Thank-ye-Ma'am.

THE SORT OF VERSE THAT MAKES

JAMES

WHITCOMB

"RILEY."

THE Spellin' Bee wuz over. I stood close by the sill,
My face ez red ez fire, my toes all in a chill,
Till Susan got her things on, an' came up ter the
door,
An' then I crooked my elber-joint an' held it out be-
fore.
But Hezekiah Brindle sez, "Permit me, ef ye please!"
A-shovin' in between us, with most amazin' ease.
Then Susie's head went backward, jest ez a robin's
might,
Said she, "Thanks! — Si 'll take me!" her eyes a-
shinin' bright.
So Hezekiah stood quite still, ez meek ez any lamb,
An' soon he softly slid away without a

I stowed her 'neath the buffalors an' wrapped her warm
an' tight,
Old Dobbin's bells went jinglin' away inter the
night.
I sot ez close 'z I dared ter — an' wished 't was closer
yit,
An' whether 'r not we made remarks, I d'clar' I clean
fergit!
Fer I sot thar contrivin' what words I ought ter say
Ter win that gal fer my ownest own — never ter go
away.
At last I scared up spunk enough an' cleared my throat
an' tried:
"I never seen a prettier night fer takin' a sleigh-
ride —
O Sue! let 's ride tergether" — I wuz solemn ez a
psalm,
But ez I spoke the sleigh riz up on an awful

"Thank-ye-Ma'am!"

"Thank-ye-Ma'am!"



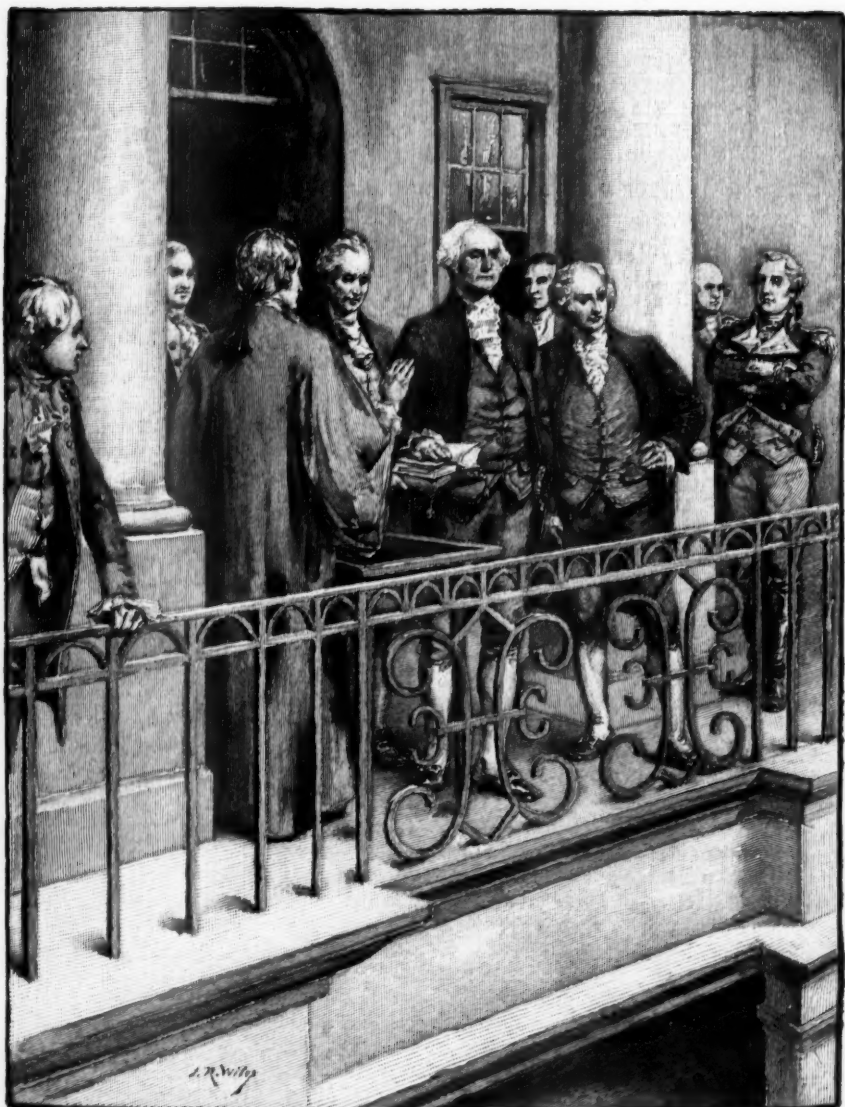
Sue toppled, with a leetle screech, an' so I put my arm
Tight round her waist ter hold her safe, fer fear she 'd come ter harm.
So then — wal, then — I kissed her. But Susie did n't care!
An' home we went a-zippin' through snow an' frosty air;
Old Dobbin's bells were ringin' now a sort o' weddin' song
With both the runners j'inin' in, ez we jest flew along.
The old horse showed more speed that night than I 'd 'a' thought he had;
He seemed ter go like lightnin' — but I was n't very glad.
Soon Sue got down an' kissed her ma; we parted very calm,
But goin' home my heart jest jumped, ez I crossed that

"Thank-ye-Ma'am!"

Virginia gave us this imperial man
Cast in the native mould
Of those highstatured ages old
Which into grander forms our mortal metal ran;
Mother of States & undiminished men,
Thou garest us a Country giving him.

J. M. Lowell.

From "Under the old Elm" a poem
read in 1876 on the spot where
Washington took command of the
American army a century before.



BARON STEUBEN. GOV. ARTHUR ST. CLAIR. SECRETARY SAMUEL A. OTIS. ROGER BHERMAN. GOV. GEORGE CLINTON.
CHANCELLOR ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON. GEORGE WASHINGTON. JOHN ADAMS. GEN'L HENRY KNOX.

WASHINGTON TAKING THE OATH AS PRESIDENT,

APRIL 30, 1789, ON THE SITE OF THE PRESENT TREASURY BUILDING, WALL STREET, NEW YORK CITY.